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Cosmopolitan

AMERICA'S BEST FICTION AND FACT

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My Favorite Druggist

You know him as an unfailing friend in need . . . beginning a series of affectionate reminiscences. Here's the first by **LOUIS BROMFIELD**

I. N. P.



Author Louis Bromfield, left, in front of his home-town drugstore in Mansfield, Ohio, with druggist Bill Tawse.

Druggists are important people in any community, but especially in a small town. If someone asked what was the center of life in my home town, I would answer without hesitation, Bill Tawse's drugstore. However, the drugstore run by Verne Blanding, who lived in another day and another world, will always be first in my memory. I never think of it without seeing two large glass urns heavily ornamented with bronze and filled with colored water, one green, the other red. The urns cost a great deal, and they were the pride of Verne and his wife, Belle, who kept them spotless and shining. They were illuminated at night by a flame placed behind them so the light showed through. One rarely saw such handsome urns in a village drugstore.

My father took a passionate interest in county and state politics, and he spent a good deal of time electioneering. That meant driving all over the countryside

in a buggy, visiting every village and every farmhouse. Some forty years ago this was often a heroic undertaking. Electioneering usually took place in late October or early November, after the fall rains had begun. Roads were unpaved, so speed was out of the question.

Occasionally my father took me with him, and to a small-town boy these electioneering trips were the most exciting things that could happen. We helped shuck corn, ring hogs, milk, and even do late-fall plowing. All this was good politics, but at the end of such a day a small boy was dead tired. Nevertheless, I always agreed with my father that we should make Catesville by night-fall, though it meant forcing the tired horses another ten miles or so. Our goal was the red and green urns in the window of Verne Blanding's drugstore. As we turned the corner to Catesville and the lighted urns came into sight, our hearts leaped. The red and green lights meant a red-hot stove, a good supper, a good old-fashioned double bed, and some good stories.

Blanding's drugstore was always open. I don't think Verne ever locked the door. In fact, he *must* have left the door unlocked, for the bell that clanged to awaken him in an emergency operated from a wired bellpull *inside* the door.

He was a small, wiry man, with a wide mouth that grinned easily. His wife, Belle, was large and heavy. She knew the drug business inside out, and was a wonderful cook and a jolly woman.

The store was a small room entirely walled by small dark-brown wooden drawers that Belle kept beautifully polished. Each drawer was labeled with names like aconite, senna, digitalis, sarsaparilla, pennyroyal, and henbane. They were not the synthesized drugs of our time but the real thing, gathered straight from field or garden by country workers or by Belle herself.

The place hardly resembled the modern drugstore save that Verne did sell licorice drops and kept a barrel of mixed hard candies. And like the modern drugstore, it was the exact center of the community. In good weather, local characters spent all day sitting on the edge of the flagstone sidewalk in front of the store. Catesville's newspaper was published only once a week, so Verne's drugstore was the local broadcasting center for all news and gossip.

It did not matter how late my father and I arrived. If the Blandings had gone to bed, Belle would rouse

My Favorite Druggist (continued)

Verne, and they would come down to greet us, Verne in his nightshirt and Belle in a flowered wrapper. There was always something to eat, and Belle had a wonderful knack of making up a meal on the spur of the moment. If the weather was bad and we came in wet and cold, the first thing the Blandings insisted upon was our having a drink of hot tea made of pennyroyal or sassafras or the dried blossoms of the linden tree.

I shall always remember the smell of the little house as vividly as the red and green lights. It changed with the wind. If the wind blew from the north, there was a delicious odor of cooking. If it blew from the south, the odor was aromatic and spicy with sassafras and balm and mint.

About that time the first roads in the county were being surfaced for automobiles, and people were beginning to drive to the big-town drugstores at which they could buy anything from corsets to ice-cream sodas. Perhaps the Blandings died at just the right moment; village life was changing. Villages were ceasing to be centers of communal life and becoming mere suburbs.

Verne and Belle knew very little of the outside world, and yet in a way they knew everything because their lives touched the fundamentals of man's existence. They were constantly involved in love, birth, death, illness, tragedy, and comedy. They carried to their graves a lot of secrets and probably a few scandals. They knew just about everything there is to know concerning the human race. I might say that I miss them, but I don't because they seem to me eternal characters who never died at all. At times even the changing red and green traffic signals cause me to remember them suddenly, and once again I smell the old house's peculiar scent in a combination of clean-smelling spices and herbs and the odors of a delicious country dinner. THE END

DO YOU KNOW?

Pharmacists are the only store owners selling merchandise who are required to have a college education. At present, pharmacy is usually a four-year course, but some colleges require five years of study, and others six years.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The "R" that appears on all prescriptions has two accepted explanations. One holds that it's from the Latin recipe, meaning "you take" (the physician tells the pharmacist to take certain quantities of drugs to compound the prescription). The secondary theory is that R originated from the sign of Jupiter, a lucky planet supposed to bring good fortune and prevent harm.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Have you ever noticed the letters "U.S.P." on some household remedies, such as tincture of iodine and hydrogen-peroxide solution? These letters mean the product conforms with the *United States Pharmacopeia*, a book of purity standards for drugs and drug products.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vitamin B₁₂, used to treat anemia, is the most potent drug dispensed by pharmacists. As little as 1/30,000,000 of an ounce can produce effective results.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Pharmacy was a highly developed profession in Egypt as early as 1,500 B.C. A study of various papyri shows that pharmacists dispensed gargles, snuffs, salves, poultices, suppositories, and drugs, such as opium. Also—castor oil!



Nearly everybody drifts through Bill Tawse's at some time of day. Businessmen drop in at noon. Young folks court at the soda fountain after school, while small boys scan the comic books. Families gather after the movies for fun and food.

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA'S case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

You Never Know

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not know that you have it . . . and even your best friends won't tell you. It may be absent one day and present the next. And when it is, you offend needlessly.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition due to the bacterial fermentation of food particles in the mouth that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle.

Be Extra Careful

Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, wholly delightful and *extra-careful precaution against halitosis*? Never, never omit it, night or morning, or before any date when you want to be at your best.

Sweetens for Hours

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Before any date . . .

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

... it's breath-taking!

Picture of the Month

M-G-M presents

"ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD"

starring **PAUL DOUGLAS**
JANET LEIGH

with **KEENAN WYNN • LEWIS STONE**
SPRING BYINGTON • BRUCE BENNETT

Screen Play by **DOROTHY KINGSLEY**
and **GEORGE WELLS**

Based on a Story by **RICHARD CONLIN**

Produced and Directed by **CLARENCE BROWN**



You may take your cue from the title and imagine that it's angels who are responsible for the hilarious goings-on in M-G-M's "Angels In The Outfield". But having seen the picture, we incline to the view that it's strictly human factors like the colorful Paul Douglas and the talented young beauty, Janet Leigh.

Douglas has himself a field day in "Angels In The Outfield". He's a loud-mouthed, blasphemous sports manager named "Guffy" whose verbal barrages can be conveyed on the movie sound track only by a loud wordless roar. He lives alone—he has to! He's a recluse, a woman-hater, and unless something happens quick—an ex-manager.

It is enterprising columnist Janet Leigh who is blighting his career, exposing him as a terrible-tempered tyrant. But suddenly she begins to take a personal interest in her subject. And she is not the only one who has turned a kindly eye on tough guy Guffy. It seems as though angels themselves are sparking his dispirited team.

This strange phenomenon evokes a new sweetness of character in Douglas. He is suspiciously soft-voiced with umpires. He even learns to turn the other cheek—for Janet's kisses. And the secret of this amazing transformation from lion to lamb makes a surprising climax to the most extravagant fun of the year.

Keenan Wynn gives an amusing assist as a sportscaster who keeps sabotaging Douglas's efforts to be a good boy. And 8-year-old Donna Corcoran, a new child star discovered by director Clarence Brown, will have audiences oh-ing and ah-ing.

M-G-M has a solid hit in "Angels In The Outfield"—a new and wonderful picture for the millions of movie-goers who loved "The Stratton Story".

P.S. This is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

Cosmopolitan

AMERICA'S BEST FICTION AND FACT

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SEPTEMBER, 1951

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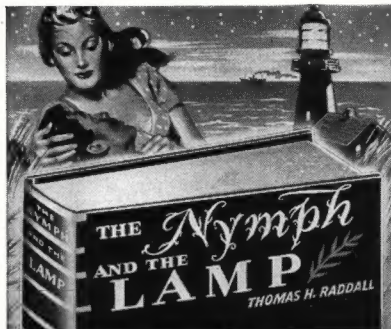
JOY STREET by Frances Parkinson Keyes
All of Boston's aristocracy turned out for beautiful Emily Thayer's marriage to wealthy Roger Field. But, at her own wedding reception, Emily met a total stranger—not even a “blue-blood”—and fell in love for the first time in her life!



PROUD NEW FLAGS by Van Wyck Mason
Blazing adventure tale of a daring Confederate naval commander—his desperate sea battles—his reckless romancing with lovely women! *Proud New Flags* sweeps along with even greater action and excitement than *Gone with the Wind*!



A WOMAN CALLED FANCY by Frank Yerby
The beautiful carnival show dancer who bewitched every man from mountaineer to blue-blood . . . and didn't stop until she became Georgia society's most scandalous bride! Even better than *The Fires of Harrow* and *Floodgate!*



THE NYMPH AND THE LAMP by T. H. Raddall
Lovely secretary Isabel Jardine fled from her humdrum job in the city to the wild, windswept island of Marina. On this island of lonely men, she was like the last woman in the world—wooed and fought over with desperate passion!



EACH MAN'S SON by Hugh MacLennan
The islanders whispered about Dr. Dan Ainslie's frequent visits to pretty Mollie MacNeill. Was the doctor seeking a love that his beautiful wife could not give? Did he covet Mollie—or her eight-year-old son? A power-packed novel!



THE HIGH CALLING by James Street
Can a minister serve God and man—when they conflict? Reverend Wingo was opposed by men used to running things their way—and his own daughter fell in love with the son of his bitterest opponent! By the author of *The Gauntlet*.

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EVERY YEAR I WRECK MY BUDGET TO GET A VACATION AT A PLACE LIKE THIS! BUT THE MEN LOOK PAST ME NO MATTER WHERE I GO!

LINDA, SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH! THEN SEE WHAT HAPPENS, HONEY!

TO THE INN

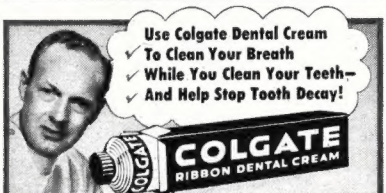
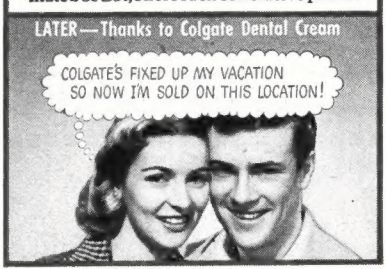


COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!



Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

What goes on at

CONCERNING WOMAN'S WORK, A BELATED SLOGAN,

Victor Lasky, author of "The Strange Story of the Hollywood Ten," (page 60), is an authority in that rapidly growing field of inquiry that, for want of a concise term, we will label "why-they-become-Communistology." Mr. Lasky will be remembered for the book he co-authored, *Seeds of Treason*, which traced the genesis of communism in certain unhealthy minds. He was, therefore, eminently qualified to delve into the strange motives that led those luminaries of movieland to trade in their swimming pools and Cadillacs for a pass on the Moscow subway—the Moscow underground, that is.



Karen Morley
—Red Star?

Readers who notice such things have probably observed COSMOPOLITAN's new slogan, "America's Best Fiction and Fact." This phrase is but an acknowledgment of what has gone on at COSMOPOLITAN for a long time. Since 1905, COSMOPOLITAN's announced policy has been "to spare no expense, effort, care, thought, time, or attention to get and to print what is universally recognized as the best throughout the world in fiction, features, and art." The editors have never adhered to this policy more faithfully than right now.

Take it from Russel Wright, the adage about "woman's work is never done" is more than a tired wheeze—even in these push-button, gadget-conscious days.

Wright is one of the nation's foremost industrial designers, with a perceptive talent for brightening the housewife's life and lightening her lot.

In this issue, Wright plays a double role. With his wife, Mary (a designer herself), he is co-author of "The New Hospitality," page 76, and he is also the subject of the engaging profile, "Who Is Russel Wright?" which starts on page 79.

Mr. Wright cites facts and figures showing that many housewives work twice as long as the average workers in industry. What to do about it? It's simple, Wright says. Discard a lot of outmoded conventions; recognize that the size and furnishings of a home should be determined by a family's needs, not by the iron whims of fashion; apply the imagination that has speeded up the housewife's job in the kitchen to other parts of the house and, most of all, realize that running a home isn't just a woman's chore—it requires the teamwork of the whole family. It's not beneath a husband's dignity, Wright says, to push a vacuum cleaner or dry a few dishes, but you should let him do it in his own way!

And does Wright follow his own



Mary and Russel Wright

advice for being helpful around the house? This question elicits from Wright a melancholy sigh. Yes, dammit, he says.

We editors enjoy compensations that go far beyond the pride of seeing good things in print. For example, early this year our medi-

Cosmopolitan

DESIGNING DAUGHTERS, AND A FEW PROMISES

cal page carried an item on an eye ailment. A woman in Oklahoma City read this item and, finding her own child's symptoms similar, hastened to her physician. "I will never be able to thank you enough for printing that article," she writes. "If you hadn't, my child might be blind."

To insure the continued high caliber of our medical reporting, we are proud to announce the appointment of Dr. Austin Smith, Editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, as Medical Consultant of COSMOPOLITAN.

As you read these lines, the content of the October COSMOPOLITAN will be passing in orderly progression through the presses. Ideas that were but a gleam in a writer's bifocals will have been turned into manuscript and type. Each title and subtitle will have been composed and cut to the size required. Grammatical errors and misspelled words will, we hope, all have been corrected, and the ignorance of both author and editor protected from public view.

As these lines are written, however, the content of the October COSMOPOLITAN is, as is usual this time of month, still in creative ferment.

Some promises about the October COSMOPOLITAN we can make, however. There will be fine stories by Margaret Cousins, Edward Fielding, Donald M. Berwick, Stuart Cloete, Katharine Brush, and Ralph Berton and, of course, the second part of Jerome Weidman's "The Sighing Sound." There will be a lively article on how our Army makes soldiers out of women. Joe McCarthy will bring you a most entertaining close-up of rambunctious actor Paul Douglas. For those who have wondered how people use five-thousand-, ten-thousand-, and twenty-thousand-dollar bills, Mort Weisinger has the answers on not only what they are used for but also on who uses

them! And there will be much, much more of moment, which we will leave our typewriter forthwith to help assemble.

The article "Dress Designer," by Joe McCarthy (page 64), makes it clear that fashion-creating is an exciting business with lucrative rewards for those who succeed, and this led some of the parents in our office to take a reappraising look at their own children, with the idea that they might be harboring a future Ceil Chapman or Madame Schiaparelli.

Having carefully studied his sister, designer Marie McCarthy, the author says there are a few simple ways of determining if your daughter has the early ear-



Marie McCarthy

marks of a dress designer. If she meets the following qualifications, she has the natural instincts for the job:

She can't learn to peel potatoes and thinks syntax is something levied in Washington.

She sprays her brother with perfume before he goes on a date.

She changes clothes at least four times before making up her mind what to wear to a dance.

She is enchanted by words like "verve" and "flair."

She can't remember to hang up her own clothes, but she remembers every dress Elizabeth Taylor wore in a movie she saw three years ago.

Poof!
there goes
perspiration

Stopette
SPRAY DEODORANT

**Stopette Protection
is Positive Protection**

You can be sure of Stopette. Each mist-fine spray envelops the entire underarm . . . destroys odor-producing bacteria, checks excess perspiration instantly. Does both with the lightness of a fine, fine cosmetic. And Stopette is easier than ever to use. You never touch Stopette, hardly know it touches you. Harmless to clothes. And the squeezable Stopette bottle is unbreakable . . . can't spill. It's time you joined the millions of Stopette users! Buy it for the whole family—your man wants it, too! At all drug and cosmetic counters.



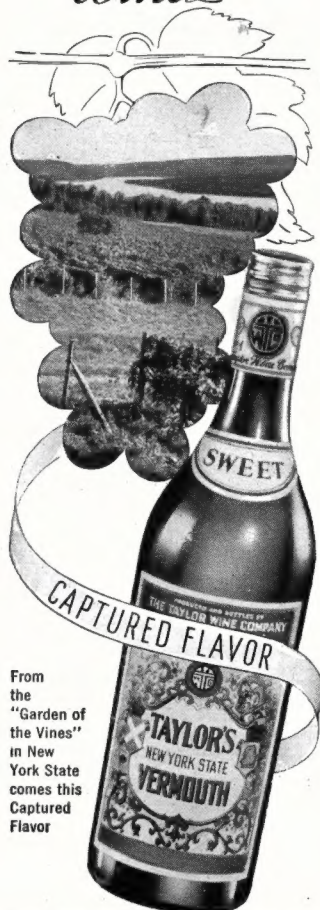
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THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT



What boy is to girl, *this* Vermouth is to a true Manhattan! Selected wines from Taylor's fabulous cellars, aromatic herbs from exotic lands are blended and aged to bring your Manhattans uniform flavor... exciting accent. Buy Taylor's New York State Sweet Vermouth for mixing at home... ask for it in cocktails at your favorite bar. The Taylor Wine Company, Vineyardists and Producers.

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NEW YORK STATE
Wines



From the
"Garden of the Vines"
in New York State
comes this
Captured
Flavor

From the FAMOUS CELLARS at Hammondsport, New York

Readers Write

The Best

DALLAS, TEXAS: "The Luck of Dog Company" by Pat Frank, in your June issue, is by far the best story of its kind I have ever read in COSMOPOLITAN or any other magazine.

—MRS. ANITA STINCHCOMBE



Marine hero

Very Bright Young Men

WEBSTER GROVES, MISSOURI: As the wife of a "bright young man," I was much interested in the article "Fatigue and Your Husband's Success," in the June issue of COSMOPOLITAN. "The 14-Day Energy Diet" sounds perfectly delicious, but there is another rather vital side of the matter. Perhaps meat prices where Allen R. Simpson lives differ materially from those we find here, but to have chicken livers, lobster bisque, roast beef, liver, bacon, and ham steak in the space of forty-eight hours would be a beautiful dream as far as we are concerned.

—MRS. J. P. DUBOSE

KENNEBUNK PORT, MAINE: Your diet is delightful! Truly tempting enough to tickle the most particular of palates. But I'm mad—and you, and the good Doctors Portis, Zitman, and Lawrence, and all those before and after you who devise special diets make me so.

Do you actually believe the average "bright young man" can follow that lovely diet without becoming fatigued over the worry of finding the food, figuring the time taken to find it, and paying for it when he does find it?

—NANCY E. FRASER

Remember that this is a diet for very bright (and presumably not impecunious) young men.

—THE EDITORS

Praise for Mr. Williams

COMBES, TEXAS: Congratulations on your discovery of a new writer with a terrifically refreshing point of view, Arthur L. Williams ["How to Borrow Money," June issue]. Congratulations also to Mr. Williams, who seems to

have real knowledge of the subject, as well as the ability to use the right word at the right time. I bought four extra copies and personally delivered them to the loan officers of my bank in the hope that their cold hearts would be touched. In fact, I think I will go in and touch them myself in a few days.

Suggest you accept more of Mr. Williams' work, even if he does send it postage due.

—HAMILTON HALL

The Harrisons' Plans

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA: Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison are the handsomest couple to adorn your pages in years ["The Body with a Mind," July issue]. Your readers may be interested in knowing that they are about to return to Hollywood in one of the most unusual acting deals ever made. They have been signed as the *complete* cast of "Four Poster" by the Stanley Kramer Company, which will make the picture for Columbia release. For the first time, two people only will be called on to sustain an entire, important film, without any supporting cast, with only one set and the one bed that has the title role. The story details the six stages of a marriage, from wedding night to death.

—BOB STANDISH

Acme



Rex Harrison and family

Reservist Problem

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA: May I express the thanks of many of us for your continued articles and comments on the reservist situation [most recently, "My Husband Was Called Back," May issue]. You have hit on the sorest spot—the haste with which these veterans are being recalled while other young men are deferred. Most of the reservists, men in their thirties with families, face going back to civilian life with the civilian experience of twenty-year-olds—but they would still love a chance to do it!

—MRS. H. W. MACFARLAND

WITH A PROUD
PARADE OF ESPECIALLY INVITING
ENTERTAINMENT TO BE SEEN NOW
AND IN THE NEAR FUTURE,

Warner Bros. Pictures

ARE BRINGING AN EVER
GREATER MEASURE OF
PLEASURE TO THE
MATCHLESS MAGIC
OF THE MOTION
PICTURE
THEATRE.

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON HIS
WORLD OF
ADVENTURE!

GREGORY VIRGINIA
PECK MAYO
"Captain Horatio
Hornblower"

color by **TECHNICOLOR**

DIRECTED BY **RAOUL WALSH**
Screen Play by Ivan Goff & Ben Roberts and Aenes MacKenzie
From the Novel by C.S. Forester



"A
**Streetcar
Named
Desire**"

AN **ELIA KAZAN** PRODUCTION PRODUCED BY **CHARLES K. FELDMAN**

STARRING
**VIVIEN MARLON
Leigh-Brando**

WITH **KIM HUNTER · KARL MALDEN**
DIRECTED BY **ELIA KAZAN** DISTRIBUTED BY **WARNER BROS PICTURES**
Screen Play by **TENNESSEE WILLIAMS**
Based upon the Original Play "A Streetcar Named Desire," by **TENNESSEE WILLIAMS**
As Presented on the Stage by Irene Mayer Selznick



*Look
Forward!*

DORIS DAY · GORDON MACRAE in "ON MOONLIGHT BAY" color by TECHNICOLOR ☆ JIM THORPE in "ALL AMERICAN" STARRING BURT LANCASTER · CHARLES DICKFORD · STEVE COCHRAN · PHYLLIS THAXTER
"FORCE OF ARMS" STARRING WILLIAM HOLDEN · NANCY OLSON · FRANK LOVELLOY ☆ "STARLIFT" WITH A SCREENFUL OF STARS ☆ JAMES CAGNEY in "COME FILL THE CUP"


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THE ONE SUIT
 FOR ALL SEASONS



Fits perfectly...looks perfectly wonderful. In the rayon suiting Celanese* weaves for us. Just \$25.

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Solids, checks, cross-dyes; sizes 10 to 20, 7 to 15. At one fine store in your city. For its name, write Dept. C9, Handmacher-Vogel, Inc., 533 Seventh Ave., N. Y. 18

ORIG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Good Things in Small Packages



QUICK SUMMER READING • BY ALBERT MOREHEAD

Long Shot

This horse-racing story is told by Chief Justice Fred Vinson who, as a Kentuckian, ought to know his horses.

There were five horses entered in the third race. Four were quoted at normal odds, but the fifth horse, Speed Demon, was a long 30 to 1. A mild little man went up to his bookie and bet \$500 on him. The bookie took it, and then reduced the odds to 20 to 1.

Pretty soon the little man came back and bet another \$500, at 20 to 1. This time the bookie marked Speed Demon down to 15 to 1.

Again and again the little man came back with his \$500 bets, while the odds sank to 10 . . . 5 . . . 2 to 1, and finally to even money.

At this point even the hard heart of the bookie melted.

"Mister," he pleaded with the man, "don't bet any more on that horse. You're throwing your money away. Speed Demon can't win."

"How do you know?" asked the man.

"Because I own Speed Demon!" exclaimed the bookie in exasperation.

The little man whistled softly. "Brother, it's going to be a slow race," he replied. "I own the other four."

"No, thanks, boss. Maybe your assistant sales manager doesn't eat so good. But your sales manager doesn't sleep so good."



Talk of New York

Gone are the days when the Statue of Liberty, Grant's Tomb, and the Woolworth Building were New York's big sightseeing attractions. What first-time visitors now want most: 1. To ride on the subway. 2. To eat at an Automat. 3. To see Radio City, especially the Music Hall show and the Rockettes. 4. To go aloft in the Empire State or another of the big skyscrapers and see the breath-taking panorama.

Beans!

In the maze of crooked streets that is downtown Boston, a stranger approached a policeman.

"How do I get to the Common from here?" asked the stranger.

"Take any of these streets," replied the cop, "and go either way!"



Failure Story

"Don't you have any ambition?" roared the president of the company. "Since you've been assistant sales manager I've hired and fired ten different sales managers. You know the work, it's twice the salary, and yet you've never applied for the job."

Sure Thing

"Father," asked the small boy, "which can go faster, horses or busses?"

"Busses, of course," answered his father impatiently.

"Then why," asked the small boy, "don't you bet on the busses?"



...my *Choice*
of a lifetime

... my very own Wallace Sterling Silver.
You too, will select a Wallace pattern proudly
—turn it slowly, to fully appreciate
its sculptured "Third Dimension Beauty"
... exquisite in front ... in profile ... in back.

Yes, you'll choose Wallace with loving
care and affection, for it is truly the
silver of your dreams.

WALLACE STERLING
The only silver with "Third Dimension Beauty"

Beauty in Front *Beauty in Back*
Beauty in Profile

Famed designer, William S. Warren, created these exquisite Wallace patterns in "Third Dimension Beauty." He gave each design the full-formed quality of true sculpture. Each piece is lovely not only in front, but in profile and in back as well. Be sure to see these Wallace patterns—the only sterling silver designs with "Third Dimension Beauty." Six piece place settings from \$32.50 to \$43.50 including tax.

Please turn to page 97 to see other Wallace Sterling Silver Patterns

What's New in Medicine

STERILITY IN WOMEN can be overcome in certain cases by antibiotic drugs. In testing women who had been infertile for years, doctors made cervical cultures and in some discovered bacteria such as *E. coli*, streptococcus viridans, and hemolytic streptococcus. Laboratory tests showed these common germs to be fatal to sperm. Although producing no symptoms of distress, the bacteria had caused sterility. Soon after antibiotics were injected, a number of the women became pregnant.

ASTHMATIC CHILDREN suffer fewer attacks as a result of using penicillin. This was established in a recent study of 225 youngsters. Attacks frequently follow respiratory infections, and by using penicillin to cut short colds and other respiratory troubles, doctors succeeded in reducing the incidence of asthma, as well as of sinus trouble and middle-ear infections.

A HUMAN-BLOOD-VESSEL BANK, the first in the world, has been established in New York City at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and Bellevue Hospital. It stocks arteries and veins removed during autopsies. These are used for patients undergoing surgery on the heart or blood vessels because of disease and damage, and for cancer patients who must sacrifice a vital blood vessel so that the cancer can be removed.

MOTHERS-TO-BE often fear that any illness they suffer, especially early in pregnancy, may affect the child. A recent study will reassure them. At St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, 148 out of 1,228 mothers were ill at some time during the first three months of pregnancy, yet, of the 149 children born to them, only 8 (5.4%) had congenital defects such as cataracts, heart disease, kidney tumor, or foot deformities. Of the children born to the 1,080 mothers who suffered no illness during pregnancy, 57 (5.2%) had such defects. Thus there was no significant difference. Moreover, the study showed that maternal illness had no significant effect on whether babies arrived at full-term, prematurely, or stillborn.

CHILDREN'S GROWTH may be increased by doses of vitamin B₁₂. In twenty-four weeks, normal youngsters who took the vitamin gained an average of fifty-eight ounces, while those not given the vitamin gained only forty ounces. In another study, chronically ill and hospitalized children given vitamin B₁₂ gained twice as much weight as ill children not given it.

EARLY CANCER of the lower intestinal tract—there are forty-two thousand cases a year—can be detected by a new method. Simple washing techniques recover cells from the intestinal wall, and these show up cancer in the rectum and large bowel before the patient notes any symptoms. This method also reveals benign growths, known as polyps, that frequently become cancerous.

STUBBORN CASES OF ACNE may yield to a promising new cream containing estrogenic hormones. This cream was tried by twenty-five patients—ten men and fifteen women—who, despite X-ray, ultraviolet ray, diet, and medication, had suffered skin disturbances for from four to fifteen years. The men rubbed it on once a day as an aftershave cream, and the women applied it daily as a powder base. In fifteen of the cases results were excellent, and oiliness, papules, and pustules subsided appreciably within six weeks. Good improvement was noted in four others, and fair improvement in another three.

AFTER CHILDBIRTH, some women suffer excessive menstrual bleeding, which is frequently accompanied by headaches and great lassitude. Sometimes there is also a gain in weight. Many such cases, according to a recent medical report, are caused by thyroid deficiency, and thyroid extract sometimes proves dramatically effective. Hormone preparations have been used to control bleeding and headache, but thyroid extract does this and more—it eliminates the always-tired feeling and improves working ability and general well-being. Also, it's less costly.

A BRAIN OPERATION called transorbital lobotomy, which is used as a last resort in mental illnesses, continues to show encouraging results. In one institution, it was performed on a hundred and fifty patients, all of whom were seriously deranged. They had spent an average of eight years in mental hospitals and had not benefited from any treatment, including electric- and insulin-shock therapy. Following the operation, eighteen received full discharges from the hospital; thirty-one were placed on one-year probation; ten were permitted to go home for short periods. Three out of four of the patients were helped. The operation cuts nerve fibers in the front of the brain, fibers that seem to carry excess emotional stimuli that produce mental disturbances. The surgery is performed through the eye socket, thus avoiding opening up the skull, which is usually necessary in such procedures.

COMPILED FOR COSMOPOLITAN READERS BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Traditionally the Finest

This authentic Holland setting—with its mouth-watering foods and old-world atmosphere—is designed to remind you of the traditionally fine

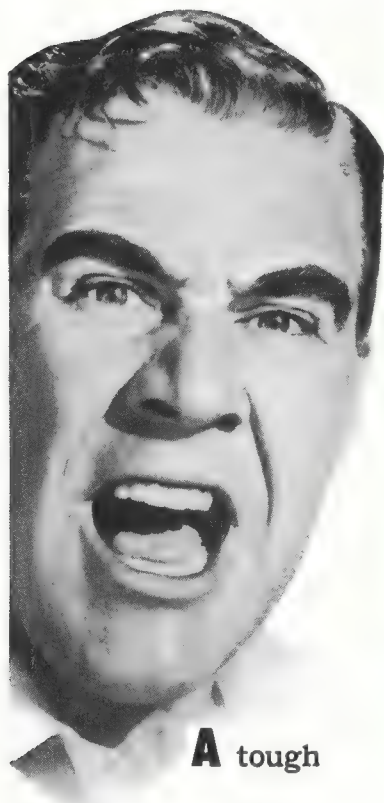
quality of Miller High Life—the *champagne* of bottle beer.

For beer at its very best, enjoy and serve Miller High Life. Always

ask for—insist on—Miller High Life—the *genuine* Milwaukee beer that's brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company **ONLY**

—and **ONLY** in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.





A tough
guy
named
Guffy
and the
angel
who
tamed
him!



Angels in the Outfield

STARRING

PAUL DOUGLAS
JANET LEIGH

with

Keenan Wynn • Lewis Stone
Spring Byington • Bruce Bennett
An M-G-M Picture



BEST DRAMA—"David and Bathsheba" is a powerful and reverent depiction of one of the Old Testament's most absorbing stories. Gregory Peck gains new stature as King David; Susan Hayward is the alluring Bathsheba.

Movie Citations

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



BEST COMEDY—In "Here Comes the Groom" Bing Crosby is a newspaperman Jane Wyman gets tired of waiting for after three years. Bing and a couple of French war orphans save her from reliable, stuffy Franchot Tone.



BEST TRAGEDY—Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift illuminate the confused morality of modern times in "A Place in the Sun," a sensitive and moving adaptation of Theodore Dreiser's great novel, *An American Tragedy*.

"David and Bathsheba" is a noble, beautiful film that reverently and dramatically pictures the turbulent world of the Old Testament. Gregory Peck's portrayal of the leading role has a greatness rarely achieved. Raymond Massey, playing the prophet Nathan, seems to have stepped right out of the Bible. The smaller roles maintain the same mood, with Kieron Moore as Uriah the Hittite, and James Robertson Justice as Abishai particularly outstanding. Susan Hayward as Bathsheba, and Jayne Meadows as Michal, the first wife of David, while both alluring and sincere, do not attain quite the stature of the men. Yet possibly this is due to the Old Testament feeling that pervades every scene, the accurate expression of a time when women were always secondary.

Twentieth Century-Fox and Darryl F. Zanuck, whose personal production this is, have done much more than present tremendous entertainment in "David and Bathsheba." Under Henry King's expert and sensitive direction, the lyric passages between David and the adulterous Bathsheba, the stoning of sinful women, and the mob scenes of battle weave a colorful and inspiring visualization of one of the greatest stories from the world's greatest Book.

The magnificent poetry of the Psalms, as spoken by Gregory Peck, particularly in his truly great scene at the Ark of the Covenant, falls on the ear like music. The most beautiful English ever written will now reach millions who grew up with it in their churches and synagogues, and millions more to whom it is new.

Reverently conceived, reverently rendered, this is a picture that will live for years and years. It is never cheap in gesture or sentiment. It is never flashy and it never preaches. I believe that its influence will send many of us to the Book of Books to re-read, to re-comprehend, to be (Continued on page 120)



BEST PERFORMANCE — Arthur Kennedy dominates a brilliant cast in "Bright Victory," the story of a veteran's triumph over blindness.



**For the
millions
who loved
"The Stratton
Story"...
a new and
wonderful
picture
from M-G-M!**



Angels in the Outfield

STARRING

**PAUL DOUGLAS
JANET LEIGH**

Screen Play by

Dorothy Kingsley and George Wells

Based on a Story by Richard Conlin

Produced and Directed by Clarence Brown

Jon Whitcomb's Page



Old-Girl Fancier. Young fellow I know, just turned twenty-five, is crazy about Mistinguette, Fannie Ward, and Fritz Scheff. Otherwise rational, he prefers actresses well up in years and ancient glamour. "What about Marlene Dietrich and Gloria Swanson?" I asked him. "Leave me cold," he said. "Too young. Don't have any class yet." This set me thinking. What would you call a young man like that? Tootsiephobe? Biddyphile?

Anniversary Note. If columns had birthday cakes, this one would rate three candles next month. For thirty-six issues of COSMOPOLITAN, I have been writing and drawing whatever came into my head, and you have been sassing me back with a chorus of boos and cheers. Maybe you're curious about the way this page got started. The editor in chief thought it up. "Whitcomb," he said, "here's a blank page. Fill it." I went back to my studio and scratched my head for a week. I felt like an actor thrust onto an empty stage with orders to act. Finally, I doped out three layouts featuring pretty girls and submitted them. The editor ran all three, and we went on in that vein till June, 1949. Then I got another order. "Whitcomb, be controversial. Trot out your opinions. Let's have more type and less art. Shoot off your big mouth." The following month I picked a fight with the author of a teenage advice book, and got buried in return mail. The letters were evenly divided between "Attabo!" and



"You beast!" I made a valiant attempt to answer all of them personally. Eventually, I fell behind, but I still try to answer the most interesting correspondents. In the months following, I stuck my neck out on behalf of kissing in convertibles, short hair, girls with glasses, mascara, and manners. I came out against colorless fingernails, bleached wrestlers, and girls who can't find fun in small towns. You all seized your pens and let me have it with both barrels, and it's been fun. Steady, aim, fire!

Sunset of the Month.

Scene: A cocktail party in the studio of a famous portrait painter.

Time: Seven-fifteen P.M.

Cast: Celebrities and just people, all gussied up in their best finery. **Our heroine:** Regal and handsome in a white pillbox hat with jeweled veil, Mainbocher black-silk dress.

Plot: Our girl, standing near an easel, seats herself gracefully on a low, glass-topped table. **Off-stage noises:** Murmurs of consternation from the host and guests, who know the table is a palette and the lady is sitting on wet gobs of zinc white, burnt sienna, chrome yellow, and cobalt blue.



Book-Review Dept.

Enjoyed reading:

From Here to Eternity
The Caine Mutiny

The Vicious Circle

Star Quality
My Six Convicts
Bored to extinction by:

Headline Happy
His Eye Is on the Sparrow.

The Far Side of Paradise.

War talk as it really sounds.
My sympathies are all with the minesweepers.

This is where all my current anecdotes came from.

Very English.
Prisons can be fascinating.

Seamy wiles of a lady snooper.
I'd rather think of Ethel Waters as a tearing singer.

I had no idea F. Scott Fitzgerald was such a stupe.

Next Month: The Year Automobiles Were Prettiest, and Joan Bennett's Eye-Wardrobe.

A vintage-style illustration of a young woman with a joyful expression, her face slightly tilted. She has a thick braid of brown hair adorned with a large pink flower. She is holding a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola with a thick layer of condensation. The background is a soft, light green.

Want something good?

Of course you do.
You'll love the delicious taste
and wholesome refreshment
of ice-cold Coca-Cola.



"...and Avon face creams
are amazingly beneficial!

Sincerely,

Gertrude Lawrence"

"Autumn is an important time in skin care" writes Gertrude Lawrence, brilliant international stage and screen star. "But those wonderful Avon face creams give my complexion a spring-time freshness ...they're so soothing, keep my skin so soft, and they have a divine fragrance!"

Like Gertrude Lawrence, you too, will find exceptional beauty benefits in the many Avon cosmetics that are brought to your home by the Avon Representative.

...Welcome her when she calls!



PORTRAIT BY HELEN CARLTON



Gertrude Lawrence selecting cosmetics
from her Avon Representative,
Mrs. Mary Moran



Avon

COSMETICS

IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

Paul Himmelf



Lillian Bassman can pose as well as make others pose—she used to be a model. This photo of her was taken in Venice.

Fashion Photographer

Lillian Bassman makes girdles glamorous, commutes to Europe, rubs sleek shoulders with celebrities—and earns \$30,000 a year at these enviable labors • BY JANET MEVI

Lillian Bassman is one of New York City's best fashion photographers. This means she has a lucrative knack for taking pictures that arouse in women a strong acquisitive instinct, making them *want* that brassière, *want* that girdle, *want* that mink coat.

Miss Bassman, who makes about thirty thousand dollars a year, takes frequent trips to Europe, hobnobs with celebrities, frolics at the most fashionable night spots and, in general, does pretty much as she wants. But not until slightly more than two years ago did she realize what a lucky young woman she is.

The awakening came about while Miss Bassman (her professional name; she is married to a very successful photographer named Paul Himmelf)

was in Paris taking pictures of actress Rita Hayworth, who had taken time off from her then-fervent romance with Aly Khan to model a new gown. Miss Bassman is not the type to become awe-struck in the presence of wealth or fame; even so, she was impressed by the palpable fact that Rita Hayworth was a girl in the process of carving herself a fancy deal. Thus Miss Bassman's surprise was understandable when Rita, after posing for several pictures, sighed and observed wryly, "Gosh, you've really got it good, haven't you? Being a fashion photographer must be just wonderful."

Miss Bassman didn't always have it so good. Ten years ago, while studying painting, she worked half of each day as a figure model, which means she made fifty (Continued on page 118)

Mevi



She poses her model in somewhat the manner of a frenzied movie director.



New finer **MUM** more effective longer!

**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new finer Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts*! Get Mum!



New MUM cream deodorant
A Product of Bristol-Myers

I.N.P.



Night scene—Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument, and the Capitol.

COSMOPOLITAN'S Practical Travel Guide

We have heard about the drive-yourself car-rental services in Europe. What documents do we need, what will it cost, and how do we go about renting a car?

—Mrs. L. M., Cleveland, Ohio



The Capitol

A—Drive-yourself cars are available in all the major Western European nations. You can make complete arrangements for one at your local American Automobile Association club.

You will need an international driver's license, obtainable by any person holding a United States driver's license. This is good in all Western European nations except Great Britain, where you can obtain a license without formality or delay upon presentation of your international driver's license.

If you plan to drive the same car through several countries you will require a *carnet de passage en douanes*. If your driving is to be confined to one country a triptyque will be sufficient. Either document can be arranged for at your local AAA club. The documents and

your car will be ready for you at any Western European airport or seaport.

An average two-week motor trip, using a medium-priced automobile and averaging a hundred miles a day, would sum up about as follows:

Rental for two weeks.....	\$79
Extra mileage.....	98
Gasoline	35
Garage and upkeep.....	20
Documents	20
Total	\$252

Maintaining a neat appearance is one of my problems while traveling by automobile. I have a traveling iron, but there are still some gadgets I would like to have. Do you know of any new ones?

—Mrs. D. C., Chicago, Illinois

A—New gadgets for the motor traveler are constantly being introduced. One of the best is a waterproof, dustproof traveling clothes closet. This closet can be hung from a rear window, and dresses and suits are suspended on hangers, just as they are taken from the closet at home. Another handy device is a braided-elastic clothesline. No clothespins are required. You tuck corners of the items to be dried between the strands of elastic.

EDWARD R. DOOLING, Director, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y. Please send all your budget-trip requests and letters to Mr. Dooling at this address. Booklets and pamphlets on all types of vacations will be cheerfully furnished, but because of the volume of mail we receive, it will not be possible for us to make individual replies to all requests.

We have reservations for a cruise but would like a better stateroom than the one we've been assigned. Is it possible to change a room after sailing, provided space is available? —L. D. H., Lexington, Kentucky

A—If the accommodation you want costs more than the room you have, you pay the chief purser the difference on board.

I suggest you write the steamship line now and tell them you will be willing to make a switch after the ship has sailed. In that way, if there is a waiting list, your name will be on it.

This Month's Budget Trip!

I have always had a desire to visit our nation's capital and the historic and interesting country surrounding it. Would you outline a budget trip covering this area, lasting about one week, and taking in as much as possible?

—F. G., Chicago, Illinois

A—I have selected a seven-day tour that covers considerable territory, and the cost (traveling in streamlined coach trains and modern busses, and including all fares, taxes, admissions, extra meals, and tips) is estimated at \$194.70. Details are being sent you.

You leave Chicago on one of the Baltimore and Ohio's modern trains, with a "Strato-Dome" for sightseeing.

At Baltimore you join the rest of the tour party coming from New York and from other cities and immediately embark upon the Old Bay Line steamer for the overnight sail on Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk.

After breakfast aboard the steamer, you board a motor coach for the trip to the Norfolk Naval Operating Base and take the scenic shore drive to Cape Henry and Virginia Beach.

The tour continues across Hampton Roads to Newport News, through the James River country, with a stop at the Mariners' Museum, and on to Yorktown and Williamsburg. Jamestown, first permanent English settlement in America, is next on the itinerary, followed by a visit to Richmond; the home of James Monroe at Charlottesville; and Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson.

You'll visit the University of Virginia and then one of the scenic high lights of the journey—Swift Run Gap in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains. After a tour along the Skyline Drive to the famous Caverns of Luray, you'll cross Massanutten Mountain to the Shenandoah Valley and south to Natural Bridge.

The tomb of Robert E. Lee at Washington and Lee University is on the schedule, as are Virginia Military Institute, Goshen Pass, the battlefields of Bull Run and Manassas, before you arrive at Washington, D.C. After an evening in Washington, you'll go to Mount Vernon, Alexandria, Arlington National Cemetery, and the Pentagon, before returning to the capital for more sightseeing of the city's noted buildings and memorials.

(Copies of the Washington, D.C. Budget Trip and other budget trips are available to all readers on request.)



The White House

Thinking Inventing Building

TO MEET THE COUNTRY'S TELEPHONE NEEDS



THE CALL FOR PROGRESS

The responsibility of the Bell System does not consist of merely supplying good telephone service today. We have to be always creating so that the service grows better and better.

This process of creation can never stop, for the country's telephone needs are continually changing and increasing. So we must always be thinking ahead and inventing ahead and building for the future. This is what the country looks to us to do and we are doing it. It is especially important in these days of national defense.

The pre-eminence of telephone research and manufacturing reflects a dynamic policy and point of view throughout the business. The people needed to come up with new ideas and put them into action are constantly being encouraged and given opportunity.

We shall continue to meet the challenge of the future and do our full part, always, to advance the welfare, the strength and the security of the United States of America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Only Life Bras by Formfit

GIVE YOU THE NEW "TRIPLE FIT"



...a new measurement has been added!

Supreme achievement in bra perfection! Formfit's Life Bra now fits you not only for size and cup—but for exact *degree of separation*, too. Only Life Bras give this exclusive new "Triple Fit"! Proportioned to (1) your bust size, (2) your cup size, (3) *your separation*—wide, medium or narrow. See the thrilling difference Life Bra's "Triple Fit" makes in glamor! Feel the difference in comfort and freedom! You'll know then why more women demand

Formfit than any other make.



Life Bras from \$1.25

For a Sweetheart of a Figure

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CONFIDENTIAL

Stalin's Most Embarrassing Secret

What really happened to Stalin's second wife? This dangerous tidbit, inadvertently entrusted to an American newspaperman, could well rock the Soviet Union

BY JAMES E. BROWN

Former Chief of the Moscow Bureau
of International News Service

Two events touched off the bloodiest purge in the history of Soviet Russia: the death of Nadezda Alliluyeva Stalin (the Red dictator's second wife) in 1932, and the assassination of Commissar Kirov in Leningrad in 1934.

So in those two years Stalin lost the only woman he had ever loved and the only man he had ever trusted. Filled with loneliness and bitterness, he took a savage revenge on the world: thousands of Russians were executed by the secret police and thousands more died in slave-labor camps.

Then, in 1938, the purge suddenly halted. Stalin was obviously calmer and healthier.

I have known the murderous Stalin's secret, the source of his emotional and mental recovery, since July 17, 1938, but up until now I have never been free to write it. I gained the liberty to make this revelation when I learned of a small item in *Pravda*, official newspaper of the Russian Communist Party, published on March 12, 1951. It read:

"The medical administration of the Kremlin announces with deep sorrow the death of Olga Evgenyevna Alliluyeva."

This brief item may well have repercussions that will shake the world. Olga was Nadezda's sister and had acted as Stalin's housekeeper, since

UNTIL NOW

February, 1938. Only future history will tell how much Olga's death has shaken the man who holds the balance of war or peace in his hands.

In any case, Stalin is now alone. Never intimate with his children and always distrustful of his colleagues, the Soviet dictator now travels the late years of his life in complete isolation.

Following the custom of the wives and daughters of Soviet leaders, Olga kept in the background and did not appear at public functions. But she kept Stalin's *dacha* (country house) and Sochi (Black Sea resort) château in public order.

More important, she was his companion and confidante during the war years and the reconstruction era. He could relax with her, smoke his pipe, and talk. There was probably nothing else between them, but that was enough.

Moscow's realization of the importance of her death may be seen in the obituary notice given by *Pravda*. In a newspaper that rarely publishes the deaths of even high government officials, she is the fourth woman since 1920 to be given this distinction.

Olga Evgenyevna Alliluyeva—with whom I once spent an afternoon in a Moscow cemetery—was a fragile, little blue-eyed woman. Although her jet-black hair had streaks of white and her face had lines of sadness, she was tremendously alive and vital.

That memorable day in 1938 started with a call I made on an American trade official living in Moscow, to seek his advice on where to buy ikons. He said that most of the best ikons had already been bought by tourists, but he gave me the address of an old church where he thought there might be a few for sale.

I drove to the church on that hot afternoon of July seventeenth with only a vague hope that I would find what I wanted. In any case, it was a way to kill time; most members of Moscow's foreign colony, were away on vacation.

The Soviet antireligion campaign was still flourishing, and it was obvious that the old church had not been repaired for many years. A gloomy attendant assured me there were no ikons nor anything else of interest.

I started back to my car, but the attendant seemed so anxious for me to leave that, out of sheer stubbornness, I decided to take a look around. The cemetery in back of the church caught my eye. It was tree-shaded and cool, filled (Continued on page 111)



The "tissue test" proved to Alexis...



that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Alexis Smith that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams*. Alexis is co-starring in the Paramount production, "Here Comes the Groom."

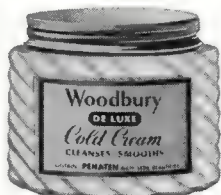
We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings . . . lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

Clothes for

*The
Cosmopolitan Look
By
Virginia C. Williams*



If he's an observant man, he'll like these dressed-up separates. The blouse, Wyner's black mat jersey, about \$15. The skirt, Deering Milliken's men's-wear gray or brown flannel, sparkled with braid and jet, about \$35. In sizes 10 to 18. Add your own black suède belt. Black velvet hat, Betmar.

The spoke skirt, news in its shape and swing. Brown men's-wear flannel, taffeta-lined to insure its curved silhouette, about \$30. Regular sizes.

the Man on your Mind

Photos by Stephen Colhoun

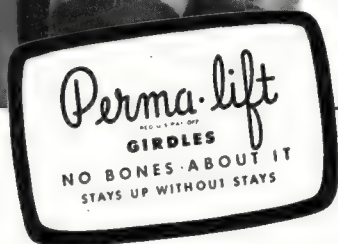


A pearl-splashed cardigan, and a blouse, both of Wyner Jersey. Short-sleeved blouse, about \$13. Cardigan, about \$40. Gray only. Regular sizes.



If he's figure-minded, the mathematical addition of Carolyn Schnurer's separates (on both pages) will appeal to him. Above: Gray or brown Shamokin tweed with black faille. Skirt, about \$18. Stole, about \$13. Jersey blouse, about \$15. Sizes 10 to 18. Monet bracelets. La Tausca pearls.

These fashions are at all Best & Co. stores, at Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles, and at stores on page 128.



The Lady Loves

**this wonder girdle—No Bones
about it—Stays up without stays**

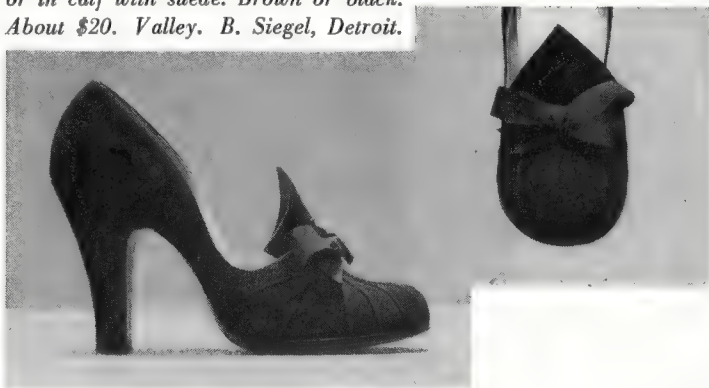
Pamper your figure with a "Perma-lift"* Girdle. No bones to poke or pinch—just the smooth stay-up comfort of the patented Magic Inset to cuddle your curves. Wash it, wear it as often as you like—it just can't roll over, wrinkle or bind—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays. At your favorite corsetiere's—\$5.95 to \$15. Get yours, Today.



*"Perma-lift"—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Handsome Footnotes

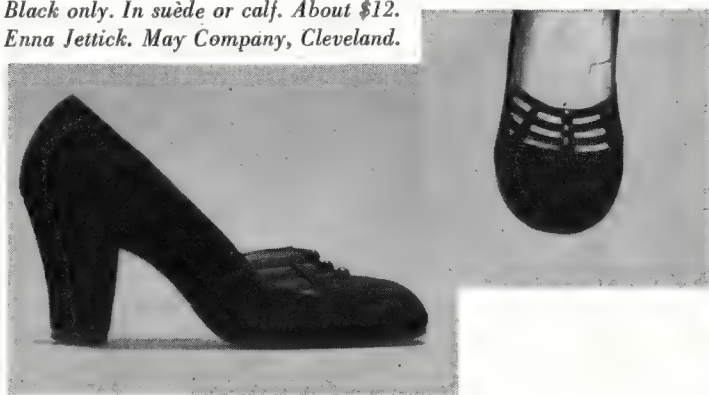
A flared, pointed tongue tops this handsome, dressy one-eyelet tie. In suède, or in calf with suède. Brown or black. About \$20. Valley. B. Siegel, Detroit.



Important and pretty in your shoe wardrobe is this black suède pump with delicate cut-out vamp. By Naturalizer. About \$13. Marshall Field, Chicago.

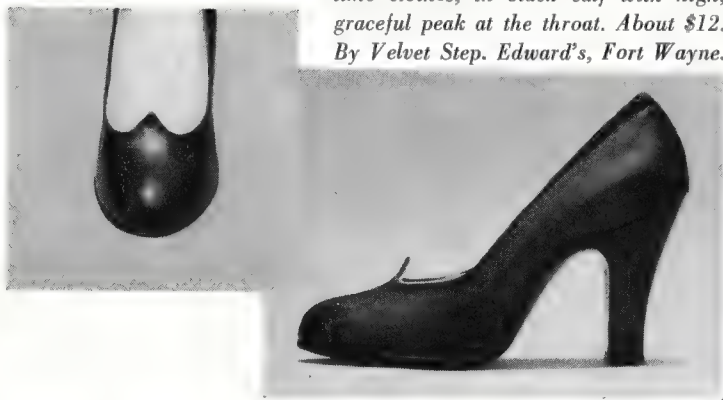


Latticed strips across the throat of this pump give it an air of distinction. Black only. In suède or calf. About \$12. Enna Jettick. May Company, Cleveland.



for September

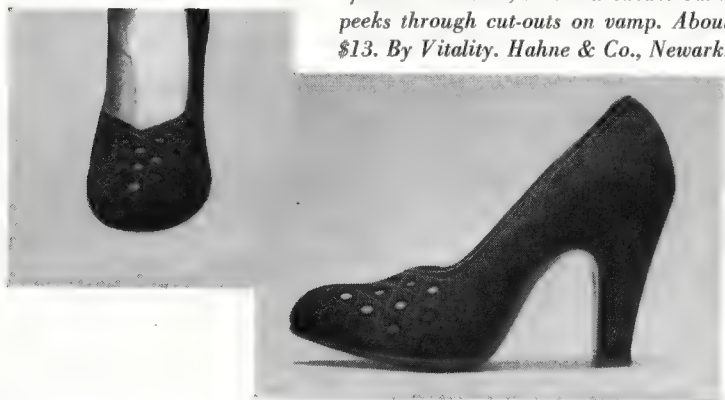
Proper pump for suits and other day-time clothes, in black calf with high, graceful peak at the throat. About \$12. By Velvet Step. Edward's, Fort Wayne.



Two-toned beauty, this town shoe with double-peaked throat, in currant-red calf and black suède. Mademoiselle. About \$17. Lord & Taylor, New York.



Pretty party shoe for your gayest after-dark clothes, in black suède. Satin peeks through cut-outs on vamp. About \$13. By Vitality. Hahne & Co., Newark.



Slanta



*the feminine slant
fastidiously
fashioned.*

There is a dealer near you.

TWEEDIE FOOTWEAR CORPORATION
JEFFERSON CITY • MISSOURI

Find a Job or Study Abroad...Free!

BY STACY V. JONES

STUDY ABROAD

With a bachelor's degree or the equivalent, plus college recommendations, you may qualify for a year's study at Government expense in one of eighteen foreign countries. Grants will be made under the Fulbright Act (from foreign currencies received on sale of surplus property overseas) to about seven hundred students for graduate work, and to about five hundred others for teaching and research, during the 1952-53 academic year.

Applications must be in by October 15, 1951. Knowledge of the language of the country is necessary in most cases. Veterans get preference when qualifications are approximately equal. The grants include transportation both ways. The largest groups usually go to England, France, and Italy, but competition for those appointments is heavy.

To get full details about graduate study: If you're still on the campus, ask your Fulbright-program adviser. Otherwise, write the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street, New York 19, New York. About university teaching, or advanced research: Conference Board of Associated Research Councils, 2101 Constitution Avenue NW, Washington 25, D.C. About teaching in American secondary schools abroad: American Schools Service, American Council on Education, 1785 Massachusetts Avenue NW, Washington 6, D.C. About teaching in national secondary schools abroad: Office of Education, Federal Security Agency, Washington 25, D.C.

Foreign students are brought to this country under similar grants, but must pay their own expenses while they're in the United States.

VOICE JOBS

The State Department usually has vacancies overseas in its United States Information and Education Program (the radio phase of which is the

Voice of America) for broadcasters, writers, and those who know foreign languages and foreign countries, at salaries up to \$10,330 plus overseas allowances. And it *always* needs stenographers and typists for jobs abroad at starting pay of \$2,850 plus allowances. For information on jobs overseas, address the Division of Foreign Service Personnel of the State Department; on domestic jobs, including the Voice of America staff in New York, inquire at any Civil Service Commission office or write to the Division of Departmental Personnel of the State Department.

CQ...CQ

The armed services are earnestly cultivating the "hams" these days, because amateur radio provides not only a hobby but military training. As a first step toward qualifying, write the Secretary, Federal Communications Commission, Washington 25, D.C., for a fact sheet and license applications. (Both you and your station must be licensed.) Better also send fifteen cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D.C., for FCC "Part 12: Rules and Regulations Governing Amateur Radio Service," and ask the Amateur Radio Relay League, West Hartford 7, Connecticut, for a list of its publications.

Of the more than ninety thousand amateurs already licensed, several thousand have affiliated with the Military Amateur Radio System (MARS), sponsored by the Army and Air Force. Members must be twenty-one (some amateurs are as young as eight years old) and have equipment. In operation, MARS is really two systems. To join Army MARS, address the signal officer of the Army area in which you live; to join Air Force MARS, address the MARS director of your Air Force area. Any recruiting station can give you the address. The Navy has a program but only for its reserves.

CARSON ITEMS

Admirers of Rachel L. Carson, the literate biologist whose *The Sea Around Us* (Oxford University Press) has been a summer book sensation, will find eight or nine of her more modest works available from the Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington 25, D.C., of which she is editor in chief. Free while they last are her "Fishes of the Middle West" (1943), "Fish and Shellfish of New England" (also 1943, and nearly out of stock), "Fish and Shellfish of the South Atlantic and Gulf Coasts" (1944), and "Fish and Shellfish of the Middle Atlantic Coast" (1945). Also free to teachers, scoutmasters, and heads of conservation groups (others may write to the Superintendent of Documents) are booklets by her describing several wildlife refuges: "Mattamuskeet," "Chincoteague," "Bear River" (with Vanez T. Wilson), and "Parker River" (temporarily out of stock).

Miss Carson's *Under the Sea Wind* was published by Simon and Schuster in 1941. She has been granted a Guggenheim fellowship to write a popular guide to the seashore.

PEOPLE

The Bureau of the Census in Washington will send you on request an announcement of preliminary and advance reports on the 1950 census, with an order blank. These reports are free, unless you order more than two in certain series. Businessmen analyzing markets and clubwomen studying community problems will probably be most interested in those on fifty-seven "standard metropolitan areas." These cover family make-up, family income, housing, school enrollment, employment, and principal occupations.

If you want to know anything about people in general, or those in a given territory, ask your question in a letter. Probably Census has the answer in one of its thousands of reports.



EARLY TIMES

SCORES AGAIN

Kentucky's FAVORITE Straight Bourbon

WHERE ELSE could you find better judges of Bourbon than in Kentucky, the Bourbon capital of the world?

So doesn't it stand to reason that Early Times must be an exceptional whisky when for four consecutive years it's been Kentucky's own favorite straight Bourbon.

What a record! And what a *Bourbon*! Hearty, full-bodied, yet as smoothly satisfying as the winning touchdown, Early Times is truly *all* whisky—*fine* whisky, every ounce a *man's* whisky! Try it—buy it—today!

Every Ounce a Man's Whisky

EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY



THIS WHISKY IS
4 YEARS OLD
86 PROOF

TV Sunday Night Supper starring *Gorham Chantilly*



IT'S NEW to put your wedding present sterling to work for a living! Fill your Gorham® Sterling tea tray with Sunday-night buffet delicacies and crown it with a relish-filled pineapple mounted on a sterling compote for an eye-filling, taste-tempting centerpiece you can eat. Ask your Gorham dealer for a free diagram for setting this table.

It's new to background your table with coral and brown. Your Gorham "Chantilly"® is the magic that pulls this whole scheme together...beautifully blending traditional elegance and modern adaptability. So easy to own. Six-piece place-setting (knife, fork, teaspoon, salad or pastry fork, soup spoon, butter spreader) costs only \$29.75 (incl. Fed. tax).

Easy way to complete your Gorham set!
Tell your friends and family that you want Gorham Sterling as a gift on special occasions and don't be shy about telling them your pattern choice. See them now...sixteen timeless patterns from \$29.75 to \$39.25 (incl. Fed. tax).

Ask your Gorham dealer to show you
Gorham's new exclusive one-piece sterling knife handle. Wonderful to know that it doesn't dent if you accidentally drop it. There are no seams to discolor, and you're assured your precious Gorham remains rattle-resistant.

Giving or getting, you'll be proud

IT'S
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STERLING



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ALSO MAKERS OF GORHAM SILVERPLATE GORHAM BRONZE GORHAM ECCLESIASTIC WARES *TRADE MARKS. COPYRIGHT 1951 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY

The Sighing Sound

THE BRILLIANT AUTHOR OF I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE
BRINGS YOU THIS STAGGERING SUSPENSE TALE—CONCERNING AN
EXTRAORDINARY YOUNG WOMAN NAMED AGNES AND HER STRANGE
RELATIONSHIP TO BEN, SCION OF A RICH AND POWERFUL FAMILY

PART ONE OF A NOVEL IN TWO PARTS BY JEROME WEIDMAN

Agnes Avery looked out across her desk at the twenty-two boys and girls with whom she had been meeting three nights a week for almost two months in this shabby little room.

"If these facts are all clear to you," Agnes said, "I think we should now proceed to the—"

Unexpectedly her voice trailed off into silence. At thirty-two, she could suddenly see herself, in these boys and girls, as she had been when she was their age, long before she had left Brixton.

"If the facts I've just given you are all clear," Agnes said, "I would like to go on now to the conditions of the exercise."

A number of hands shot up at once. The first two belonged to Frank Bell and Emily Johnson.

"All right," Agnes said. "I see there are some questions."

"I was wondering," Frank Bell began, and then, in confusion, stopped. Emily Johnson had uttered the same words at the same moment. The other students laughed. The tall, dark-haired boy flushed.

"I don't guess it matters," Emily said through her quick, attractive smile. "I guess we were both going to say the same thing."

Agnes guessed the blonde girl was right. Because of the rivalry between her two star pupils, however, it seemed wiser not to admit it.

"Suppose you say it one at a time, then," Agnes said. "Emily?"

"Well," Emily Johnson said, "I was wondering, Miss Avery, if it might not be a good idea, before you give us the conditions of the exercise, if you





ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

THE SIGHING SOUND (continued)

just checked us once more on the facts?"

"Frank, is that what you were going to say?" Agnes asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Frank Bell said. "If you don't mind, I mean."

"Of course not," Agnes said. "Would you read the facts back to us, Frank?"

"Yes ma'am," he said, and he flipped over the pages of his notebook. "First of all, according to what Miss Avery said, we're to assume that we're sitting in the city room," Frank Bell read. "We're doing a routine assignment. Maybe writing an obit, or something like that. All of a sudden, the city editor comes over. He is excited. And these are the facts the city editor gives us: A certain Mr. X, aged twenty-nine, the only heir of a wealthy, socially prominent, and politically powerful family, got married yesterday to Miss Y, a girl of twenty-two about whom very little is known. The newlywed couple left directly after the ceremony, at The First Brixton Episcopal

Church on Ridge Road, for their honeymoon at an undisclosed destination. This morning Miss Y, who is now Mrs. X, of course, called her brand-new in-laws long distance from Pine Lodge, an exclusive, secluded resort on the shores of Lake Michigan, eighty-five miles northeast of Brixton. The young bride, according to the information received by the city editor, seemed to be hysterical. What she reported to her in-laws was that their son, her brand-new husband of less than a day, with whom she checked into Pine Lodge last night, has disappeared. No explanation. No clues. No nothing. Mr. X just disappeared. That's all the city editor knows." Frank Bell looked up from his notebook. "The city editor then tells us to drop what we're doing, and get right on the story. Are those facts correct, Miss Avery?"

Before Agnes could reply, Emily Johnson's hand was up.

"Except for (Continued on page 129)

31

Aggie went to the phone, and then she had a moment of shock. It was as though the man at the desk downstairs were expecting her call.

The



Ten Commandments

WHY THEY WORK TODAY!

*Fulton Oursler, author of The Greatest Story Ever Told, gives
his own inspirational version of the Greatest Laws Ever Written*

On the peak of Mount Sinai, amidst flame and thunder, God gave to Moses the tablets of the Law. That was more than three thousand years ago, and yet today, in a nightmare world, the Ten Commandments speak with dumbfounding precision.

I do not pretend to be even an amateur scholar of the Scriptures. I read the Decalogue merely as an average man searching for guidance, and in the immortal "Ten Words" I find a blueprint for the good life.

The first Commandment begins:

I am the Lord your God, which have brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. You shall have no other gods before Me.

Perhaps this seems an idle requirement in an educated, progressive world, but we are, in fact, hemmed in, overshadowed, and oppressed by false gods. And as long as some of us are their devotees, all of us may be their victims.

Just for glory and cash, a certain type of politician will make any sacrifice, resort to any skullduggery to keep himself in office—his whole career an oblation to power. His greedy neighbor offers his prayers to a bank; another is ruled by vanity or lust. But chief among a whole herd of golden calves is that falsest

of all false gods, which we call Self. Some plausible intellectuals are priests at the altars of self-sufficiency. They see no absurdity in teaching men to take their stand among starry systems in a fathomless universe—and worship themselves.

"Man must learn to stand alone. In fact, he is alone," is the substance of their teaching.

But discerning scientists of our age—Millikan, Jeans, Carrel, du Noüy, Einstein—agree that design is visible in the universe. And design must have a Designer.

In the hearts and minds of thoughtful people there continues to echo the good sense of the first Commandment; no false and strange gods must stand between us and the one God of Truth, for He alone is real and all the rest is trash.

Following, comes a related injunction:

You shall not make unto you any graven image or any likeness of anything there is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the water under the earth. You shall not bow down yourself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord your God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.

We have many graven images. The speed demon

Michelangelo's statue of Moses gripping the tablet on which the Ten Commandments are inscribed.



The Ten Commandments

You shall have no other gods
before me

... Or make any graven image

You shall not take the Lord's
name in vain

Remember the Sabbath, and
keep it holy

Honor your father and mother

You shall not kill

You shall not commit adultery

You shall not steal

You shall not bear false witness
against your neighbor

You shall not covet your
neighbor's wife ... or covet any
thing that is your neighbor's

** Most major faiths of the Western world observe the Ten Commandments, but with some variance in wording and sequence. The list above is merely a paraphrasing, greatly abridged, and is not intended to be an authoritative or complete version, or to conform to any particular faith.*

adores his new fast car, an idol that in his hands may be a bloodthirsty monster on the highways, a new Moloch devouring children. Some women will give their immortal souls for diamonds and rubies, for the furs of animals and the feathers of birds, or for glittering electric bulbs flashing their names on the marquees of Vanity Fair. Hapless little men sit at desks, hating the job, never sharing the homely excitements of workaday life, but stealthily waiting for five P.M. and deliverance from bondage. They worship a time clock.

Who can count the lifeless images we look to for the satisfactions of life?

And would not all existence improve if we took this Commandment to heart, using objects made by our own hands as tools of wisdom—the speed demon slowing down in consideration of others, and giving a fresh-air outing to poor kids who never get a ride? All things can be used constructively.

The next Commandment tells us:

You shall not take the name of the Lord your God in vain.

Here is condemnation for today's most sordid phenomenon—a hard and bitter cynicism, a discourteous unbelief that holds nothing whatever in reverence or even respect.

Like a disease in populations, there is disillusion in a multitude of disenchanted men and women who have lost all faith. Their spiritual impotence is a consequence of the crass materialism in modern life. The carnival of debunking began with a blasphemous loss of reverence for God, symbolized by the use of the Holy Name as a curse. Having lost faith in God, they soon lost confidence in their fellow men and now in themselves.

Will the world not be a happier place when we return to the lost values of olden times? The earth is wonderful enough to fill us all with awe.

Another Commandment tells us that we must:

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. But on the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord your God; you shall do no work on it, you nor your son, nor your daughter, nor your man-servant, nor your maid-servant, nor your beast, nor the stranger that is within your gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are in them, and rested on the seventh day; therefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and sanctified it.

Sabbath means, of course, Saturday, the seventh day of the week, but early Christians changed the

observance to Sunday, to honor the day on which Christ rose from the dead.

For the sake of prayer and devotion, could a sweeping paralysis of human activity be maintained for twenty-four hours in the complex rush of the twentieth century? Such a rest from high pressure might prove a welcome blessing. Some people do continue to obey the command with literal rigidity. Others, equally devout, hold that the purpose is to give all men ample time to worship, and time for rest from servile or unnecessary work. Many Christians permit innocent amusements on Sunday, if people first observe the core of the Commandment by attending a service of worship.

If all of us started going to church again every Sunday, we could then, feeling uplifted, go on to play and work. To go back to church is to set a potent example; it is any man's simplest and best chance to obey the Commandment and help turn back the tide of cynicism and despair.

The next Commandment, often surprisingly and scornfully abused, reads:

Honor your father and your mother that your days may be long upon the land which the Lord your God gives you.

A young man has been having trouble with his wife, his boss, and his friends, so he seeks help from a psychoanalyst. Lying on a couch, he murmurs the story of his life, paying perhaps a dollar a minute for the privilege. When the last session is over, he is dismissed with a new outlook:

"My mother has been the worst influence in my life. She has robbed me of the power to make my own decisions. I must emancipate myself."

"Mom-ism" and "Pop-ism" are prime villains of psychiatry. We are even advised not to worry about supporting parents; what are old-age pensions for? Let the state look to the feeble and infirm, and remove love and tenderness from the transaction. Any old-fashioned notion of duty, the joy of helping those we love, gratitude to old folks who once forgave us our trespasses, turned the other cheek to our impudence, and nursed us through diarrhea and vomiting and innate orneriness—such attitudes, according to materialists, are a hash of sentimentalism. But the ancient Commandment still thunders from Sinai, telling honorable men to honor their parents—even if, sometimes, they seem unreasonable.

Parents are admonished by the same Commandment. Newspapers print horror stories of bad mothers and fathers who abandon or slay their young. Even among so-called better families, children often drift from one household to another in the mazes of di-

"These words, which I command you this day, shall be in your heart, and you shall meditate upon them, sitting in your house and walking on your journey, sleeping and rising."

—Moses

voice. Busy with skis and rackets, cocktails and flirtations, a job to obtain a few more dollars or more prestige, some smartly styled mothers leave the training of their children in morals and manners to nursemaids, and later to boarding-school teachers and camp counselors. Such mothers—and fathers, too—"have their own lives to live."

If parents are to be honored, they should prove themselves worthy of honor. The Commandment has to do with *all* just authority; a man must respect his lawful superiors and obey their orders, and, like parents, the superiors have a reciprocal duty. Actually we are being commanded by God to live together, at home, at office, and wherever human beings associate, in good will and mutual regard.

Who can doubt that we will be better off when we do so?

You shall not kill," we are also told.

A humanitarian objects: "There are times when if you don't kill, you'll get killed. How do you reconcile war with the Commandment?"

Rabbis, priests, and ministers constantly remind conscientious objectors that the Scriptures hold that wars can be just. Under God's manifest protection, the Israelites fought many campaigns and killed many enemies soon after the Ten Commandments were given to them. War is not necessarily a contradiction of the Ten Commandments; often it is the penalty of their neglect.

Another kind of humanitarian protests: "Suppose your wife is afflicted with lingering, incurable cancer, and has already been so saturated with pain-killing drugs that they are no longer effective. You know she is going to die soon (*Continued on page 124*)



Overboard

Next time you take a cruise, watch sharply for a distinguished, gray-haired man with a triumphant look in his eye

A SHORT SHORT STORY BY LEE ROGOW

The S.S. *Flying Fish* was alongside the pier in New York, taking on her regular Caribbean-cruise cargo of schoolteachers, mothers with marriageable daughters, and retired glove manufacturers. As usual, I was at the piano in the main saloon, supplying a little *bon-voyage* music for the passengers. I had just run out of requests and was venturing on a little thing of my own composition when I saw Bradford Allen come through the door into the room.

In the years since I had last seen him, Allen had collected a lot of new smile wrinkles around the eyes and a considerable amount of gray at the temples, but he still had that superb air of style about him, the look of a man who could sign a check in any store, restaurant, hotel, or brokerage house north of the equator. He was still as impressive as he had been the first time I had seen him, back in the winter of 1940.

That was on another cruise ship, the S.S. *La Paloma*, an old washboiler that made an eleven-day run around Bermuda and the Bahamas. I was beating the box in the first-class saloon one afternoon when Bradford Allen came in, (Continued on page 144)

When I finished playing the piano, he thanked me, walked out on the main deck—and jumped overboard.



Some Uncensored Footnotes to The Forrestal Diaries

By William Bradford Huie



With the publication this month of the Forrestal diaries, thoughtful Americans can reflect further on the story of James Forrestal, America's first Secretary of Defense, whose brilliant career ended in the pre-dawn hours of May 22, 1949, when his body came hurtling sixteen floors to the pavement at Bethesda Naval Hospital.

Those who expect to study the published diaries should do so with these reservations in mind:

1. The diaries have been censored. The two men who suffer most in comparison with Forrestal, and who possess none of his vision, are President Truman and Defense Secretary George C. Marshall. Yet after Forrestal was discharged, his papers for many months were in secret custody at the White House; and it is admitted that the Defense Department, under General Marshall, withheld some of the papers "in the national interest."

2. The papers were purchased and prepared for publication by a newspaper that supported many of the policies Forrestal so courageously—and so futilely—opposed.

With these reservations, the diaries should be examined for the many evidences of Forrestal's remarkable foresight, of which these are the finest examples:

In 1943, while most other men in our Government thought otherwise, Forrestal repeatedly warned that Russia was not an ally but a treacherous enemy. He urged President Roosevelt to impose stern terms on Russia before our invasion of Normandy; and his first advice to President Truman was that Russia be dealt with as a dangerous probable enemy.

In 1945, while Alger Hiss, Dean Acheson, and others were urging President Roosevelt at Yalta to yield to the Russians concessions that would lead inevitably to such disasters as the Korean war, Forrestal pleaded with the President not to make those concessions.

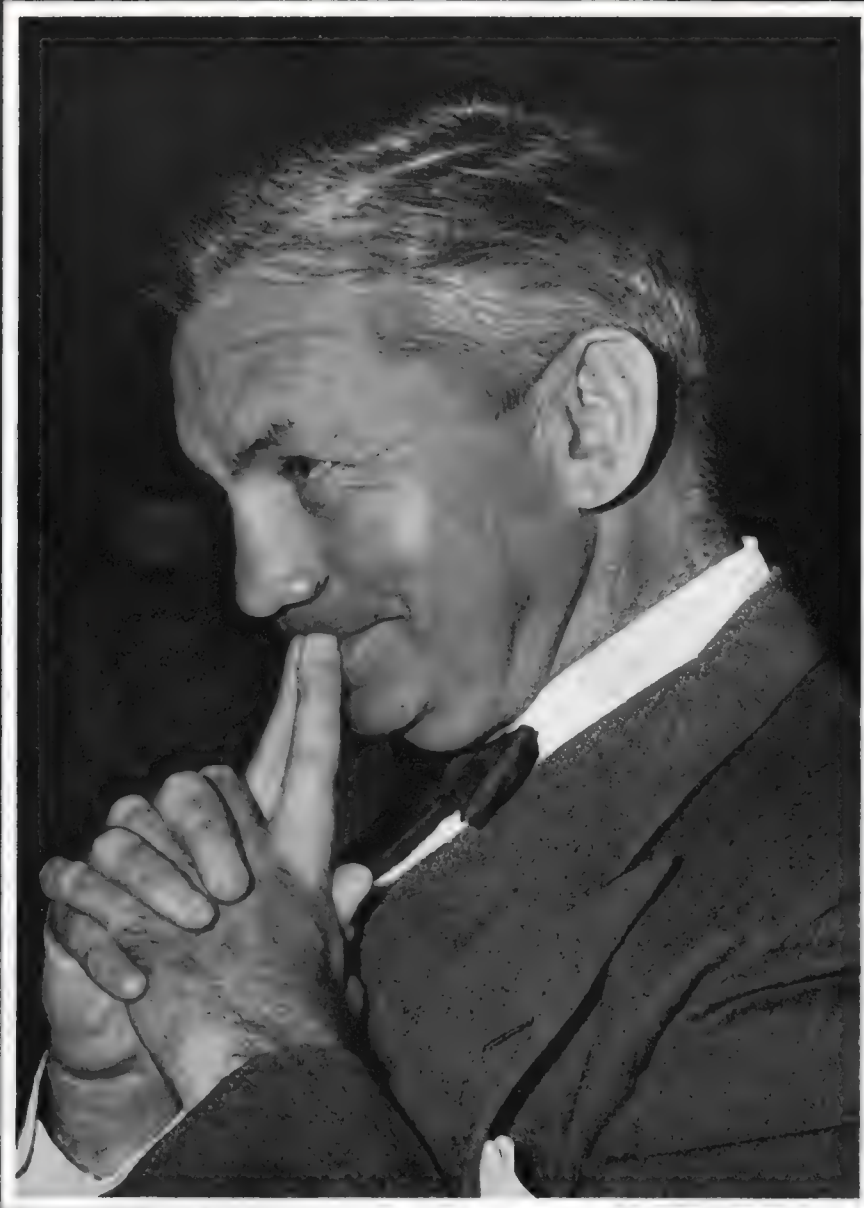
In 1946, while Marshall, Acheson, Hiss, Philip Jessup, John Carter Vincent, and Owen Lattimore were favoring the Chinese Reds by trying to enforce a coalition government in China, Forrestal opposed the coalition policy and warned General Marshall of its consequences. Forrestal went further: supported by the Secretary of War, he addressed a note to the State Department demanding to know if it was the policy of the United States to desert the Nationalist Government of China.

From the time of the inauguration of the Manhattan Project, which developed the atomic bomb, Forrestal was deeply concerned over the protection of our secrets. He warned President Roosevelt that security was being violated, and in 1945 he battled to have the bomb's further development kept within the custody of the military.

In 1947, when traitors prepared to hand over additional atomic secrets to scientists who were shuttling our secrets directly to the Russians, it was Forrestal alone who came to the aid of Senator Bourke B. Hickenlooper, chairman of the Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, and prevented the transfer of the secrets.

In 1949, while Forrestal was battling to prepare the country's armed forces for such eventualities as the Korean attack, Truman fired him and brought in Louis Johnson as Defense Secretary to implement the politically expedient policy of retrenchment.

Despite the handicaps of censorship, however, the



JAMES V. FORRESTAL'S secret papers are about to be released and promise to be among the most important documents of our history. This article will bring you up to date on the late Secretary of Defense—a tragic, much-misunderstood figure whose astounding foresight can be appreciated only today.

The Forrestal Diaries (continued)

published version of the diaries should convey an inspiring portrait of a type of American who may fast be disappearing: a patriotic public servant with wisdom. And between the lines, perhaps, there will be new clues to the individual himself: a complex personality beset by all the dilemmas of his time.

Jim Forrestal—his mother always called him Vincent—was reared at Beacon, New York, on the Hudson River. His father, a modestly successful contractor, was a devout Catholic born in Ireland, and a Cleveland Democrat. Because he was the bantam in a family of six-footers, Jim Forrestal developed the pugnacious drive that sent him bounding through life with an energy that dismayed his friends as well as his competitors. His broken nose, suffered in an early boxing match, gave him his scarred-bulldog look. At Princeton, he was the sort of student who not only works his way through school, but accumulates money and influential friends in the process.

Before he was fifty, Forrestal had reached the traditional goals of the ambitious American boy: he had made a million dollars in Wall Street; he had traveled extensively and attained a confident, world viewpoint; he had married and reared two sons; he was the \$180,000-a-year president of Dillon, Read & Co.; and he was ready to quit business and serve his country when it needed him in a crisis.

When Roosevelt made him Assistant Secretary of the

Navy, he quickly attracted attention: he had the fiercest energy ever seen in Washington. He'd dictate letters while riding to the golf course; then he'd go charging around the course, often alone and in the rain, determined to keep physically fit.

He was capable, on occasion, of being quiet and warm, as when he sometimes sat over luncheon and talked with a close friend like Navy chaplain Monsignor Maurice S. Sheehy of Catholic University.

What made Forrestal appear most unusual in Washington was that when World War II ended, everybody but him relaxed to celebrate the peace. Indeed, he seemed to gain momentum with the peace; he refused to accept peace as a reality, and instead went charging along as though the war had reached a deadlier stage.

In December, 1947, when France was paralyzed by a general transportation strike, Forrestal summoned his most trusted friends to Washington and told them that necessity demanded the use of dollars in Europe for bribes. He explained that he had spent all the Defense Department's "nonvoucherable funds" as well as much of his own money and that more was needed. His friends produced fifty thousand dollars immediately; the money was carried that night to Paris by a Naval intelligence officer and paid the next day to a prominent Communist leader. The strike ended within twelve hours.

In the spring of 1948, during the Italian elections,

Never comfortable in an easy chair, *Forrestal liked to base his war opinions on firsthand experience. One of his many trips to observe things for himself brought him on this visit to the Marshall Islands in 1944.*





When this picture was taken, Forrester was not aware that his forthright patriotism had landed him on the President's hatchet list. Another factor that made him unpopular was his failure to support Truman in 1948.

Forrester acted in the same forthright manner. He summoned his friends and told them that the election would be lost unless dollars were used to overmatch Red payments to Italian propagandists. His friends produced what is believed to be in excess of a million dollars, and this money was carried in cash to Italy and paid out in the most effective manner.

Before he permitted large dollar contributions to the De Gasperi campaign fund, Forrester received a promise that never, under any circumstances, would De Gasperi allow Communists in his government. This was at a time when representatives of our State Department were still advocating the formation of coalitions with Communists.

In addition to private money, Forrester employed deception in Italy. He had no authority to give American tanks to the Italians, but he was, with authority, shipping tanks to Greece. He arranged for freighters loaded with Greece-bound tanks to refuel at Naples, and while the ships were refueling, American troops in civilian clothes "broke in" the tanks by driving them down Italian streets in parades with Italian soldiers, thus giving the impression that the tanks had been delivered to Italy.

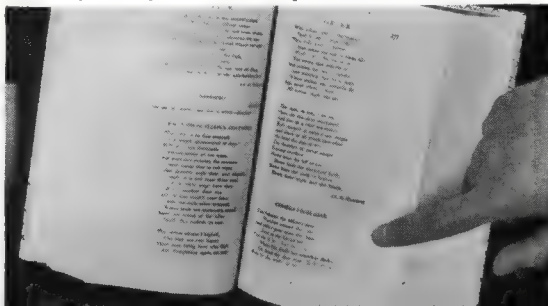
After the election, an Italian cardinal declared: "The Communists blame Mr. Forrester for this defeat. They have marked him as their number-one enemy. He understands them too well."

It was during the Italian elections that the pro-Communists in America began plotting Forrester's destruction. Forrester made his most powerful enemies, however, when he declined to take an active role in trying to re-elect Truman. This enraged the political gang around the White House, and immediately after Truman's inauguration in 1949, they launched the scurrilous get-Forrester campaign that resulted in his discharge, his crack-up, and his death.

The country has never witnessed a more dishonest smear campaign. Forrester was accused of having defrauded the Government in a tax case. He was a Fascist, a warmonger, a racist, a bedfellow of I. G. Farbenindustrie, a dealer in Near Eastern (Continued on page 112)

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This book, found opened to the ancient Greek chorus from Sophocles' tragic "Ajax," was Forrester's last reading before he plunged to his death from the sixteenth floor of a naval hospital outside Washington.





THE ACTRESS

What does a woman get from the theatre to make her give up all else, including love? By Thyra Samter Winslow

The telephone rang. As if an audience were watching, Zala Cassell put her newspaper on the table, and sat very straight. As she reached for the telephone, the sleeve of her negligee fell away from her only slightly flabby arm. The negligee was lace trimmed, a trifle soiled.

"This is Madame Cassell!" Her voice was rich and deep.

"It's Mr. Chamberlain, Madame," said the operator.

"You may put him on, dear," said Madame. Madame insisted that callers be announced, and accepted each of her calls hopefully—though most of them proved disappointing.

"Madame Cassell? I didn't awaken you?"

"Horace! How good to hear you! I've been

awake for hours! I used to say I didn't trust the actress who woke up before noon. But time, my dear Horace—"

"You're wonderful! I hope you aren't busy tonight, Madame. Could you have dinner with me at the Stork Club?"

"Just a minute, dear boy—" Madame Cassell sat perfectly still. Then, "I had to look in my engagement book. I had a dull date. I'd much rather be with you, dear Horace!"

"At eight then, Madame?"

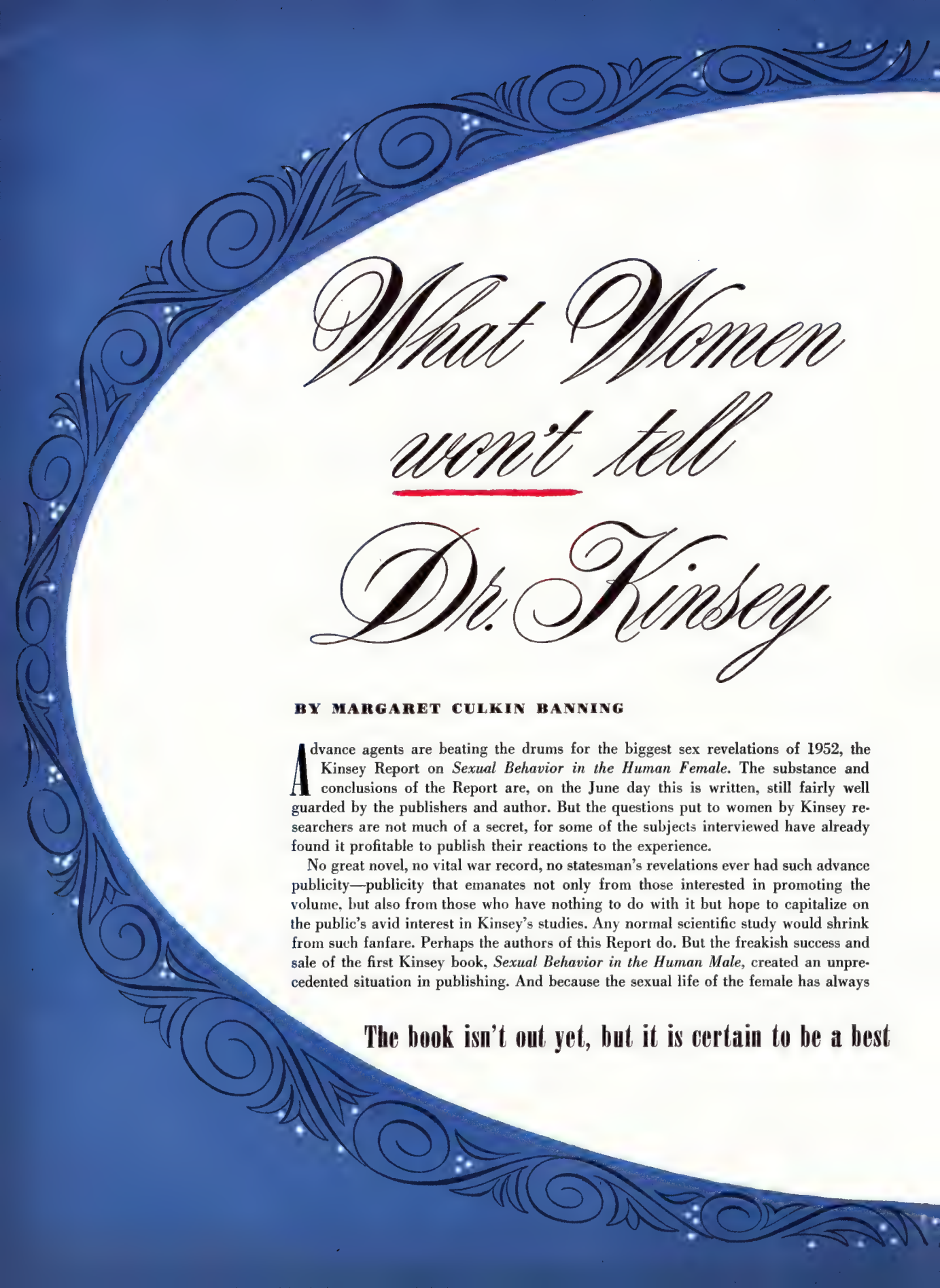
A very nice dinner date with the most attractive man she knew! Horace Chamberlain was in his thirties—and rich. He wasn't in love with her. Why, if she'd had a son he might be older than Horace! But all she had was Horace. He was overcome by *(Continued on page 140)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

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"I WANT TO SHOW WHAT I CAN DO," SAID ALICE, STRETCHING OUT ON THE COUCH.



What Women won't tell Dr. Kinsey

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Advance agents are beating the drums for the biggest sex revelations of 1952, the Kinsey Report on *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. The substance and conclusions of the Report are, on the June day this is written, still fairly well guarded by the publishers and author. But the questions put to women by Kinsey researchers are not much of a secret, for some of the subjects interviewed have already found it profitable to publish their reactions to the experience.

No great novel, no vital war record, no statesman's revelations ever had such advance publicity—publicity that emanates not only from those interested in promoting the volume, but also from those who have nothing to do with it but hope to capitalize on the public's avid interest in Kinsey's studies. Any normal scientific study would shrink from such fanfare. Perhaps the authors of this Report do. But the freakish success and sale of the first Kinsey book, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, created an unprecedented situation in publishing. And because the sexual life of the female has always

The book isn't out yet, but it is certain to be a best

been more mysterious than that of the male, public curiosity is reaching a new high.

The advance stories, even those that Dr. Kinsey and his staff deplore and refute, have given him and his work fatuous advertisement. "Intrepid," "vast and adventurous," "tabooed territory," "intimate conversations with women"—you would expect these words to describe next week's show at a cheap movie house rather than a forthcoming scientific study.

Kinsey's intentions have also been blown up larger than life size. According to his statement explaining the reasons for undertaking the first Report, Dr. Kinsey simply felt that a survey of human sex behavior might fill in certain gaps in existing knowledge. The ballyhoo now claims that the Kinsey Report has "created new communication between husband and wife" and "offers data on which new concepts of education, and even new laws, may well be based."

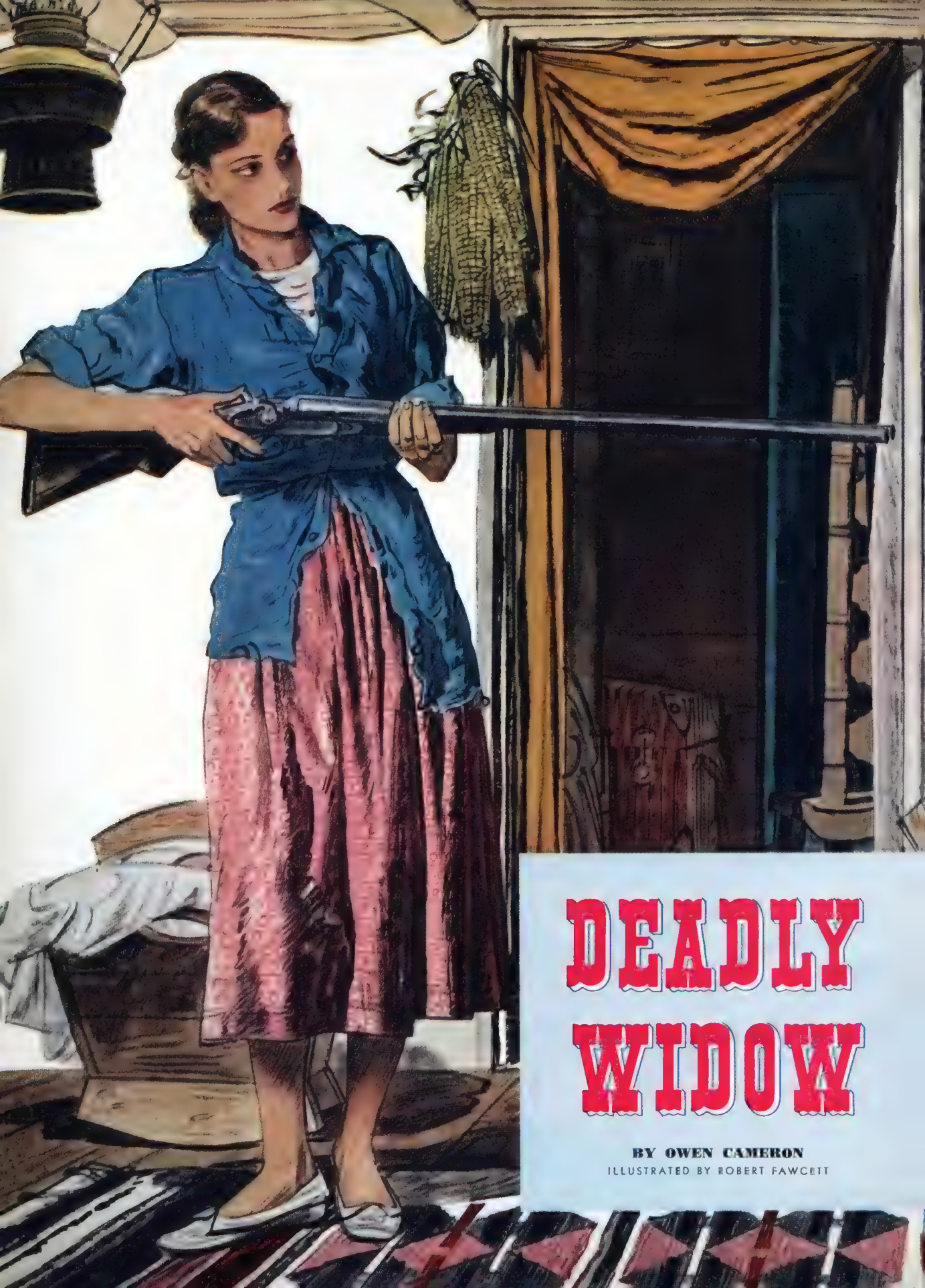
The women Kinsey interviewed—if the average subject is anything like one who published an account of her experience—became disciples of their questioner. Writing anonymously, this woman says that Dr. Kinsey inspires "utter confidence." She urges, "I hope that if you are asked to be interviewed, you will consent willingly. I am sure you will never regret it." She says she was "greatly touched" when a young woman asked to be interviewed because "so many of my friends have refused." The writer then added this strange persuasion: "Dr. Kinsey is interested in you and me and others who may not be typical but who are not, at any rate, markedly abnormal or subnormal."

This last statement brings up short anyone who has studied the Kinsey method of survey. For, if his results are to stand up, Dr. Kinsey's interest must be in the *typical* individual. To quote the explanation of his methods as set down in the first Report, "The validity of extending generalization depends on the representativeness of the sample." And again, "The correctness of observed data depends on the size of the sample and the quality of the sample."

The unidentified woman who wrote of her interview admits she may not be typical, and if she is not, the Kinsey method swerves from accuracy, for her experience presumably is part of the findings. Of course, Dr. Kinsey may have found her more typical than she thought she was. But—and I am repeating only what this subject told millions of readers—she was a divorced woman who had weekended with her first husband after her divorce and was "quarreling constantly" with her second husband. In my town, that is not the typical sexual behavior of the human female.

Although Kinsey's new Report will be loaded with impressive-looking statistics, we must not anticipate it with such awe that we dare not (*Continued on page 108*)

seller, and also a failure—for these startling reasons



DEADLY WIDOW

BY OWEN CAMERON
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT



I had been in tight places before, but I'd been up against men. You can figure how a man's head works, but who can guess what a woman will do?

This is the story of a man desperately wanted by both the law and an extraordinary woman—for quite different reasons

It was a small town, with a small newspaper and a small reporter named Harry Silver. That afternoon Harry was meeting the San Francisco train, hoping for pictures and words from a VIP—Senator Lincum, no less. In the waiting room, he saw old John McNaughton. Finding him would have been easy even if the place had been large and crowded, and it was neither. Straight as a pine tree in spite of his years, the old man stood a lean, white-topped, tough six feet four. His kind never seem to weaken, but they finally go down all at once, like a tree when the woodsmen reach it.

John McNaughton said he had come down to meet a couple of old friends, a man and wife. He scowled out at the Southern California sunshine.

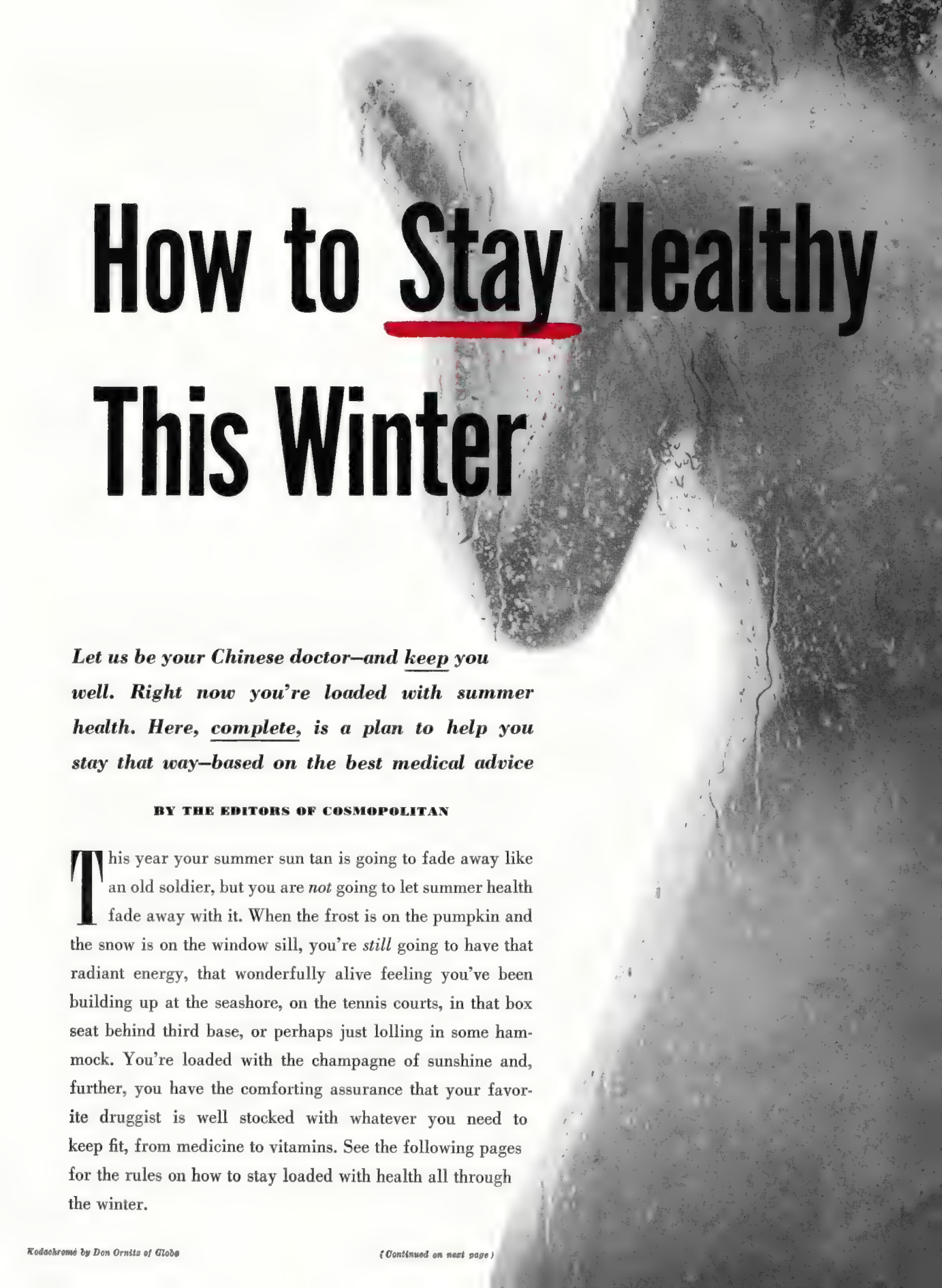
"I miss my old friends, what's left of them," he grumbled. "But what I really get homesick for is some bitter weather."

"This climate agrees with you," Harry said.

"That's part of the trouble. Weather disagreed with me so long, and me with it, I miss cussing it. That fella looks like Manuel Rabbit."

He had lost Harry, who *(Continued on page 93)*





How to Stay Healthy This Winter

Let us be your Chinese doctor—and keep you well. Right now you're loaded with summer health. Here, complete, is a plan to help you stay that way—based on the best medical advice

BY THE EDITORS OF COSMOPOLITAN

This year your summer sun tan is going to fade away like an old soldier, but you are *not* going to let summer health fade away with it. When the frost is on the pumpkin and the snow is on the window sill, you're *still* going to have that radiant energy, that wonderfully alive feeling you've been building up at the seashore, on the tennis courts, in that box seat behind third base, or perhaps just lolling in some hammock. You're loaded with the champagne of sunshine and, further, you have the comforting assurance that your favorite druggist is well stocked with whatever you need to keep fit, from medicine to vitamins. See the following pages for the rules on how to stay loaded with health all through the winter.

How to Stay Healthy (continued)



SLEEP is the great restorer, the recharger, the revitalizer. Getting your share of it is essential to your healthy winter.

Rest

Sleep is vital to your healthy winter. Legend hath it that you need eight hours' sleep a night. Regard this merely as an average figure. You may need more. Or you may be one of the lucky ones who are refreshed and rarin' to go after only six or seven hours. Your body will tell you if you are getting enough sleep.

Healthful sleeping requires a quiet, dark, well-ventilated room; a hard mattress that gives you thirty-six to thirty-nine inches of sleeping space; blankets light in weight, heavy in warmth, not tucked in so tightly that you're strait-jacketed; bedroom windows open, at both top and bottom if you don't have cross-ventilation.

The United States Children's Bureau says *children's sleep requirements* are as follows: Birth to six months, 20-22 hours; six months to a year, 16-18 hours; one to two years, 14-16 hours; two to five years, 13-15 hours; five to eight years, 12 hours; eight to eleven years, 11 hours; eleven to thirteen years, 10-12 hours; thirteen to fifteen years, 11-13 hours.

Helpful hints for suffering insomniacs: Cultivate the

art of relaxation all day long. Muscular tension is one of the main causes of sleeplessness, and freedom from tension can be consciously learned. Above all, in the hour before bedtime refuse to worry or fight or get angry or try to solve your problems. Most people sleep best when their stomachs are practically empty. However, a light snack or a glass of warm milk before bedtime may help you fall asleep. Try relaxing for a half hour or so in a "neutral bath"—water at body temperature. Afterward, *pat* the body dry with a towel. *Do not rub.* Then climb between the sheets and consciously relax every part of your body.

Cleanliness

That means scalp, hair, face, teeth, mouth, hands, fingernails, and the rest of your body. Scrub your hands before eating. Every night before retiring, brush hair and scalp vigorously. Always make sure that everything coming in contact with your scalp is clean: comb, brush, bobby pins, and fingernails. Oily hair should be shampooed once a week;

dry, brittle hair, once every two weeks. A pure olive-oil shampoo is good. Dry your head immediately afterward, to prevent chilling. An electric hair-dryer is helpful for avoiding that winter cold.

Save face with common-sense measures. If you have an oily skin, wash your face with a pure soap once a day; if your skin is unusually dry, cut down on the number of soapings, use a very mild soap, and oil your skin occasionally before washing. As for that daily bath or shower, it's fine for most people most of the year, but not so good for all people during wintertime. The natural oil of the skin is washed away in the bath, and in the winter some skins tend to become dry and itchy. If this holds true for you, cut down your baths to four a week.

See your dentist. (And while you're there, ask him about the value of applying sodium fluoride solution to your children's teeth to curb decay.) Brush your teeth after every meal! Use a good toothpaste or powder on a fresh, dry brush. Everyone should have two toothbrushes, so that one is always dry and ready for action. A tooth tip: a raw apple after meals cleanses the teeth.

Exercise

Everybody needs *some* to be healthy in winter. Daily exertion is good for muscle tone, circulation, and for easing that knot of tension in the pit of your stomach. Your kids can't get enough of it. Let 'em run hog-wild. They'll know when they've had enough. But the average

(Continued on next page)

IN EXERCISE, moderation is the key. Don't knock yourself out with your efforts. Take just enough to feel good.



How to Stay Healthy (continued)



IN WINTER, don't make the mistake of wearing too much clothing—especially while you're engaging in active sports.

adult needs a good deal less hard exercise than he might imagine.

Enjoyment and mental relaxation should be the good companions of your exercise. You get that in mild games and in not-too-strenuous competitive sports. For most of us, there's a diminishing of sports opportunities in winter. Do as much outdoor walking as possible, deep-breathing the clean, cool air as you go.

Moderation is the key word. And remember: contrary to popular belief, strenuous exercise is *not* the way to reduce. You can walk thirty-five miles and not work off one hot-fudge sundae. So don't knock yourself out unnecessarily. Whatever your exercise regimen, it should make you feel good. If it doesn't, go see your doctor to find out what's wrong. It may be your exercise. And, on the other hand, it may be you.

Ventilation

Overdressing is almost as common as the common cold. Reason: they go hand in hand. Too much clothing robs the skin of its natural ability to regulate body temperature and protect against extremes. If you have been guilty of inflicting the overprotection habit on yourself and your children, resolve that this winter you are going to reform. Cut down *gradually* on the weight of cold-weather clothing and give the skin a chance to relearn how to regulate body heat.

General rules for winter wear: Maximum protection with minimum weight. Woolen underwear for lots of outdoor running about and playing. Cotton underwear for indoor activities. For outer clothing in cold weather,

the best material is closely woven wool. Several thin garments offer more protection than a single thick garment of the same total weight. The air between the layers provides insulation. And when the temperature rises, you can always peel off one of the several garments; if possible, you and your children should wear clothes you can ventilate by opening buttons or zippers, and close again to prevent chilling.

If you are one of those "hothouse flowers" who shut all windows and turn the radiators on to Full Heat in winter, resolve to reform. High indoor temperatures not only aggravate the sudden contrast when you step outdoors, but also rob the indoor air of necessary moisture, dry out your nasal passages, and leave you wide open to colds. Try to keep room temperature between 68 degrees F. and 72 degrees F. If this seems unduly cool to you, learn to get used to it. Think of the ill health you'll save. And fuel costs, too.

Good ventilation means air in motion. Keep windows open as often as you can without getting your home uncomfortably cold. Cross-ventilation is best. Where you don't have it, get air circulation by opening the window at both top and bottom. Try to avoid large temperature differences between different levels of the room. Open the window that has the radiator beneath it. This will direct the incoming cold air to face level, rather than floorward to chill the feet. For the same reason, a glass ventilator that deflects the cold air upward when the window is slightly open is a good thing to have in your office, workroom, or any room, for that matter.

First Aid

Accidents *will* happen. But not to you or your children. Not *this* winter. You're going to see to that. Eleven thousand children between the ages of one and fourteen will die of accidents this year in the United States. Forty per cent of those accidents will happen at home.

How about *your* home? Go from room to room and ask yourself the following questions, prepared by the New York City Health Department. And where the answer spells *danger*, do the necessary!

Kitchen: Are matches kept in a metal container out of the reach of children? Are sharp knives kept in a rack or box away from other knives, forks, and spoons? Are cleaning fluids, paints, and insecticides kept away from flames and out of reach of children? Do you turn pot handles in so your apron or your child's hand will not tip the pots and spill their boiling contents? Are you careful to check and make sure the gas is turned off before leaving the house?

Bathroom: Do you have bath mats inside and outside the bathtub to prevent slipping? Are all containers of poison marked clearly and kept where children cannot find them? Do you have first-aid materials on hand? Is there a small box for discarded razor blades? Are you careful to see that small children are not left alone in the bathtub, where they may be scalded or drowned?

Bedroom: Do you keep drawers and closet doors closed to avoid bumps? If you can't turn the light on from the bed, do you keep a flashlight within reach? Is baby's bedding always pinned, buttoned, or folded in such a way as to prevent smothering?

Living room: If you have scatter rugs, are they firmly fixed to the floor? Are lamp cords arranged so that no one can trip over them? Are your children taught to keep their toys from cluttering the floor? Do you avoid highly polished, slippery floors? Are firearms kept unloaded and out of reach of children?

Around and about: Do your windows have guards to keep youngsters from falling out? Is the stair covering in your house in good condition? Do you have gates at the top and bottom of stairs to keep Baby from falling? Do you always throw the main switch before replacing a fuse? Have you learned, and taught your children,

(Continued on next page)

A SUN LAMP is a valuable, pleasant appliance. It will help you keep your summer health—as well as your summer tan.



How to Stay Healthy (continued)

never to touch an electric switch or appliance when hands or body are wet or in contact with metal?

The questions are infinite in number, and the answers have not always been satisfactory. That's why, in the "safety" of the American home, a life is lost every sixteen minutes; someone is hurt every seven seconds; and one person is permanently disabled every four minutes! But not in *your* home. Not this winter. Right?

For those minor health measures that don't require medical assistance, every *well-equipped medicine cabinet* should contain the following supplies: (1) A clinical thermometer, for taking temperatures; (2) 1-inch compresses on adhesive in individual packages; (3) Sterile gauze squares—about 3" x 3"—in individual packages; (4) Assorted sterile bandage compresses in individual packages; (5) Triangular bandages; (6) Sterile gauze in packages of about one square yard; (7) Roll of half-inch adhesive; (8) Absorbent cotton; (9) Burn ointment; (10) Pint of rubbing alcohol (70%), for use externally, and a good liniment to relieve the pain of sprains, strains, and bruises, and to refresh the skin during illness; (11) 2-ounce bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia; (12) Bicarbonate of soda, for mild indigestion;

(13) Boric acid, to make eyewash; (14) Eyecup; (15) Tube of petrolatum; (16) Sterile castor oil or mineral oil, for use in the eyes; (17) Oil of cloves, for that sleep-robbing toothache; (18) Tincture of iodine (2% solution); (19) Milk of magnesia, as an occasional mild laxative; (20) Aspirin tablets. (CAUTION: All boxes and bottles containing poison—for example, iodine and rubbing alcohol—should be labeled "POISON" and kept on a special shelf well out of the reach of your children. As for you: *never take medicine in the dark!*) And do you have these *appliances for a healthy winter*: sun lamp; heat lamp; electric heating pad; hot-water bottle; ice bag; hair dryer; electric vaporizer? Check your bathroom supplies, and if anything is missing, go to the drugstore *now*.

Food Storage

Correct storage of food is important—to keep contamination out, and to keep all the vitamins in. A few worthwhile rules:

(1) Keep ripe fruits cool and spread out. Handle carefully so as not to bruise. Wash cherries, berries, and grapes just before using; (2) Keep bread and cake in a ventilated box. If your kitchen is very hot, wrap bread and cake in wax paper and store in refrigerator; (3) Keep eggs, milk, cream, cheese, cream-filled pastries, salad dressings, gravies, and leftovers well covered in the refrigerator at 50 degrees F. or cooler; (4) Meat, fish, and poultry should always be under refrigeration; (5) Keep fats cold, tightly covered, and in a dark place away from smelly foods; (6) Spinach, lettuce, and broccoli will lose about 70% of their vitamin C if left for 48 hours at room temperature. They, too, should be stored in the refrigerator. Your kitchen should always be scrupulously clean. Your *garbage pail* should be made of metal, watertight, and always covered. *Dishes* should be washed with hot, soapy water, scalded with boiling water, and left to drain, or dried with a clean towel.

The least you can do is TRY to avoid one. The moment you spot someone sneezing or blowing his nose, start moving in the opposite direction. Don't be ashamed to change your seat in the movie house, or on the subway, streetcar, or bus. Let the *other* person get sprayed. This winter, make up your mind you're *not* going to share the use of toilet articles, towels, spoons, glasses, or cups with *anyone*. Wash your hands with soap and water before eating; eat the kind of foods you know you *should* eat; and shun drafts, wet shoes, and wet clothing. Wear rubbers and carry an umbrella on threatening days. You know how much sleep you need. Get it! Don't hurry out of an overheated restaurant or theatre into the cold night air while you're still perspiring. Don't overtire yourself. Don't overheat yourself. Don't overdress yourself.



SEEK ENJOYMENT and mental relaxation in winter activities. Bird-watching will amuse parent and child alike.



FOR THE UNWELL CHILD, *reading is still the most satisfying pleasure. A good book can triumph over Captain Video.*

Contagion

If your child contracts one of the contagious diseases, such as chicken pox, measles, or whooping cough, keep him in one room and keep everyone else out except the one person who is taking care of him. She should keep a special smock hanging in the sickroom, and whenever she goes in to tend the patient, she should slip it on to keep the germs off her dress, and take it off when ready to leave. It's trouble, yes, but two or three sick kids are even *more* trouble! Each time she leaves

the sickroom, she should wash her hands with soap and hot water. All the sick child's eating and drinking utensils should be carried to the kitchen in a dishpan and boiled right in the dishpan before being handled or washed or mixed with the utensils of the rest of the household. In the case of one of the more serious diseases, such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, or meningitis, your local health department may impose special regulations, particularly with regard to letting your other children go to school. Obey those rules to the letter. Think how you'd feel if someone *else* broke a quarantine.

(Continued on next page)

Food and Vitamins

The chemical substances known as vitamins are absolutely essential to your well-being. Your body does not manufacture them. You *must* get them from some outside source, either in the foods you eat or in synthesized form from your favorite druggist, and you must get them in adequate amounts. On these two pages you will find a list of vitamins with all the information you need to know about them.

A large group of nutritionists and medical men feel that supplementary vitamins, in the form of capsules, pills, and liquid concentrates, can make important contributions to health.

It is generally believed that if an individual is lacking in one vitamin, he is probably deficient in others, too. So don't decide you need just vitamin A, or B₂, or ascorbic acid. Get one of the multivitamin concentrates containing all the vitamins known to be essential to the human diet and, if possible, select a concentrate that also includes some of the newer vitamins.

Make certain that the potencies are high enough to insure your getting an adequate daily intake. And don't be confused by the labels. Vitamin-A and vitamin-D amounts are usually expressed in International Units (I.U.) or United States Pharmacopeia (U.S.P.), and the terms are used interchangeably. The other vitamins are usually measured in milligrams (mg.). In very small amounts, the microgram (mcg.), or gamma, is used. This is equivalent to a thousandth of a milligram. Occasionally, small amounts are indicated with large numbers by changing milligrams to U.S.P. One milligram is equivalent to

333 U.S.P. Thus, a daily dose of 500 U.S.P. of niacin is not so large as it seems. Actually, it is only 1.5 mg.

And finally, there are two things you must remember if you are to derive any benefit from vitamin supplements: (1) Vitamins are not food. So continue to eat wisely and well. (2) Have patience.

Furthermore, if you want to insure a well-balanced diet for yourself this winter, it is essential that you have *daily*:

MILK—2 or more glasses for adults; 3 or 4 for children and expectant and nursing mothers.

VEGETABLES—2 servings; one green or yellow. This does not include potatoes.

FRUITS—2 servings; one a citrus fruit or tomato.

EGGS—One, or at least 3 to 5 a week.

MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, or CHEESE—One or more servings (dried beans, peas, peanuts, occasionally).

CEREALS and BREAD—2 servings, whole-grain enriched.

BUTTER—One to 3 tablespoons.

MOST GROWING CHILDREN NEED SUPPLEMENTARY VITAMIN D IN WINTER!

YOUR WATER NEEDS: Vary greatly with temperature and food intake. Best way to get your water is in milk, fruit juices, vegetable juices, and soups. Water and fruit juices taken in the morning help keep you "regular." It is all right to drink water with meals, provided you don't wash food down before it is thoroughly chewed.

This is a compendium of the best available information on the better-known vitamins. Much of it is based on a symposium prepared under the auspices of the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association, and on information made available to the public by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. However, it is not to be regarded as necessarily having been endorsed by either group.

Vitamin

A

1. Other names or forms: Carotene.

2. Science definitely knows: It protects the linings of your bronchial, intestinal, and genitourinary systems; prevents night blindness, and itching, burning, and redness of the eyeballs; wards off scaly skin and dry hair.

It is essential to the life process at all of its stages.

3. Scientific evidence indicates: It builds up your resistance to colds

and other infections if you have been vitamin-deficient, but does not prevent them; promotes optimum development of your teeth and bones; can be effective in the treatment of hyperthyroidism and stomach ulcers; can help to reduce high blood pressure; and is somehow vital to longevity.

4. Not true: You'll have sparkling eyes and that schoolgirl complexion.

5. Your daily needs: United States Food and Drug Administration says

minimum daily requirement is 4,000 International Units (I.U.).

National Research Council recommends 5,000 I.U. for adults; 6,000 I.U. during pregnancy; 8,000 I.U. while nursing.

Nutrition authority Professor Henry C. Sherman believes amounts two to four times higher may be needed for truly optimum health and a maximum life span.

In recent years, cases have been reported of vitamin-A poisoning in infants and children who had received excessively large doses over extended periods.

6. Good natural sources: Fish-liver oils, green leafy and yellow vegetables, milk, egg yolk, butter, fortified margarine, beef liver.

7. The vitamin robbers: Drying and dehydration in food processing.

Oxidation during shipping and storage of fruits and vegetables.

Prolonged heating of certain foods during kitchen-cooking.

Use of mineral oil as a laxative, preventing absorption of the vitamin into the blood stream.

Chronic diarrhea, or insufficient bile in the intestinal tract.

Vitamin B₁

1. Other names or forms: Thiamine, thiamine hydrochloride.

2. Science definitely knows: It is essential to health and normal growth. It stimulates and maintains a good, normal appetite. Deficiencies produce polyneuritis and beriberi.

3. Scientific evidence indicates: Insufficient thiamine intake is often one of the contributing factors in nervousness, irritability, excessive fatigue, depression, apprehension, and some intestinal disorders, though all these symptoms can stem from other causes, too.

In some experimental research, lack of thiamine has been linked to poor powers of concentration and weak memory.

By aiding the body in the conversion of food to energy, it increases your vitality if you are below par, nutrition-wise.

It has been employed successfully in the treatment of enlarged hearts, hyperchronic anemia, certain disorders of the circulatory system, and the neuritis of pregnancy.

4. Not true: It's like a "shot in the arm."

5. Your daily needs: United States Food and Drug minimum daily requirement is 1 milligram (mg.).

National Research Council recommends 1.2 mg. to 1.8 mg. for the adult man, depending upon weight and physical activity; 1 mg. to 1.5 mg. for women; and 1.5 mg. during pregnancy and nursing. Recent research in the nutrition field has led some investigators to believe that 3 mg. is the best daily allowance during the late stages of pregnancy.

6. Good natural sources: Peas, beans, oatmeal, whole-wheat and enriched flour and bread, lean pork, peanuts, liver.

7. The vitamin robbers: Sulphuring of fruits. Dehydration of meats and vegetables. Soaking of fruits and vegetables in water. Moist heat of cooking. (Because it is soluble in water, thiamine goes in the cooking solution and is usually discarded.)

Vitamin B₂

1. Other names or forms: Riboflavin, vitamin G.

2. Science definitely knows: It is essential to health at all ages. Deficiency leads to cracks in the corners of the mouth (cheilosis), inflammation of the lips and tongue, and (Continued on page 120)



MILK. Children require three or four glasses of it each day; adults two or more glasses. It's a nearly perfect food.



MEDICINE. Children can be persuaded to take it—if you offer it to them calmly and without needless nagging.



SAFETY. Can you see your child at play? Could you get to your child in a hurry if there should be trouble?

Simple rules for healthful eating:

1. Mealtimes should be regular. **2. If you are nervous or exhausted, take a brief rest before sitting down at table.** **3. Banish all violent emotions from the dining room; like oil and water, anger and digestion simply don't mix.** **4. Eat slowly, savor carefully, and enjoy fully.**



Where there's a Will

An
intriguing
short story
by
Max Shulman



Problem: SHE WAS FILLED WITH A PASSIONATE YEARNING FOR A NEW DRESS, AND HE FOR A SET OF GOLF CLUBS. BUT THEY COULD NOT BUY BOTH. Solution: A HAPPY AND HILARIOUS ONE!

Clyde Saxon entered his house in Westport, Connecticut, and flung himself into a chair. Clyde always flung himself into chairs. He was a very dramatic fellow.

"Hello, dear," said Molly, wife to Clyde. Molly was a handsomely constructed brunette of thirty, two years younger than Clyde. She was normally of sound mind and placid disposition, though on occasion she could get as unreasonable as the next woman. "How were things at the office?" she asked.

"You see before you a broken man," replied Clyde, half sobbing.

"There, there," said Molly absently. After ten years, Clyde's performance as Hamlet had lost the power to disturb her.

"Look at me," commanded Clyde, rising and pointing at himself with both index fingers. "I'm a shell of a man—a wraith—an apparition."

His words might have been more convincing if he had not been so fair and pink and plump. He looked, in fact, like a healthy baby after a brisk toweling.

"They whipped me today at the office," he continued. "They flogged me, they beat me, they tortured me."

The office in which these cruel events were alleged to have occurred was actually the air-conditioned quarters of an advertising agency on Madison Avenue in New York City, where corporal punishment is sternly forbidden.

"That's a (Continued on page 145)

ILLUSTRATED BY

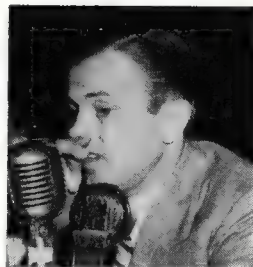
John Steiner



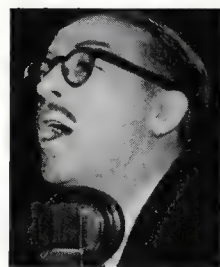
John Lawson



Albert Maltz



Edward Dmytryk



Dalton Trumbo



Ring Lardner, Jr.

The Strange Story of the Hollywood Ten

BY VICTOR LASKY

The biggest headache in Hollywood's history centers around seven writers, two directors, and one producer who, after refusing to tell a Congressional committee whether they were Communists, became known as the Hollywood Ten. Their reticence resulted in their going to jail on contempt charges.

The story of the Communist attempt to take over Hollywood can now be told in its startling entirety. The Communists took the industry for a ride it will never forget, and they managed to do it despite the fact that the overwhelming majority of people connected with the movies detest the Communist Party.

Who are these ten men who, in the public mind, came to symbolize Hollywood communism? How did they, out of the many pro-Communists and intense left-wingers in the movie business, suddenly find themselves in the lime-light?

When the House Committee on Un-American Activities decided, in 1947, to investigate Communist activities

in the motion-picture industry, its researchers prepared a list of almost a hundred Communists and fellow-travelers who held positions of importance. Since there was not time to call that many witnesses, the committee finally decided on nineteen men—actors, writers, and directors. Exactly how the men were selected is not known; perhaps some of the names were picked arbitrarily. All of the men, as it happened, were married, and none of them was a veteran.

The committee thereupon issued subpoenas to the nineteen. But when the hearings took place in Washington, in October, 1947, there proved to be time to call only eleven of them: writers John Howard Lawson, Albert Maltz, Samuel Ornitz, Dalton Trumbo, Lester Cole, Ring Lardner, Jr., Alvah Bessie, and Berthold Brecht; producer Adrian Scott; and directors Edward Dmytryk and Herbert Biberman. As a result of their appearance as witnesses, ten of these men were convicted of contempt of Congress. (The exception was Berthold



Alvah Bessie



Herbert Biberman



Adrian Scott



Lester Cole



Samuel Ornitz

Brecht. Brecht, a German-born playwright whose pro-Stalinist record was clear enough, later returned voluntarily to live in the Soviet zone of Germany. He readily admitted to the committee that he had been affiliated with a long list of Party-line organizations, but denied that he had ever been an actual member of the Party.)

The testimony of the ten ran in a fixed pattern. They answered a few perfunctory questions, demanded the right to read prepared statements (in some cases they were allowed to do so), delivered several abusive observations about the committee and the proceedings, and refused to answer directly the question, "Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party?" The appearances were short and violent. Albert Maltz addressed the committee counsel, Robert Stripling, as "Mr. Quisling." John Howard Lawson, the obvious leader of the group and the first to be called, announced pontifically, "I am not on trial here, Mr. Chairman. This committee is on trial before the American people. Let us get that straight." Samuel Ornitz intimated that the

committee was motivated by anti-Semitism. Dalton Trumbo yelled, "This is the beginning of an American concentration camp!" During the proceedings, most newspapermen referred to the witnesses as the "Unfriendly Ten." To the dismay of the motion-picture industry, the Communists were able to change that phrase to the "Hollywood Ten."

The ten behaved alike before the committee because, as we now know, they had met in advance and coordinated their strategy. In fact, eighteen of the witnesses—again excluding Brecht—had held a strategy meeting at the home of director Lewis Milestone. Milestone was one of the eight witnesses the committee didn't find time to call. The other seven were writers Dick Collins, Gordon Kahn, Howard Koch, and Waldo Salt; directors Irving Pichel and Robert Rossen; and actor Larry Parks. Collins, who has since broken violently with the Communists (as has Parks), told the story of that meeting in Milestone's luxurious home.

At the meeting, Larry Parks made an impassioned appeal for unity. "Let's stick together," he pleaded, "and go to Washington together." But the real leader of the meeting—in fact, the real Communist boss of the Hollywood "talent" sections—was John Howard Lawson. It was Lawson who decided on the strategy of not giving

direct answers to the sixty-four-dollar question about Party membership. Actually, this was the only strategy he could advocate. A decision to admit that they were Party members would have meant perjury citations for Biberman, Ornitz, and Lawson, who had previously told the California Un-American Activities Committee that they were not Communists. On the other hand, most of the eighteen men could not deny under oath that they were Communists, because, as they were painfully aware, the committee's research staff had photostats of their Party cards; a denial would have meant perjury cita-



tions for them, too. The only course left was the swash-buckling speechmaking and wordy attack on the committee's legality that they finally adopted. They knew that course would probably lead to contempt-of-Congress indictments, as it finally did, but the penalty for contempt is much less severe than that for perjury.

"They didn't explain all this to us," Collins later said bitterly. "What they sold us was a bill of goods about the highest devotion to basic American principles."

Before the committee's hearings in Washington got under way, a gigantic Communist front had been organized to defend the unfriendly witnesses. This was the Committee for the First Amendment, an organization that pulled in more "names" than almost any front organization in the previous ten years. (Four senators joined.) The committee's first (Continued on page 99)



High Heels

Occasionally it occurred to Miles Kendall that he had not honestly understood his daughter, Celia, since the day she had wobbled defiantly past him on her first high heels. At that instant, it seemed to him, a bond had been broken and a trite and unfortunate pattern established.

The arrival of the heels caught him badly off base. He felt (and he told Louise) that Celia was much too young for nonsense of that nature. He promised to reconsider the question when the proper time came. Louise replied that the proper time had come, that the heels had been

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purchased because Celia was going to a dance, and that she would also wear to this dance silk stockings, some make-up, and a semiformal gown.

"At twelve years old, Lou?" Kendall had shouted. "Are you out of your mind? She's still a baby!"

"You can't hold on to her forever, Miles."

"I'm not trying to hold on to her! I merely fail to see why I should allow a daughter of mine to jiggle around like a peacock when she's hardly out of rompers!"

In the end, of course, Celia went to her dance, dressed just as she had originally (*Continued on page 83*)

"I loved him. I thought I loved him. I was never surer."

The time of a girl's ripening into womanhood is often as



difficult for her father as it is for her **BY CHARLES LARSON**



A DESIGN MAY LOOK exciting on the drawing board, but not until the dress is completed and on the model can the designer really know whether her new creation is a success.

Dress Designer



Designer Marie McCarthy

WHERE DO THIS FALL'S STYLES COME FROM? WHO THOUGHT THEM UP? WHAT MAKES THEM EITHER A SENSATION OR A FLOP? ALL THIS IS THE PECULIAR AND RATHER HYSTERICAL CONCERN OF THE DRESS DESIGNER. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM • BY JOE MCCARTHY

Just as small boys want to be firemen and cowboys when they grow up, a great many teen-age girls dream of becoming dress designers. They picture a designer as a languidly glamorous woman who paints water-color sketches of pretty gowns for a few hours in the morning and spends the rest of her day and night with princes and movie actors at fabulous, exciting parties in Paris, Florence, Biarritz, the Bahamas, Sun Valley, Twenty-One, or the Colony.

Parents of such starry-eyed daughters often send them for guidance to my sister, Marie McCarthy, because Marie happens to be a dress designer herself. She works on New York's Seventh Avenue in the manufacturing house of Larry Aldrich, whose clothes, retailing from eighty to two hundred dollars, are highly regarded both by fashion editors and by the merchants who sell them. Marie listens to the young would-be designers with impatience and tries to disillusion them.

"They ought to follow me around for a day on Seventh Avenue," she says. "They ought to watch me trying to dream up a dress that will look as if

it's worth about two hundred dollars and still sell at forty-nine seventy-five wholesale. I never made a water-color sketch in my life. If I sketched a dress in water colors, the girls who do the sewing wouldn't know where to put the seams. Instead of mixing with princes and actors, I scream at production men and fight with embroidery salesmen."

To get an idea of how a designer really works, I spent some time with Marie while she and Larry Aldrich were producing their 1951 collection of fall clothes—clothes that are now going on sale in stores all over the country. I found that the dress business, as it is practiced by the conscientious fashion originators on Seventh Avenue, bears a striking resemblance to show business. The showing of a collection is the same as the first night of a play. The manufacturer and his designer work hard for three months putting together a large assortment of suits and dresses, but—until they see the reaction of the assembled fashion editors and department-store buyers at the showing—they never know whether their collection is going to be a success or a flop. Even dress houses that have been consistently successful in the

Dress Designer (continued)

Gene Fenn-Paris Pic



MISS McCARTHY, with her boss **Larry Aldrich**, left, picks up invaluable ideas from couturier **Christian Dior**. These were later incorporated in her designs for fall fashions.

past face each new showing with an uneasy feeling in the stomach.

Aldrich's showing of this fall's collection was scheduled to take place last June sixth at two-thirty in the afternoon. On the morning of June fifth, the atmosphere in his showroom was getting tense. The furniture had been removed and Irving Wachs, head of the sales staff, was trying to figure out a seating arrangement for a hundred and fifty folding chairs.

"If we could get three hundred in here, it wouldn't be enough," Wachs said to Sam Friedman, another salesman. "I turned down twelve more on the phone this morning. We'll be showing every day for the next

two weeks. But everybody gets insulted if they can't come the first day. I feel like the box-office man at 'Guys and Dolls.'"

Aldrich's secretary, Selma Rothman, was typing notes for the commentary he would deliver over a public-address system while the models were showing the collection. She stared at a note about the use of velvet trim to formalize tweed fabrics, and sighed.

"A lot of these buyers won't know what he's talking about," she said. "They'll sit there and stare at the clothes. Two days later, they'll come back and hand a pencil to a salesman and say, 'Sammy, write down for me the numbers of the dresses that are selling good.'"

Aldrich was sitting in his office with Marie and Aron Snitivker, the firm's production head. Eighty-five original models of suits and dresses Marie had designed since March were hanging on portable racks in front of them. Fifteen others were still being finished. The last stitches, as it turned out, were sewn an hour before the showing the next day.

"Now, Marie," Aldrich was saying, "don't get jittery."

"I'm not jittery," Marie said. "But I'd like to know why it took Aron until last Friday to decide we couldn't manufacture that black-velvet dress with the ribbon trim. I gave him that dress two months ago. Last Friday he suddenly informs me he can't sew the ribbon on the velvet."

Snitivker jumped up and began to pace the floor, waving his arms. "I told you I been spending two months trying to make the dress the way you wanted it," he shouted. "You think I been sitting there looking at it all this time? Last Friday I had to give up. With the machine, the velvet jumps when we try to stitch the ribbon."

He paused and shook his finger at Marie and Aldrich. "The aggravation I get from you two," he said, "is illegitimate aggravation. The aggravation I get from the cutters, the graders, the unions, the associations, that's legitimate aggravation. It's part of my job. But the aggravation I get from you two is illegitimate. I expect you to look at the basic problem, the cancer. But what are you looking at? You are ignoring the cancer and making big trouble about a little pimple."

"Take it easy, Aron," Aldrich said.

"Yes, take it easy," Marie said. "Calm down, for heaven's sake. Yesterday I gave you a heavier trim to take the place of the ribbon. Now can you make the dress? If you can't, tell me, and I'll dream up something else to take the place of it between now and tomorrow. But that's a good dress. I don't want to discard it unless I have to."

Snitivker raised his hands and let them fall limply. "All I can do is try," he said. "How do I know until I try? What do you want me to give you? A signed guarantee?"

"Do you want to show me the duplicate of that black woolen dress?" Aldrich said.

"The girls are waiting," Snitivker said.

"Well, bring them in," Aldrich said.

Two models, Jane Libby and Vera Soskova, came into the office wearing black woolen one-piece dresses. The dresses seemed identical, but one was custom-made and the other factory-made. The two dresses represent the main problem of a manufacturer who attempts to make high-quality fashion creations at department-store prices. When Marie designs a dress, it is sewn and fitted by hand on a living model. This original dress, known as the sample, is as prohibitive in price as a custom-made original by Hattie Carnegie or Mainbocher. Because of the hand labor that goes into it, the manufac-

turer cannot sell it for much less than three hundred dollars.

That is why Snitivker, the production man, plays an important role in Aldrich's firm. When Marie's sample is finished and approved by Aldrich, it is given to Snitivker. He attempts to duplicate it by factory methods. If he succeeds, the dress goes into the collection at, perhaps, forty-nine seventy-five instead of three hundred.

Aldrich inspected Snitivker's duplicate, comparing it with Marie's original sample. "You have too much padding in the shoulders, Aron," he said. "The shoulders should slope more."

"What's too much padding?" Snitivker remarked with a shrug. "The padding can come out. Like I was just saying, can't we look at the important things first? I got to have five hundred and seventy-five eyes to watch all these things. On top of everything else, I got to be a diagnostician."

"How about the sleeve?" Aldrich asked. "Can't you make the seam in the sleeve the way Marie made it?"

"Doesn't it hang better this way?" Snitivker asked.

"Listen, Aron," Marie said, "who's the designer, you or me? While I was in Paris last February finding out about these sleeves, you were sitting home in Brooklyn. Now you're going to tell me how it should hang."

"I can make it any way you want," Snitivker said. "I can make my pants so the back is in the front. People will laugh at me, but I can make it."

"I never saw it to fail," Aldrich said. "The day before the showing everybody in the place gets jumpy."

"Who's jumpy?" Snitivker said.

Snitivker and the models went out of the office, and Marie went back into her sample room where Margaret



JEAN DESSÈS shows Miss McCarthy his very latest fall creations. She was particularly impressed by his styling of suits.

Dress Designer (continued)

Dalgren, her cutter and assistant, presides over the five women and two men who sew the originals. Marie uses the men mainly on the jackets of suits, which, she says, no woman can put together correctly. On the other hand, she feels that a man is all thumbs when it comes to making dresses or skirts.

"I've never yet seen a man who can make the waistline of a skirt as tight as it should be," she says.

Margaret was fitting a brocade evening gown on Vera, the model. Vera jabbed her finger on a pin and cried, "Ouch!"

"Don't get any blood on the dress," Margaret said without looking up. "The showing is tomorrow. We have no time to clean it."

Marie gazed at the brocade gown, decided the neckline was wrong and changed it. Then she telephoned about some gloves that had been ordered for the models to wear at the showing. "Don't waste my time talking about tomorrow," she yelled at the glove man. "The showing is tomorrow. If you can't give me those gloves by five o'clock this afternoon, I don't want them."

Archie Kaplan, the man who buys Aldrich's fabrics and trimmings and computes the all-important manu-

facturing cost of each dress, came into the sample room and dropped on Marie's worktable some swatches of silk in various colors.

"Give me some new names for these colors, Marie," Kaplan said. "If we call beige, beige, nobody will buy it. Marie, all the boys out front think The Line is gorgeous. It's the best I've seen since I've been here."

(Behind the scenes on Seventh Avenue, a collection is always referred to as The Line.)

"I hope you and the boys are right," Marie said. "Now tell me what things in The Line you didn't like."

"Only a few," Archie said. "That red-velvet suit won't sell. It's strictly a nightgown. Strictly for Mrs. Callabash."

"It'll look better with accessories," Marie said. "We'll show it with a mink ascot I'm borrowing from Greenberg. It might look good."

"It's a big Line," Archie said.

"Too big," said Marie. "Mr. Aldrich will have to take out twenty or twenty-five numbers."

"Are you nervous?" Archie asked.

"I stopped being nervous last Friday," Marie said. "If The Line is no good, what can I do about it at this



A SHATTERING EXPERIENCE for a designer is the showing of a new line. Success or failure is often a matter of minute and whimsical detail—or the lack of it. Miss McCarthy puts a few last touches on a dress.

point? It's too late for me to start getting nervous."

Marie started her work on the fall collection last February when she and Aldrich went to Paris to see the winter showings. For some reason no one can explain, the effective new ideas that start trends in women's fashions still originate in the minds of a handful of Parisian *couturiers*. The same Parisian *couturiers* also come up every year with many other ideas that are ineffective and terrible. These are ignored by the spectators at the showings and start no trends whatsoever.

Designers and manufacturers of the better dresses in America do not copy what they see in Paris. "We couldn't copy if we wanted to," Aldrich says. "Too much direct copying of Paris models is done by the cheaper American manufacturers. Two months before our collection is shown, the best numbers we saw in Paris are already on sale at the American department stores that carry inexpensive clothes. And they sell at a quarter of our lowest price." Also the most interesting and significant suits and dresses shown in Paris are either too exotic or too impractical in their original design for the American woman's taste or impossible to reproduce in mass quantities with the high quality expected in a

dress carrying a price tag of a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars.

But the designer of clothes in the Aldrich price bracket gets invaluable ideas in Paris that she could get nowhere else. During World War II, when the Nazi occupation prevented visits to France, American fashions, in the opinion of both the manufacturers and the retailers, showed a conspicuous lack of inspiration and verve. At the Paris showings, a designer may see a strikingly new silhouette that she can use in her suits or cocktail clothes, a new collar line, a new way of combining two fabrics that have never been combined before, a new way of cutting a sleeve or a skirt. With these things in mind, she returns to New York and designs dresses that are indebted to Paris for their general feeling but are completely original in specific execution.

Contrary to the belief of young girls who want to be designers, covering the Paris showings means a crowded week of exhausting work with no time for fun. One day last February, for example, Marie and Aldrich sat through a Balenciaga showing that ran for four hours—until seven o'clock in the evening. Then they watched Christian Dior display (*Continued on page 88*)



FINALLY THE SHOWING. *Manufacturer Larry Aldrich, at the microphone, delivers a running commentary on each dress as it makes its first appearance before an audience of fashion editors and department-store buyers. Their reaction is of paramount importance.*



A

FATHER'S

GIFT

Griff wasn't worth Joel's life—Chet knew that positively—but he

**HE HAD GIVEN HIS SON A CODE TO LIVE BY—BUT WAS
IT WORTH DYING FOR, TOO? ★ BY NORMA MANSFIELD**

CHET wished Webb Dunstan would stop talking, but Webb, being a politician, found silence less endurable than the sound of his voice. Chet, sucking his pipe, contemplated this childhood friend whom he saw so seldom and now knew so little. Webb, like Chet, had a son stormbound somewhere on the ski slopes of Wander Mountain. Wander Mountain was a maze of peaks and gullies, of ridges and slopes; on any one of them the two boys might be hurt and waiting for the ski patrol to find them, or they might be dead.

Outside the rest hut in which the two men waited—the politician restive in this passive

role, the doctor reconciled by nature and experience—outside the crude hut the wind had died, but snow still fell. It hissed against the upper chimney of the round-topped stove; seen through the small-paned windows, it looked like a white veil—a blinding menace to the living, a patient shroud for the dead. It could obscure the half-living, too. Take that old man struck down a year ago, struck down and left untended by a hit-and-run driver. His body was a hummock of snow by the time he was found. Chet had brought the old boy through.

Webb was still talking, and Chet was reminded of the man *(Continued on page 103)*



was another human being, frightened, hurt perhaps, possibly dead



Abbe Lane, voted girl-most-likely-to-succeed the present Mrs. Cugat, poses with the maestro and her chihuahuas. Miss Lane can sing—too.

Ardent Maestro

The extraordinary private life of Xavier Cugat, undisputed King of Rumba and monarch of all the beautiful women he surveys **BY ALLEN CHURCHILL**

Any day now, newspapers may feature stories stating that a real-life Mr. and Mrs. Cugat—Xavier, the genial, Moroccan-nosed maestro who makes a million dollars a year playing Latin-American rhythms, and Lorraine, considered the most gorgeous female ever by men lucky enough to set eyes on her—have reached a financial agreement paving the way to divorce.

But that won't be the whole story—not by a long shot. The paunchy Cugat, whose music depends more on smooth violins than on brasses, has had enough brassy discord in his private life to make a jam session, and the resulting complications have been worthy of the mind of an imaginative novelist.

The Cugat matrimonial mess, which features a lively assortment of shapely blondes, brunettes, and auburn-heads, together with Latin temperament, jealousy, and much broken English, has also affected the lives of a thousand chihuahuas. Yes, a thousand chihuahuas. Because the Cugats have battled, a thousand of the little monsters have been left homeless.

Then there's the plight of the maestro himself. Cugat was born on January 1, 1900, and has always felt that his spectacular birth date brought him luck. But he has not been so lucky lately, and his tribulations have turned him into something of a Pagliacci. Brought up in Spain and Cuba, he is the true Latin to whom love is the most important thing on earth. "I luv weemen," he likes to say. "To me zey are all beautiful, and I cannot live wizout zem." Yet when love turns sour, so does he. Once as cheerful as his

stage personality, he is no longer a happy man. "It is pitiful," states one of his associates. "To the public, X is surrounded by wealth and glamour, but actually he is moody—the loneliest of men. You cannot pry a smile out of him nowadays."

And there is the lovely Lorraine, twenty-eight, blonde, and lissome. Men never seem to forget her sultry beauty. "A walking aphrodisiac," one calls her.

Yet despite her loveliness, Lorraine is in a spot no girl should ever be in. Since suing Coogie for divorce and asking three thousand



Cugat kisses Lorraine Allen just after they were wed in 1947. It was the second marriage for both but, from present indications, not the last.

Ardent Maestro

(continued)

dollars a month temporary alimony, she has been in possession of the maestro's California estate. It cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and is one of the most beautiful homes in Southern California, with its own theatre and rooms decorated by Covarrubias and other Mexican artists. But while living there, Lorraine hasn't had enough money to buy groceries—because she and her lawyers failed to move fast enough after deciding to serve Coogie with divorce papers. Pausing only to denounce her financial demands as "greedy and monstrous," the Rumba King left the state before he could be served.

Since then everything has been—in Lorraine's lovely eyes—a hollow mockery. California courts have twice awarded her two thousand dollars a month, pending trial of the suit, but because Coogie was not served, the decision cannot be enforced outside the state's borders—and Coogie has carefully refrained from stepping back onto California soil, even though it has cost him three movies, and movies are the backbone of his annual million.

All of which leaves Lorraine in a ridiculous position. People who read the papers think she is getting the neat sum of two thousand a month,

but she actually gets nothing. In her sumptuous living room just recently, she lifted limpid eyes to a reporter and said, "The phone was cut off yesterday, and they are turning off the water tomorrow. I owe a hundred-dollar milk bill, and my laundry is being held for fifty-three dollars. Cugat hasn't sent me a penny, though he has the nerve to pay two gardeners to keep the grounds in order. I have to borrow from my lawyer and my friends to live. Why, my grandmother is also helping me—poor woman. What shall I do?"

It was not always thus between the Cugats. Far from it. Four years ago Coogie courted Lorraine with all the ardor of his Latin soul. The maestro, who has spent most of his life in the company of gorgeous women, had never before lavished such affection on a girl—not even on his first wife, beautiful Carmen Castillo.

It may sound confusing, but Coogie had married Carmen because, like most men of the time, he was secretly in love with another stunning woman, Dolores Del Rio.

This is the way it happened: After a boyhood as a violin prodigy and a musical career that included two long-hair concerts at Carnegie Hall, the thirty-year-old Cugat decided to abandon music for caricaturing, at which he is also adept. He figured that caricaturing Miss Del Rio would be a means of meeting her. He worked his way to the set, found her, and set about his wooing. To his delight, she responded. Not until later did he discover that it was not Dolores Del Rio at all, but Carmen Castillo, her stand-in.

By that time, the impetuous Cugat had fallen in love. He married Carmen and the marriage immediately paid off, for Carmen suggested that Coogie organize a popular orchestra that would play only Cuban and Brazilian music. He did, opening at the Cocoanut Grove with a six-man band that played tangos—rumbas did not come until later. Soon Carmen began to regret her astuteness. In any Latin-American orchestra a beautiful vocalist is a must, and Carmen was fiercely jealous of all her husband's singers, among whom was luscious Lina Romay. After more than ten years of temperamental incompatibility, the Cugats split up. "It cost me a fortune," says Cugat of that divorce.

Again a free man, Coogie stood on the bandstand at the Mocambo (Continued on page 116)

Cugat, nineteen-year-old Abbe Lane, and Abbe's mother, Mrs. Grace Lassman, chat amiably about the surprise and unwelcome visit Cugat's estranged wife, Lorraine, paid him and Abbe in a Chicago hotel suite.





Carmen Castillo was the first of the Cugat-kissed beauties. She was a stand-in for Dolores Del Rio. Cugat had tried to meet Del Rio but was pleased to mistake Carmen for Dolores.



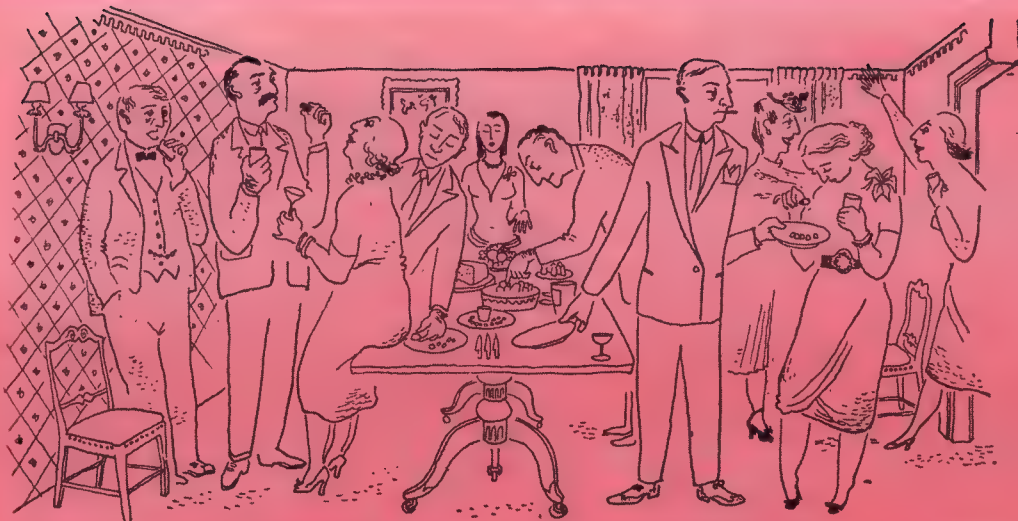
Lorraine Allen is one of the most beautiful of the Cugat women, although the maestro finds little loveliness in their present unpleasant negotiations, which concern the matter of how many dollars Lorraine can have.



Lina Romay (shown here being caricatured by Cugat), while never romantically involved with the bandleader, adorned his bandstand as a vocalist but left when Hollywood beckoned.



Betty George, a curvaceous dancer, is one of the girls with whom Cugat is alleged to have been overfriendly by his estranged wife. The allegation led to a brief period of strain between the maestro and his present love.



Cocktail parties are often the easiest way of entertaining large groups. Placing the food

The New Hospitality

Have fun at your own parties by adopting these simple, realistic rules for relaxed entertaining • **BY MARY AND RUSSEL WRIGHT**

Of course you love your friends. But do you still love them when the party's over? When you've slaved to prepare for them, and still have to clean up after them when they're gone? When you say brightly at the door, "So glad you could come!" don't you really mean, "Wish you'd stayed home!"?

Take one of those nice young couples just getting started in life. They live in a tiny apartment and have no maid, but they are determined to measure up to that fiction of "gracious living" handed down to them by their nice parents and perpetuated in the standard books of etiquette.

The hostess, in a dinner gown, brings the vichyssoise to the table, disappears to change the baby, returns to take away the soup and place plates and fetch in the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Two more trips for the vegetables and the hot dinner plates, and then perhaps she can sit down long enough to pick up her stemmed crystal goblet of Beaune 1932 before the baby cries again.

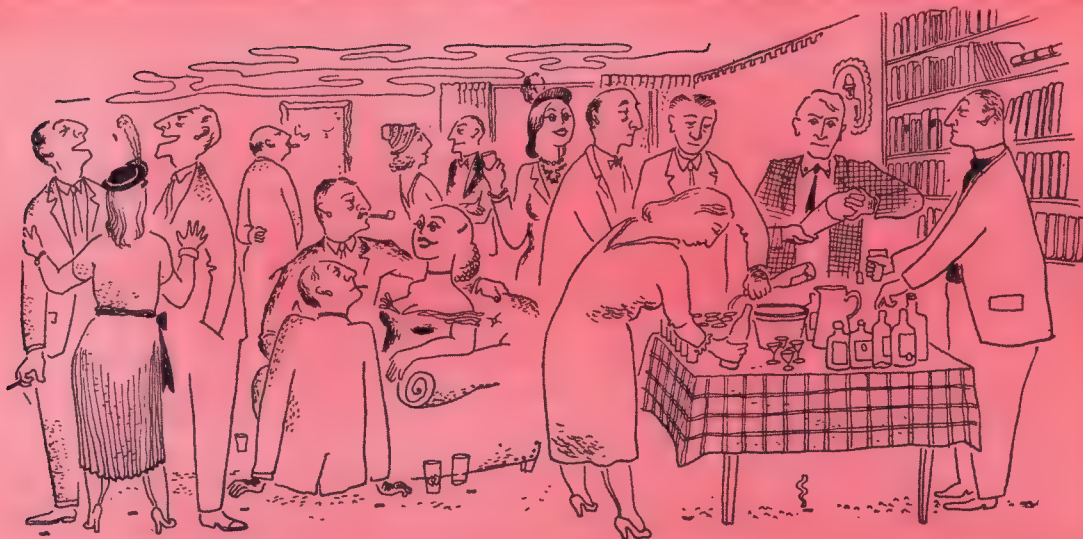
The host, stiffly wearing an unaccustomed and perhaps slightly threadbare dinner jacket, juggles the carving tools, trying to remember meanwhile to keep one of your two wine glasses filled (he would be slighting

his guests if he served only one wine). Later, you will see him carrying out the garbage in the same dinner jacket.

And when it's time to clear the table, the hostess jumps up, saying firmly, as the etiquette books prescribe, "No, please don't get up; it's no trouble," and carries out the plates two at a time.

No wonder it's just about impossible to have any dinner conversation, or for the hostess to enjoy the dinner over which she has worked so hard. We'd like to know why otherwise sensible people think they must imitate the forms of an English manor house in a three-room, birdhouse-sized apartment—or anywhere else, for that matter—without benefit of servants.

A new style of party-giving is beginning to grow up, even while the etiquette books cling to the same number of forks on the table and put into the hostess's mouth the insincere words with which she begs her guests not to lift a finger. We are making a new etiquette, with a new set of manners for both hosts and guests. They are better manners, more truly gracious, because they are sincere, not a counterfeit of a vanished aristocracy. What they demand, more than anything else, is a more relaxed attitude on the part of all concerned.



in one room and the drinks in another is a good device for making the guests circulate.

Drawing by James Kingland

The new hostess is one who can stay within the limits of her home budget, hours, and energy and still give her guests a good time. She feels flattered, rather than nettled, when guests join her in the kitchen to help clean up, perhaps bringing their after-dinner coffee along.

To go along with the new hostess there's a new-style host, whose talents are not limited to mixing drinks. He is equally likely to shop for the dinner, cook it, or serve it. He and his wife *plan the work in advance*, deciding, for example, which of them will answer the door and take coats, fix and pass refreshments and tend to the children. And host and hostess also decide on how much help they can count on from their guests.

For of course the new hospitality cannot function smoothly without the new-style guest. He may be recognized as the friend you invite most often because he (or she) is so easy to entertain. This guest knows that using the right fork is less important than helping with the party. He may be capable of doing many things, from merely serving himself to perhaps cooking the meal. On the other hand, the guest who avoids helping in a servantless home is being downright rude. New manners for guests would include some of these (you'll no doubt have special preferences of your own to add):

- Offer to help with whatever preparations are still to be made when you arrive, like mixing cocktails (and bringing one to the kitchen if the host or the hostess is still busy there) or carrying dinner to the table.
- Serve yourself and volunteer to serve other guests.
- Carry dishes out to the kitchen, and don't wait to be handed a dish towel—get it yourself.
- Volunteer to mix the salad dressing, make the steak sauce, or some similar service (but don't insist, especially if the ingredients aren't in the house).

- Especially on weekends, remember that your hosts are not your servants; you'll find things much more relaxed and pleasant if you pitch in and help than if you just sit by and wait to be attended to.
- Make your own bed when weekending with a family who make their own. Take the sheets off and fold them on the morning of your last day.
- Don't, if you're a man, settle back with the host in the living room and leave all the work to the women.

Eating and drinking don't make up *all* of hospitality; but they are basic factors. Therefore, we're confining ourselves primarily to detailed suggestions for handling food and drink in less laborious ways, yet in ways that best serve the purposes of hospitality. The goal is still simplification.

Simplify the Menu: Think of your menu in terms of the easiest service. Our key menu plan, which is endlessly variable, is a one-dish main course (nutritionally well balanced as to protein and carbohydrate) and a nonstarchy vegetable or a salad, plus a simple dessert, preferably one that doesn't require cooking. There'll be times when you'll want to add a soup or an appetizer—but ask yourself first if it's really worth the extra work. Classics in one-dish main courses are:

- Stews or casserole dishes.
- A naturalized version of an exotic foreign dish: chop suey, chow mein, sukiyaki, curry.
- If it's a roast, serve the potatoes and vegetables (the gravy, too, if the platter has a gravy well) all on the same big platter.
- If it's steak or chops, prepared at the last minute, these, too, can be put on a platter along with the vegetables.
- Or make a substantial soup your main course: a thick

The New Hospitality (continued)

chowder, or an oyster stew, with a salad or a relish as your vegetable.

Fresh fruit, cheese and crackers, frozen fruits, refrigerator-made ice cream, and fruit gelatins are the simplest desserts.

For hot-weather meals, serve your cold course on one platter: cold meats or fish, with vegetable and potato salad or potato chips. There are all sorts of well-balanced combination salads: tuna-fish or chicken salad with greens are the most obvious. An aspic that combines meat, potatoes, and vegetables is a good idea; it can be served in the container in which it's been jelled.

Simplify Service: This probably calls for more courage on the part of host and hostess than simplifying the menu. How far can you go? Would you dare let your best business prospect help set the table and present him with paper cup, plate, and napkin? We believe that your degree of nonconformance to useless convention determines how smooth your meal's service is, as well as how much work you save. Any one of the following time-and-labor simplifications, if executed thoughtfully, can be in good taste, can even have "style":

- The basic principle is to have everything (except such last-minute items as hot or chilled food) on the table in advance—or on the serving counter.
- This includes a general butter dish, salad and dessert, a filled water pitcher (the kind you can fit into the refrigerator between meals, to do away with last-minute ice-cube struggles). If you're serving milk or a soft drink, have it ready in a pitcher, too; if wine, have it on the table, uncorked.
- Have coffee waiting in a utensil you can make it in. Or have an electric or alcohol hot-water pot and serve prepared coffee. (We keep ours in a tea caddy for swank.)
- Have the hot course ready, too, and leave it waiting in a slightly warmed oven. Even steaks and chops will keep for a while if covered and left in an open oven or on top of the stove.
- Use stove-to-table ware (or any kind that withstands warming and is good-looking enough to come to the table) and refrigerator-to-table ware, to save general handling and clean-up time.
- Use mats instead of a tablecloth—they can be every bit as attractive and decorative (and if your table top isn't heatproof, don't forget to provide tiles, or straw or asbestos mats, for the hot course).
- Paper cups and plates cut dishwashing labor to the bone. Even partial use of paper helps—we often use good-looking solid-color paper plates for serving desserts.
- A maximum of three pieces of silverware for each place: knife, fork, and a spoon or a fork for dessert. At buffets, have food that requires no knife.
- Two, or at most three, dishes for each person: one for main course and salad, one for dessert, a possible third for soup or appetizer.

- Have an extra side table nearby for used dishes, and for anything else that can't be placed on the main table without crowding.

Now you can relax! You have everything at the table; the food is cooked. If you and your guests are having a good time over cocktails, there's no need to break it up abruptly and rush everyone in to dinner. If there's no one waiting to hurry you to and from the table, make the most of your freedom from servants!

"Co-operative" Meal: The guests help take care of serving the food. If you follow our general principle of having as much as possible of the food and equipment on the table in advance, you need make only one trip to the kitchen: when you call your guests to dinner, take the host or a guest out with you, bringing the cocktail glasses out to the kitchen on a tray or wagon at the same time, and return with the covered main course, warmed dinner plates, and rolls.

"Don't-Get-Up" Meal: Suggested for less intimate guests, or a more festive occasion. Here host and hostess do all the serving, do not have the table laden with food and dishes, yet do not have to leave their seats to serve or clear off. And more people can be seated at a smaller table this way.

Again, the food and equipment is set out in advance. But only the main course is set on the table, before either host or hostess. Within easy reach of them is a serving table or cart, on the top shelves of which are placed the salad bowl and dessert, with stacked dessert dishes. On the lower shelves are a covered container and paper napkins for scraping and stacking used dishes. (If dining space is limited, or if you have no side table, you can make use of a low buffet, a wall shelf, or a desk, by arranging your table within easy reach of them.)

Prearranged routine is an essential here; it means that hot food gets on plates as promptly as possible, the table doesn't get to be an unappetizing mess of dirty dishes, and host and hostess don't conflict embarrassingly about who's to do what. So, for the sake of smoothness and efficiency, decide ahead of time who is to carry in the main course, who is to carve, who is to fill plates, and so on.

Buffet Service: This is our principal suggestion for a large company dinner. It is fundamentally informal, with guests and hosts sharing the work, and we know of no better way to give large mealtime parties without a bevy of servants.

Choose food in terms of the simplest service. We urge the least possible variety of foods—don't have a groaning *smörgåsbord*, but make it easier by planning menus even shorter than those that we've suggested for small groups.

Plan your meal so that it can be eaten standing up, perched on the arm of a (Continued on page 119)

After finishing this article, read about the male half of the team that wrote it. See opposite page.



Mr. Wright demonstrates to prospective customers the various and interesting functions of a model house he designed.

Who is Russel Wright?

Products of his design are in almost every home, yet few people know anything about this amazing man or his revolutionary notions on housekeeping • BY SELWYN JAMES

When Russel Wright attended a cocktail party celebrating the sale of the fifty-millionth piece of his far-famed, ultramodern dinnerware not long ago, a young lady who'd been attempting to converse with him finally gave up with a mystified shrug. "That man," she remarked to another guest, "must be an impostor. No one with a talent for sophisticated design could be such an unabashed hick! When you speak to him, he blushes!"

In the world of free-lance industrial design, inhabited by a species of shrewd, fast-talking, publicity-wise slickers, Russel Wright is a refreshing oddity. A lanky, country-bred Ohioan of forty-five, with a country complexion and twangy speech, he is bereft of any of the

personality traits expected in a designer noted for sleek, functional style. As a successful trail blazer in the field of modern houseware design, Wright has been acclaimed by such urban authorities as New York's Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art.

Yet he is so shy that a room with more than four people in it gives him the jitters, and this same reticence frequently keeps him from answering the telephone, the doorbell, his mail, and even simple verbal inquiries like "How are you?" To complete the paradox, Wright has a passionate fondness for wildflowers, roaring grate fires, homey kitchen dining, and other trappings of the rural life.

Like the young lady at the cocktail party, important

Who is Russel Wright? (continued)



Russel Wright displays varied samples of his cup handles. He is a pioneer in numerous fields of design, including pottery and dinnerware, rugs and furniture.



The terrace-garden of his New York home gets personal attention. The Wrights live quietly, and more often than not, he shuns business and social contacts.



His designs—such as this one—are ultramodern, but the man himself remains an unabashed hick who neither looks nor talks like the creative genius he is.

clients of Wright's are sometimes baffled when they call at his three-story studio-workshop on New York's fashionable East Side. On sunny afternoons, he is likely to keep them waiting while he dons faded blue overalls and prunes a privet bush in the little plot of Ohio that he has painstakingly created in his back yard. For days last spring a pall of gloom gave his office the aura of a funeral parlor. The fact was that Wright was mourning over the loss of some wildflowers. Some rare specimens had expired soon after Wright transplanted them—as horticulturists had assured him they would.

In contrast to Wright's rustic charm is the huge success of his popular "American Modern" dinnerware, which is today almost as familiar in the homes of young Americans as a washing machine, and has smashed all sales records in its price range. Wright has turned out equally original designs for glassware, cutlery, aluminum and wood serving accessories, ceramic lamps and ashtrays, table linens, carpets, and fabrics. In the early thirties, his sectional upholstered furniture was the first to be produced commercially; and "Blond Maple," a familiar present-day term in furniture jargon, was the name Wright gave his unique natural-color wood pieces—which were speedily copied by other designers. He has also redecorated restaurants, planned industrial exhibits and showrooms, and swept the cast-iron roses off candy-vending machines.

Despite these distinguished successes, Wright still has a neophyte's fear of strangers. For example, recently he was scheduled to talk over a major designing project with a Midwestern manufacturer. The appointment had slipped Wright's memory, and he was alone in the studio when the man arrived. Wright answered the doorbell.

"Is Mr. Wright in?" the manufacturer inquired.

"No," said Wright, swallowing hard.

"Are you sure?" the man persisted.

Wright, his memory still a blank, continued to insist stubbornly that Wright was out and probably wouldn't be back until after midnight. "You'd better call in the morning," he advised, and shut the door.

Next morning he mentioned this distressing encounter to his secretary, who informed him that the man did have an appointment, and had long been eager to secure Wright's services. Later that day, when the manufacturer returned, Wright recovered sufficiently to think up a preposterous scheme. He assigned one of his young assistants to impersonate him, and then left hurriedly on a long walk. The assistant carried off the interview with commendable skill, and sometime later a contract was signed. To this day, the Midwesterner is happily unaware of Wright's innocent subterfuge.

Wright's staff also spends a good deal of its time shielding him from the telephone, an invention he considers only slightly less nerve-racking than the atomic bomb. When forced to answer the telephone himself, he has been known to mutter (*Continued on page 113*)

Every day Millions of Healthy Children share this
happy eating habit..

SOUP FOR LUNCH



Soup is a top favorite noon dish everywhere in America!

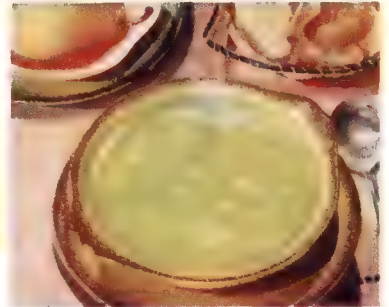
Yes, "Soup for lunch" has swept the nation! ... Folks everywhere have found they enjoy their lunch more ... and feel better...if they have a big bowl of good soup and something light to go with it. ... For soup has everything! It's delicious ... nourishing ... easy to digest ... easy to prepare. It's thrifty—a truly outstanding food value. And plenty of variety—21 Campbell's kinds to choose from! ... So today ... every day ... why not have soup for lunch! You and your family will love it!

SOUP AND SALAD

Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup

Choicest garden celery ... even the hearts ... blended with extra-heavy cream!

Green Pepper Rings with Cottage Cheese Crackers



SOUP AND DESSERT

Campbell's Green Pea Soup

A rich, velvety-smooth purée of choice green peas. Delicious! Nourishing!

Potato Chips Baked Pears Coffee



SOUP, SANDWICH AND DESSERT

Campbell's Chicken with rice Soup

Pieces of tender chicken with fluffy rice ... in a gleaming golden broth!

**Peanut Butter & Bacon Sandwich
Gingerbread Milk**





PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

Make your next drink a better drink. Whether you prefer a cocktail or a highball, Lord Calvert offers a *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* matched by no other whiskey in the world. For of all the millions of gallons we distill—only the very choicest are set aside for this distinguished whiskey. So tonight, at home or at your favorite bar, enjoy Lord Calvert... the whiskey of distinction.

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

MR. WILLIAM P. LEAR—distinguished inventor, designer and businessman—left school at 13 to become a garage mechanic, grease monkey and telegraph operator. At 19, he founded his own radio concern. At 23, he designed and built the first practical auto radio. Now chairman of the multi-million dollar Lear, Inc., he recently won aviation's highest award—the Collier Trophy—for his automatic pilot for jet planes and has just received a Doctor of Engineering Degree from the University of Michigan. In his fields, he has more "firsts" to his credit than any other living individual.



"No," Kendall said. He tightened his hands on the steering wheel. "No," he continued loudly, "I blame myself. Nobody else. I was the fool. I let you get away with it. Both of you. But no more."

"Miles—"

He was trembling all over. The road danced crazily before him. "Just be still. I don't want to hear another word."

Louise watched him for a moment longer. "You'll go after her?"

"Certainly."

"This afternoon? You can fly up in an hour and a half."

Kendall didn't answer. After a while Louise sat back in her seat. Neither of them spoke during the remainder of the ride.

THE HOTEL Carmichael, in San Francisco, struck Kendall as deliberately sordid, a caricature designed by a degenerate. On one side of it was a bar; on the other, a pawnshop. Past the peeling gilt on the lobby window, he could see a dim desk, presided over by someone with oily hair and the face of a ferret.

The cabdriver watched him impassively as he got out, and for no coherent reason, Kendall found himself blushing. "I'm looking for my daughter," he said.

"You bet, Mac," the cabdriver said.

Angrily Kendall turned away.

"Oh, Mac," said the cabdriver.

Kendall stopped.

"That'll be eighty cents."

"Wait for us," Kendall snapped.

The driver raised his eyebrows. Furiously, Kendall adjusted his cuffs and walked toward the hotel entrance.

He had almost reached the desk before he saw Celia. She was sitting near the window, beside a bowl of dirty sand that served as an ashtray. She had on a gray suit, a little wrinkled, and a head-hugging hat. She looked small and competent and altogether remote.

Kendall approached her slowly. Everything he had planned to say deserted

him. Out of nowhere, the thought crossed his mind that he would be forty-nine years old in less than five months. He was suddenly unspeakably tired.

Celia rose, slender and insanely mature in her high heels.

"Hello, Dad."

"Hello, Cee."

He could see no change in her, and that astonished him.

Celia made a tiny gesture with one hand. "I'm—" She stopped, but for one instant she was terribly young and not at all competent. She was lost and confused, and she had been fearfully hurt. "Cee," Kendall said, "if you know where he is, tell me. I think I'd like to kill him." He heard his own voice with surprise. He hadn't realized that it could contain such hatred.

Celia lifted her eyes. Then she said, "It doesn't make any difference. I don't know where he is. But it doesn't make any difference, anyway. I'd like to go home now, please."

The instant had passed. Celia's face was pale, but quite composed.

Kendall turned helplessly away. He noticed an overnight bag resting on the floor beside her chair. He picked it up and started toward the door.

The ferret-faced man coughed.

Kendall glanced back, put down the bag, and retraced his steps. Wordlessly he got out his wallet.

"Two-fifty even," said the ferret-faced man.

Kendall paid, joined Celia, and left the hotel. For hours afterward, he could feel the flat eyes of the desk clerk boring into his back.

MORE THAN once in the past Kendall had observed a phenomenon within himself that he supposed must be universal. He was unable to recall the details of painful experiences. Let someone bring up the summery days of his early youth, and he was promptly in touch with whole

episodes, complete with laughter and facial expressions. But concerning emotional distress, his mind was a red-hot stove and his memory an inquiring finger. His plane trip home with Celia, and the subsequent first meeting with Louise, was a blank. Through all of it, Celia moved like a lovely masked stranger, polite, correct, inaccessible.

Even Louise failed to reach her, and, failing, became as moral as a reformed drunkard. Kendall listened to endless expositions on the dangers of raising an adolescent girl; he remembered the feminine conspiracies from which he'd been rigidly excluded; and he was silent. So, also, was Celia silent. Once Kendall had owned a puppy who had been struck, though not killed, by a passing car. For weeks the puppy had wrapped itself in a cocoon of quiet withdrawal, paying no more attention to the passing world than a hibernating bear. Kendall had been told to leave the puppy alone; he now left Celia alone.

In many ways, the situation began to have a certain curious appeal for him. It had been so long since he and Louise had had Celia to themselves that they had nearly forgotten the pleasure of doing things in threes. Now they did have Celia to themselves. She had matured, and was finally content to live at their own gentle pace. It was tacitly understood that she would not return to college; instead, Kendall, who always had felt that Celia needed the experience of earning her own way, proposed that she take a job. Celia accepted, and Kendall found a place for her at Parke and Kramer's in the accounting department. She was allowed to give Louise a token payment toward her room and board; she became friendly with several nice girls in the office; and she and Kendall usually had lunch together.

BY THE time Celia got her first raise, it seemed to Kendall that his stomach muscles were at last beginning to relax. Even Louise ceased her awkward, deliberate hints about girls who had gone wrong. Celia had met a young woman named Gwen, of whom Kendall highly approved and, although he thought it prudent not to tell Louise, he happened to know that Gwen's elder brother (who had once worked for Parke and Kramer) was charming, unattached, and a captain in the Air Force. Of this he also vaguely approved. He believed Celia was writing tentative and patriotic little notes to the captain, who was out of the country.

When Louise complained, therefore, that Celia was spending too many evenings at Gwen's house, Kendall tended to grow smug. He took Celia's part and basked in Celia's smile. It was as if they shared a clever secret. Time enough, Kendall reflected, to let Louise know the truth when the captain returned to the States. If the postal romance had flourished in the intervening years, well and good. He expected Celia to marry when she was older. He expected, too, that he and Celia would have some difficulty with Louise over this, women being what they are, but they had fought battles together during Celia's childhood, and Kendall was certain Louise would again fall into line.

In any case, it was a pleasant picture to contemplate; the fact that it was not a true one burst upon him one day with the inappropriate horror of a bomb exploding beneath his breakfast table.

HE LEARNED the truth through a smash *faut pas* on the part of his secretary, Miss Camberwell. Incongruously, the girl had hoped only to please him. She was a shy person who could rarely think of anything spirited to say in the mornings when Kendall arrived at work. Kendall, as a matter of fact, appreciated her efficient silence. Thus he was startled and vaguely irritated to hear the flood of chatter that greeted him one Monday morning. It developed that Miss Camberwell had run into his daughter on Saturday evening. Just simply *run into her* at the Clover Club, and of course Celia had looked radiant and she, Miss Camberwell, had *happened* to notice the ring, and she just *knew* that Celia would be happy, and—

Miss Camberwell stopped as the pencil in Kendall's hand snapped. Kendall frowned foolishly at the pieces, and then laid them carefully on his blotter. He glanced up.

Presently he said, "My daughter?"

"Why—yes, sir—"

"I think you made a mistake. My daughter spent the night with a girl-friend."

Miss Camberwell had long despised her complexion for its habit of betraying her. It betrayed her now. Her face burned as harshly as though she had thrust it into an oven. "Oh. Well, yes, of course. I believe I did make a mistake. Naturally, I—"

"On the other hand," Kendall murmured, "Celia mentioned that she might go out." He paused, rearranged the broken pencil. "Who was she with?"

"Mr. Kendall, honestly—"

Kendall lifted his head. He smiled. "Who?"

Miss Camberwell said helplessly, "I think it was Tony Taliaferro."

Kendall continued to smile.

Miss Camberwell, who was near tears, said, "Honestly, I don't know. I've only seen Mr. Taliaferro around the shipping department a few times. It could have been anybody."

"Would you," Kendall said politely, "get Mr. Haverkamp on the phone for me, please?"

Miss Camberwell, totally upset, scurried out.

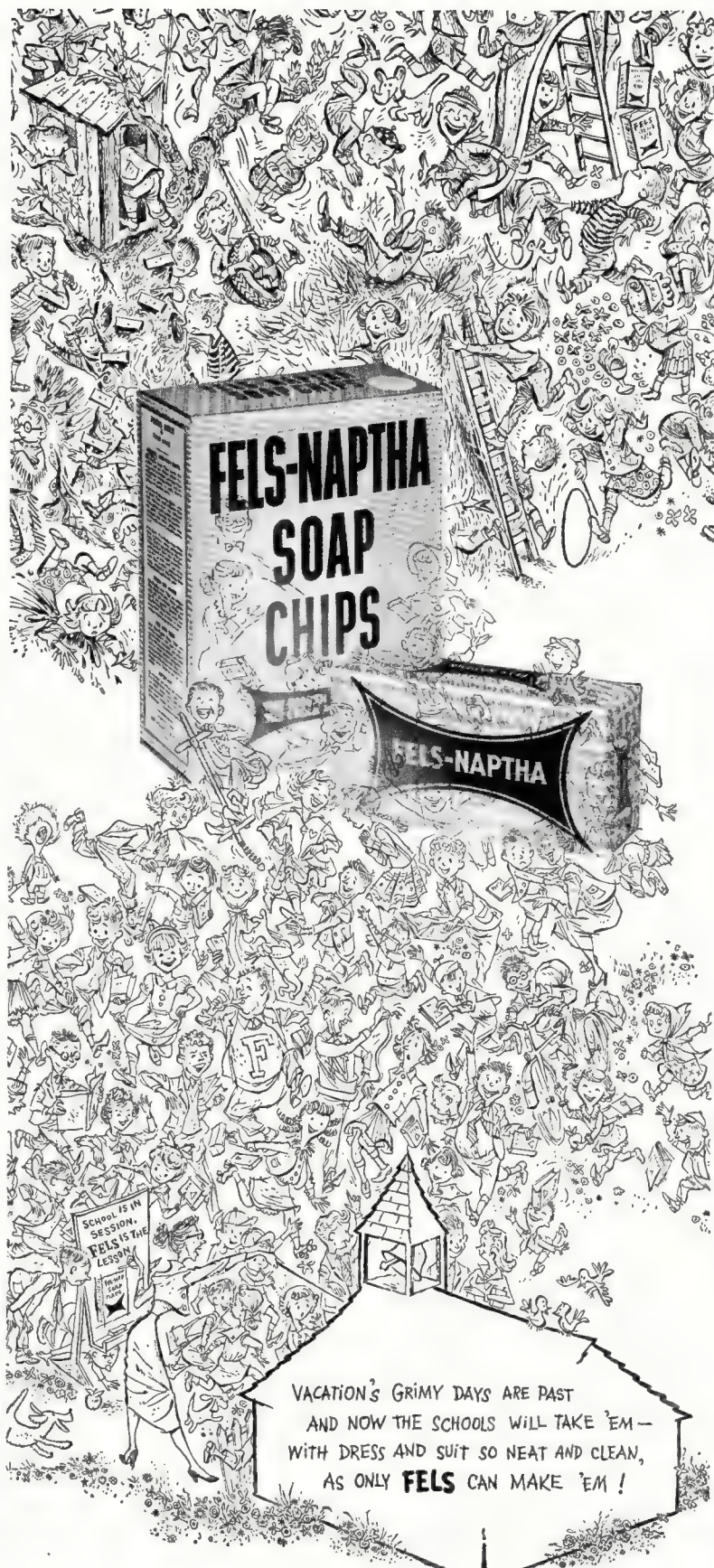
Kendall rose and walked to the window. It was a beautiful morning; the sky was a lush, tropical blue; a breeze barely stirred the fronds of the Southern California palms in the park below him. He stared at several children who were playing beside an artificial lake, and his mind was suddenly incoherent with rage. He wanted to smash something, anything. He wanted to shout the tension out of his taut lungs. He squeezed his hands on the window sill until they were white, until his arms ached with the strain. A ring, Miss Camberwell had said. Taliaferro? How many times must Celia have seen him? How long must it have been going on? Did she deliberately reject every sane move that occurred to her, and as deliberately embrace each chaotic one? The silly, childish, thoughtless, deceitful little idiot! You loved them. You tried to understand them. Tried to help them. You tried so hard, and they lied so damned glibly—

The phone on his desk buzzed. He crossed to it. "Yes!"

"I have Mr. Haverkamp for you, Mr. Kendall."

"Put him on."

"Yes, sir."



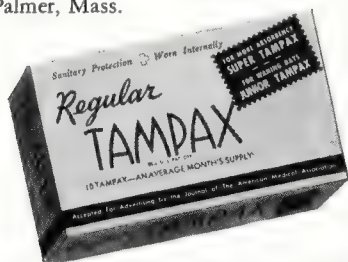
O dear, O dear. if you only knew



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There was a click, and Haverkamp's baritone said, "Miles?"

"Hello, Jess."

"Whatsa matter?" Haverkamp asked. "You got a cold?"

Kendall cleared his throat. "No. No, I'm all right. I want to talk to you about the Taliaferro kid."

"Taliaferro?"

"I asked you to find a place for him last year."

"Yeah. Oh, yeah. Tony."

Kendall was forced to breathe through his mouth. "Fire him," he said. He felt as if there were a thin band of steel completely encircling his head. He could hear Haverkamp speaking, but he couldn't concentrate on the words. He rushed on: "I don't care what reason you give. I don't care how you do it. But get rid of him! Today. Understand me?"

"Are you through?" Haverkamp asked. Kendall tried to calm down. "I'm through."

"All right. I don't know what's happened, but I can't fire Taliaferro."

"Now, listen—"

"You listen. He quit this morning."

After a long moment, Haverkamp said: "Miles? You still there?"

Slowly Kendall put the phone back in its cradle. The distant sounds of the children playing came to his ears. Taliaferro had quit. His brain pondered the fact sluggishly. If Miss Camberwell had spoken to Celia at the night club, then Celia must also have spoken to Miss Camberwell. Both Celia and Anthony would expect Kendall to find out about them. And they would have to hurry. They had not yet got a license. Kendall would have seen that in the paper. They would have to wait three days—

The phone on his desk buzzed.

"Mr. Kendall," said Miss Camberwell through the receiver, "it's nine-thirty."

"Is it?" Kendall said.

"I mean—I wanted to remind you about the conference with Mr. Kramer. They'll be waiting."

"Oh," Kendall said.

The conference with Mr. Kramer. An all-day affair, surely. They would meet to discuss the site for a second factory. They would be out in the car, away from all telephones.

Kendall wondered if he had time to send out for a box of aspirin. . . .

FROM NINE forty-five, when the conference began, until six in the evening, when he returned home, Kendall lived in the lonely world of the betrayed. He hadn't even the satisfaction of knowing for certain who had betrayed him, because everyone, from Louise to Josiah Greenwood, had played a part.

He was tired when he entered the house, and the first thing to greet him was Louise in near hysterics.

Celia had come home wearing her ring. She sat quietly on the sofa now, staring at the street, while Louise beseeched Kendall to speak to her, reason with her, command her back to rationality. She was, Louise said, going to *marry* that loathsome—

"I know," Kendall said. He put his hat and coat away.

"You know!" Louise cried.

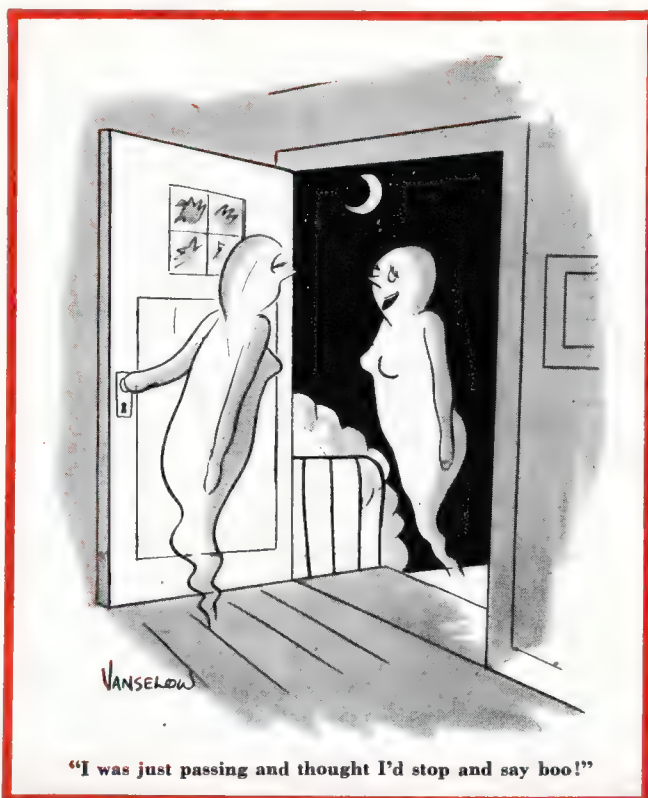
Without turning her head, Celia murmured, "Miss Camberwell told you, then."

"Yes, she told me," Kendall answered.

"I imagined she would. Tony and I talked it over. He's coming by for me tonight. We're going out to dinner."

"He quit his job today."

"Of course. He has an offer from one



of the bands. Not a big band, but we think the experience will be good for him. He wants an orchestra of his own someday."

"I see," Kendall said. He sat down.

Celia looked around. "No, you don't."

"All right, I don't," Kendall said. He put his head against the back of his chair and closed his eyes.

"If you knew all about—" Louise began.

"Be still," Kendall said.

"Well," Celia said at last, "I think I'll get my things—"

Quietly Kendall murmured, "I'm not going to let you do this, Celia."

He opened his eyes. Celia was standing in the center of the room, watching him.

"You're a child and a fool," Kendall continued. "You made one silly decision when I wasn't here to stop you. You'll not make another."

"I love Tony. I'll do as I think best."

"You loved Greenwood."

Celia wet her lips. "Those things happen, I knew you'd act this way. Why do you think I was afraid to tell you when I started seeing Tony again?"

"Because you were ashamed to."

Celia flushed. "No! Or maybe I was. Maybe you saw to it that I'd be ashamed. You tried hard enough, didn't you?"

This is incredible, Kendall thought. This cannot possibly be happening. Even the injured puppy had given up chasing cars.

"Your first choice," he said, "was a man so unstable that he was expelled from college. Your second is a boy whose greatest ambition is to pound a piano. If you insist on behaving like an infant, you'll be treated like an infant. I've never forbidden you anything. I'm starting now. You will not go to dinner or anywhere else with this man. You will not leave this house. Is that clear?"

In the utter silence that followed, Kendall heard his own words echoing back and forth in his mind. Shameful, frightful words. He parted his lips, and realized that he could not call them back. He was—for better or worse—making a stand.

"Now," Celia said, very slowly, "you're being the childish one. How on earth do you intend to stop me?"

She whirled toward the bedroom.

"Celia!"

At the door Celia paused. Tears of rage trembled on her lashes. "Tony has a car. We'll drive to Las Vegas tonight. Try to stop that."

THE BEDROOM door banged behind her. Kendall, staring stupidly at it, heard a suitcase slam against a closet wall, a drawer scrape.

As Louise walked blindly toward the kitchen, he thought, as clearly as though someone had whispered it into his ear: You've lost. You've never won, but you've never lost as completely and finally as this. For one chill instant he wondered exactly what it was he'd been opposed to. Taliaferro? He hardly knew the man. Marriage, then? But he'd hoped Celia would marry one day.

A slender band of perspiration rose on his forehead. No, he'd objected to inexperience being given a free rein, to a girl of twelve wearing high heels, to haste and rashness and impatience. And the time she wanted to go to summer camp? whispered the voice. Louise had thought that move a rash one, but Celia had survived it. Just as she'd survived her first dance, her first date, her first



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4. Be alert to the warnings of eye trouble—headaches, blurred vision, eye fatigue, inflammation of the eyes or lids, spots before the eyes and colored halos around lights.
5. Use eye safety devices exactly according to instructions.
6. Have your eyes examined regularly by an eye specialist.

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heels. The chances had had to be taken; the human being had had to grow. And the girl would marry as inevitably as she had gone to summer camp and worn heels. She would run and fall down and make errors and recover from them, and she would do these things with allies or without. Command, said Kendall's mind, the tree to remain small and see where it gets you. . . .

He was beaten. He had been beaten from the beginning, but not until now had he known it, and that was the difference. He lit a cigarette, stared at it, and snubbed it out. At last he rose, and walked toward Celia's bedroom.

The door was unlocked. Clothing—mature lace and girlish fripperies—spilled out of the drawers and was strewn across the floor. A partially filled suitcase stood near the open closet. Celia lay on the bed, her head cradled in her arms. Kendall sat down beside her.

It was dark in the room, but Kendall could see the trail tears had made on his daughter's cheek. He said softly, "Cee—before you leave, let me say something—"

Celia closed her eyes. "You don't have to, you know." She added wearily, "I'm not leaving."

"What?"

"**W**HY ARE you surprised?" She wiped her cheek with the back of her hand, and it was somehow the youngest gesture Kendall had ever seen. "I'm not the best pretender in the world. I can't even pretend to myself. Not anymore. I'm scared to death."

Kendall wet his lips. "Cee—"

"I can remember when Joe left the hotel. I can remember waiting, and waiting, and waiting. I loved him. I thought

I loved him. I was never surer." She shrugged. "What if this is the same thing? You think it is. I'm tired. I don't want to fight and be afraid anymore. I just want to be safe."

Kendall's mouth was dry. "Yes," he said. "You're right, Cee."

"You never can be sure, can you?"

Kendall pressed the bridge of his nose. "Oh, there's a way."

"Is there?"

Kendall leaned against the headboard. "I wonder that it's never occurred to you. It's so clear to me, and I'm sure your mother wouldn't object." He found another cigarette, lit it, and watched the smoke curl away from him. "Choose five or six young men, Cee. Let us choose them for you if you can't decide. Then wait. Notice how each of them grows, notice their personality changes, their economic advancement. You'll be surprised. Some will surely fail. Some succeed. At the end of their lives, stand at the cemetery, and decide which has done best. Then you'll know. That one you should have married."

He was conscious of nothing in the world except his daughter's eyes fastened on him.

He got up. "You were going out to dinner, I think you said. Hadn't you better get ready? Won't he be here soon?"

"At six," Celia whispered.

"It's almost six now." He bent down to touch the ring on her finger. "But not Las Vegas, Cee," he said softly. "I'll be scared to death, but I'd dearly love to walk down an aisle with you."

Celia nodded mutely.

Smiling, Kendall straightened. As the doorbell chimed, he turned, and went to answer it. **THE END**

Dress Designer (Continued from page 69)

clothes from nine until one o'clock in the morning. The next day, after a combination breakfast and lunch, they returned to Dior's to see his collection a second time. The Parisian clothes are modeled quickly in crowded, noisy, uncomfortable rooms. The spectator must concentrate grimly if he wants to take in everything.

"On the days of showings, we don't eat much, and we don't dare take wine with our meals," Marie says. "If we get drowsy for a minute, we may miss something important."

Between showings, the manufacturers and designers from New York return to the *couturiers* and buy original models or muslin facsimiles of numbers that caught their eye. To a designer who is interested primarily in the cut and construction of a particular suit or dress, a muslin facsimile of it is as useful as the original and, of course, much less expensive. For the privilege of viewing a collection, an American manufacturer is usually expected either to buy from the *couturier* afterward or pay a fee, which the French call a *caution*, which means "security."

When they were not busy at the houses of the *couturiers*, Marie and Aldrich looked at French fabrics and embroidery, and whenever Marie found herself with a free hour she spent it along the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, prowling through the *boutiques*, small shops that sell blouses, skirts, and accessories.

"Most Americans don't bother with the *boutiques*," Marie says, "but that's where I get some of my best ideas."

In Paris last February, the American

manufacturers hoped to find some new and overpowering trend that would definitely stamp all of last year's clothes as outdated. But there was nothing at the showings as sweeping as Dior's New Look of 1946. Marie and Aldrich were impressed by, and brought back to Seventh Avenue, suits by Balenciaga, Jean Dessès, and Dior and daytime dresses by Jacques Fath. Marie decided to make box jackets like Dior's for the fall. Box jackets have not been popular in America because they look too much like maternity garments. Dior's are tapered to fit closely at the waist, and Marie figured they would seem less expectant.

ONE MODEL both Marie and Aldrich liked better than anything else they saw in Paris was a gray-flannel suit by Dior with a completely new silhouette. The best-selling Aldrich suits of 1950 had had padded shoulders, a jacket that stood away from the hips, and a straight skirt. This new one had soft, sloping shoulders, a rounded and snugly fitting hipline that was flat in the back, and a full, flared skirt.

Marie and Aldrich talked it over, and decided to put their chips on this silhouette as the outstanding new feature of the fall collection. They also planned to make several numbers that would combine Dior's sloping shoulders and rounded hips with a straight skirt, which Marie felt was still too popular in America to be completely ignored.

Apparently the Dior suit made no deep impression on any of the other Americans who attended the Paris showings.

When the fashion magazines published their reports from Paris and their predictions for the fall, Marie and Aldrich found, to their surprise, that the Dior suit had not been pictured or even mentioned.

Aldrich, however, felt sufficiently sure of the softer and fuller silhouette to make no change in his plans. "If he had had his way," Marie said afterward, "we might have taken a still bigger gamble and made almost every skirt in The Line full."

IF ALDRICH was backing the wrong horse in the Dior silhouette, he stood to lose plenty. A dress house does not manufacture clothes in quantity until after it receives confirmed orders, but the financial investment in a collection before the showing is considerable. Long before his fall collection was designed, Aldrich bought \$300,000 worth of fabrics for it. The overhead expense of his business—salaries, rent, and so on—averages \$60,000 a month. In the three months of preparation for a showing, many a sample made by the designer at a very substantial cost gets discarded.

Marie began her actual designing of the collection in March, starting with suits in tweed, worsted flannel, and a new type of material called yarn-dyed ottoman, which delighted her. She had admired ottoman in France, but this year the Miron Mills had produced an American version of it for the first time. "When you get a new and interesting fabric, you don't have to knock yourself out on the design," Marie says. "The appeal of the fabric is almost enough to carry the suit."

Through April, Marie worked slowly, thinking of nothing but the suit section of the collection and planning only a few styles in each category of fabric. "Other designers will have ten gray-flannel suits in their Line," she says. "I feel that suits are my strong point. I like them better than other things, and I do my best work on them. So I bear down and, instead of making ten suits in gray flannel, I try to make four *very good* suits in gray flannel. Four very good suits will sell as much gray flannel as ten ordinary suits."

The suits were almost finished at the beginning of May. They gave Aldrich the first indication that he had done right in selecting the Dior silhouette. Some of the suits were shown privately to certain customers on May ninth; the response to the sloping shoulders, rounded hips, and full skirt was warm and enthusiastic.

The reaction of the customers to the suits did not interest Marie. She had already decided that the suits would be okay, and her mind was full of other things. The date of the showing was less than a month away, and dozens of cocktail dresses, one-piece daytime dresses, dresses with fitted jackets, evening suits, and evening dresses still remained to be made. The fitting and sewing that went on in Marie's sample room became more tense and more hurried as the month of May came to its end.

On May twenty-second, eleven working days before the showing, Marie had seventy samples finished or in the process of being finished. She aimed to do thirty or thirty-five more, but she did not have any idea of what these dresses would look like. She had not yet sketched them or even thought about them, except to remind herself that the lower brackets on the collection's price range were still unfilled. She was also aware that certain

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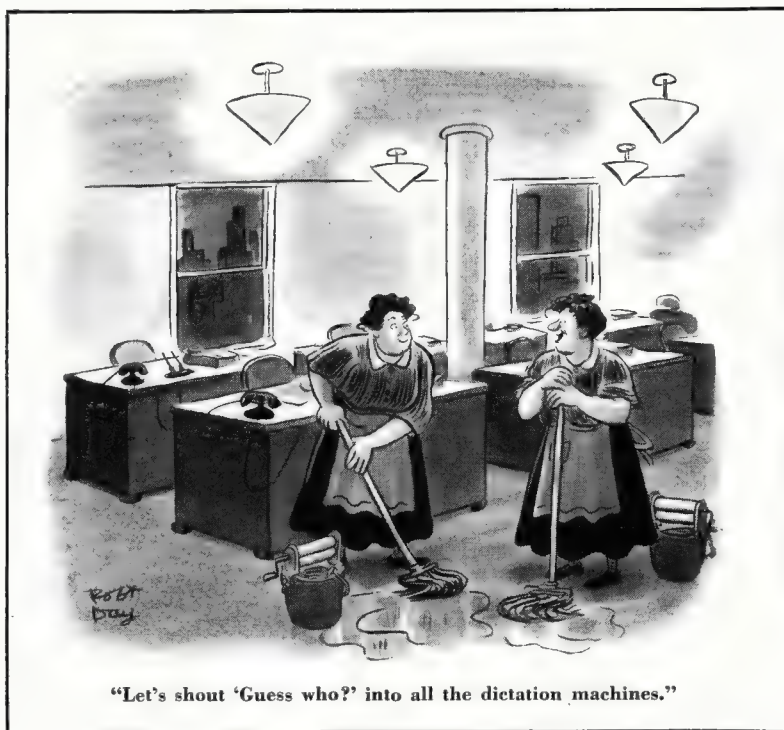
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kinds of material the firm had purchased were waiting to find their places in The Line.

MARIE discussed a few problems with Aldrich that morning. As she was leaving his office, she saw a gray-flannel suit from last year's fall collection hanging on the wall. It was Aldrich's most successful item of 1950. He had sold ten thousand duplicates of it.

"Don't tell me you're still selling that suit," Marie said. "I didn't know we had any left around here."

"We haven't," Aldrich said. "I borrowed that one from a lady in Connecticut named Yvonne Goldsmith."

Marie looked at him.

"I'm serious," Aldrich said. "I've been trying to think of a good way to introduce The Line to the people at the showing. The other night I was lying in bed thinking about it, and at one o'clock in the morning it came to me. I remembered seeing a picture of Mrs. Goldsmith in a Bridgeport paper. She was wearing this suit."

"This is getting involved," Marie said. "How are you going to use Mrs. Goldsmith's suit to introduce The Line?"

"You'll see," Aldrich said. "Wait until the showing."

"If I don't get back to work," Marie said, "there won't be any showing."

She returned to her sample room to brood about her remaining thirty-five undesigned dresses. For the next week, when she was not supervising fittings, Marie sat at her worktable in deep silence, making pencil sketches of dresses on a pad of tissue paper, leafing through French fashion magazines, or just staring at the wall.

On June first, three working days before D-Day, Marie seemed tired, but she was less silent and more relaxed. "Only four more sketches to go," she said cheerfully. That evening she met with Al-

drich, Irving Wachs, and Archie Kaplan to observe the Seventh Avenue ritual known as Pricing The Line. A cleverly designed dress sometimes looks much more expensive than its actual manufacturing cost. Putting a price on such a dress is a pleasure for the manufacturer. On the other hand, another dress may cost its maker eighty dollars in fabric, embroidery, and labor and look to the customer like a sixty-dollar dress. If the manufacturer is to make a profit, its design has to be revised to cut the cost down to a figure below the sales value. Such revisions usually involve remaking the dress in a less expensive fabric or changing or recutting it so that it will require less material.

BEFORE he puts a price on a dress, Aldrich calls a conference to discuss its cost and its look. Wachs, spokesman for the sales force, is an expert on how much a dress looks as if it is worth. Kaplan knows why it costs as much as it does. Marie gives her opinion on how it can be revised.

Aldrich opened the meeting by holding up two one-piece dresses in expensive wool, one plain brown and the other gray with a double row of black buttons in front. He asked Wachs which of the two he preferred. Wachs pointed at the brown one.

"I don't think the gray one will sell," Wachs said.

"Well, I think you're wrong," Aldrich said. "The gray one costs ten dollars less than the brown one. I'm in favor of taking the brown one out of The Line. It's too expensive."

"I think Irving is right," Marie said. "The brown one is better."

"There's too much material in the skirt," Aldrich said. "It's too expensive. It goes out."

"We could take out some material and make it in a different wool," Marie said.

"Do you know which wool she means, Archie? How much would it figure?"

"About thirty-nine dollars."

"All right," Aldrich said. "But have we got time to try it out?"

"Sure," Kaplan said. "Aron has the duplicate already made."

Aldrich rifled through the dresses on the rack before him and stopped at a red cocktail dress with elaborate black embroidery on its skirt. "How did this dress get so expensive?" he asked Kaplan.

"The work on the skirt," Kaplan said.

"Is there anything we can do about it?"

"Certainly," Kaplan said. "See these velvet buttons all over the embroidery? Each has to be sewed on by hand. I can give you a bump of gathering in the embroidery at those places. It'll look like buttons and we'll cut out all that hand labor."

"I didn't even notice the buttons," Aldrich said, "so I guess they can come out."

They discussed several other dresses, ending with an elaborate lace evening gown that was accompanied by a separate woolen jacket. Its price was sky high.

"If we take off the jacket and sell the gown alone, we might get away with it," Aldrich said. "Otherwise, when the model announces the price at the showing, she will be hit by all those folding chairs."

"You don't really need the jacket," Marie said.

Aldrich removed the jacket from the hanger.

"Irving," he said to Wachs, "maybe you can use this to throw around the shoulders of the next customer who complains about the air conditioning in the showroom." He inspected the sewing in the jacket and shook his head sadly. "It probably took one of the girls two weeks to make this," he said.

The fittings in Marie's sample room on the day before the showing were fast and hectic. Instead of the four numbers she had planned to make at the last minute, she did six—three one-piece woollens, a brocade afternoon dress, and two elaborate dinner suits in baratheia and silk. "Don't bother pressing that jacket," she yelled at one point. "We'll show it to Mr. Aldrich just the way it is."

"See?" Margaret said. "A month ago Miss McCarthy would send nothing in to Mr. Aldrich unless it was exactly right down to the last crease. But the day before the showing anything goes."

ON THE morning of the showing, everyone in the place seemed to be going around in circles and getting in other people's way. "The Aldrich Family seems to be in an uproar today," Selma Rothman observed. Aldrich decided not to attempt his usual well-balanced lunch and sent out for a sandwich. He said it felt like a paperweight in his stomach. Marie had many problems. She was incensed, for instance, because the hair of one model was too long.

"I told her to get it cut," Marie said, "and she comes in here an hour ago looking like Scarlett O'Hara. She says the man who does her hair won't cut it. What does he know about it? If she shows those suits, nobody will see the collars."

She glanced critically at two huge vases of carnations that were decorating the showroom and arranged for two more dozen carnations to be added to each vase. Then she announced to Aldrich that

the suits in the collection looked as if they had been dragged by a horse through Central Park.

"We can't press them," she said. "Two years ago we had the suits pressed, and they were ruined. How do you feel?"

"I feel pretty good, except for the sandwich," Aldrich said. "We showed one of the suits with the full skirt at the Astor yesterday. A fashion clinic for resident buyers. I heard it got the biggest hand in the show."

"Well, that helps," Marie said.

A half hour before the showing Marie took her station in the models' dressing room, where the clothes in the collection were hanging on portable racks in the order in which they would be displayed. Marie spent the afternoon there, supervising the dressing of each model. Aldrich's regular staff of three models had been bolstered for the showing by three twenty-dollar free-lance experts who had modeled clothes in Paris. The showroom began to fill up with department-store executives, buyers, and people from the fashion press. Marie glanced at the crowd from the dressing-room door and picked out prominent faces that she had seen at the Paris showings. Then she turned to Irving Wachs, who was standing near her, and said, "Quite a group."

"The protocol at a showing like this is terrific," Wachs said. "We got to keep abreast of who isn't speaking to who so we won't seat them near each other."

Aldrich took his place at the microphone. The hubbub of conversation quieted, and the audience settled down. A model appeared and began to saunter along the aisles between the rows of spectators. They looked at the gray suit she was wearing, looked at each other inquiringly, and then looked at Aldrich. Aldrich said nothing. The model continued to stroll around the room. Then Aldrich began to talk.

"Most of you probably remember our success suit of last fall," he said. "We manufactured ten thousand units of this style with its straight skirt, heavily padded jacket that stands away from the hips, low closing, and contrasting taffeta scarf. This suit belongs to Mrs. Harold Goldsmith who lives in nearby Connecticut. It was her uniform for day wear last fall. She wore it under her fur coat last winter, and she continued to wear it this spring. I wanted to buy the suit from her, but she would only lend it to me. Mrs. Goldsmith can afford to buy lots of clothes. But she loves this suit and plans to wear it this fall."

He paused.

"And that is what you may be up against this fall with a great many of your customers. The only way to make women buy new clothes is to present attractive, wearable, and definitely new fashions that will stamp this suit as last year's model."

THEN the first offering of the new Line came out before the audience. It was also a gray-flannel suit, but it was in the brand-new Dior silhouette. The contrast between the soft, rounded lines, and the last year's suit they had just seen made a stir in the audience. "And this is our success suit for 1951," Aldrich said as he began to describe it. A man sitting in the rear whispered to his neighbor, "Smart salesmanship." The new suit was being modeled by Jane Libby, the girl on whom Marie had



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"None Finer"



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fitted most of the collection. "Number Four Eleven," Jane announced as she showed herself. "At fifty-nine seventy-five. Number Four Eleven at fifty-nine seventy-five." Most of the buyers wrote the number and the wholesale price. (The ladies in the audience, admiring Jane's perfect, willowy size-twelve figure, would have been enraged to know that she eats like a truck driver at every meal and munches sandwiches between meals. She has two sons, ten and three, and her husband is a New York fireman. She lives in Brooklyn.)

The showing went on with a two-and-a-half-hour procession of suits, daytime dresses, and formal dresses. The department-store people and fashion editors watched them dead-pan, whispering comments to each other now and then. But Aldrich and his salesmen knew from the feeling in the room that the collection was a big success.

AFTER the last evening dress had been shown, Aldrich thanked the audience and said that this happened to be his twenty-fifth fall collection. There was a strong round of applause, and then the spectators stood up, stretching and talking. Some went off to another showing and others stayed around to discuss what they had just seen. "These are the first people I've seen in New York who have got the sleeves and shoulders exactly as Balenciaga and Dior had them in Paris," I heard one fashion editor say. A department-store executive who was standing beside her nodded and said, "Year in and year out, this firm does a superb job of editorial work in Paris."

Marie gathered the models, a few of the salesmen, and a number of the sample-room workers in her office, and somebody opened a bottle of whisky. Irving Wachs sent a girl out for ice cream and cake. "Does ice cream mix with whisky?" Jane Libby asked. "I don't know," Wachs said. "But this seems to be an occasion that calls for ice cream and cake, Marie, it was sensational." He turned to another model and said, "Can you be in at nine tomorrow morning? The people from Neiman-Marcus want to order at nine tomorrow morning."

Aldrich joined the party. A salesman handed him a shot of whisky in a paper cup and offered a toast. "Here's to The Line, Mr. Aldrich," he said. "It's a knock-out. You ought to feel proud of yourself."

"I don't want to feel too proud," Aldrich said. "You know the old saying in the dress business—a manufacturer is only as good as his next collection. Speaking of the next collection, Marie, I have your boat ticket."

Marie took the ticket from him and looked at the stateroom number. She is superstitious about numbers. Her plans called for three days in Italy before going to Paris for the summer showings. Florence is becoming important as a fashion center and she wanted to see what the designers there were doing.

"I meet you in Paris on the twenty-sixth of July," she said to him. "Is that right?"

"Anytime on the twenty-sixth will be all right," Aldrich said. "We see Fath on the twenty-seventh. The next day we see Dessès. By the way, next week I want you to look at some materials for the spring collection."

Marie yawned. "Well," she said. "Here we go again."

THE END

Deadly Widow (Continued from page 47)

blinked at the dark man walking past and muttered, "What kind of a rabbit?"

"Manuel Rabbit. But he was killed in . . . ummm . . . nineteen-o-five. Tried to take some money away from a crooked gambler, and the gambler's woman shot him. Manuel had always been scared of women, ever since marrying one."

"Still, that's what the average man marries," Harry said. "And me, I never have regretted—"

John McNaughton didn't let him finish. The old man had been a sheriff in the wild Southwest, but he wasn't the strong silent type like the ones in the movies. He'd talk your ear off.

"I will remember the last time Manuel rode with me, as a deputy," said John McNaughton firmly. "It was the cause of him getting killed. Manuel was much man, though he was a quarter-blood and looked to be half snake. But he'd do to ride the river with, like they used to say."

John McNaughton sighed, remembering the old good days and the dead good men, but before Harry could get in a word, he was off again.

WEST OF La Cruz was a big, dry country (said old John McNaughton). Plenty of raw material, and room for rivers and mountains and even a medium-sized ocean, but whoever laid it out was in a lather to get to California or someplace, and just dumped out rock and sand and scattered sage and greasewood around, and let it go. There wasn't the people there to appreciate family touches, anyhow, and if you saw a house in a day's riding, you were in a crowded part. The road was just a track, hardly scared by wagon wheels.

Me and Manuel Rabbit rode that way on a trail ten days cold, after going pretty near to Old Mexico. That was the way our man had started, and the natural way for him to run. At La Cruz, somebody recognized the horse he'd stole, and that scared him. We figured he'd taken to riding nights and keeping out of sight, but instead he'd turned west, though only a man who didn't know the country would.

A plane would make that trip now in a couple of hours, but then it was a long, hard ride. I told Manuel that if it was anybody but Judge Miller's horse, I'd turn back. Manuel, he only grunted. He never talked much, even to me.

At long jumps apart on the faint road there were fainter turnoffs, and Manuel would dismount and move around with his head down, like a hound dog, and then shake his head and climb into the saddle again. I was a pretty fair tracker myself, those days, but I couldn't see what he found. Any marks our man had made were old and blurred by weather, other riders, and wandering cows. I wasn't even sure he had come that way, but Manuel was, and he finally nodded at a dim track that turned off in a northward direction.

That night we made a dry camp, and a cigarette was our breakfast, so we were on the lookout for a house, or a prospector's camp, or even a healthy-seeming jackrabbit. But it was past noon when up ahead we saw a windmill, with buildings clustered around it.

I shuffled through my memory and said, "Must be Dennison's. Though wasn't he killed? Sure—horse rolled on him,

near a year ago. Same week that he got married, poor guy."

"Lucky guy," Manuel said, sour-like. He was married, but hadn't worked at it since his wife tried to wake him with a hatchet.

"Never did hear who bought the place," I said. "See anything that looks like Miller's race horse?"

Manuel only grunted. He never talked much.

This place was like a thousand others—plank house, barn, couple of sheds, pole corral. Beyond it was a line of sad cottonwoods, marking what, in that country, was called a creek.

When me and Manuel rode up, a dog barked and a woman came to the door of the house. She was a girl, really, thin and big-eyed, like she'd been sick. This country was tough on women, and most of them showed it, but she didn't. I took off my hat and forgot why we were there, but Manuel hardly looked at her, though he took in everything else.

I introduced us, and she said she was Mary Dennison. Dennison had been about forty, and I thought she might be a daughter, but she was his widow.

She told me, "Dennison had no more family than I did, though that's been changed. You two look dry and dusty. Will you drink water, or some cool milk?"

Manuel and me said water, and she brought us some that was pretty good for that country. There, if water hasn't got a touch of alkali, it tastes flat. I asked her if in the last week or so she'd seen a rider on a big bay mare, 5H on right hip, white splash on nose, two white stockings on forelegs. The man was wanted for—

Mrs. Dennison made a faint, tired sound and put her hand out like she was going to fall. I caught her arm, and she apologized, whispering that she'd been sick and was still pretty weak. I helped her into the kitchen, and into a chair. Manuel stayed outside. Women and houses both made him uneasy, but he

had another reason. He wanted to look around.

There was nothing much to see in the kitchen. A baby's crib by the stove, rough as the other furniture. I spotted a half-empty sack of tobacco, but figured she might smoke. Ladies didn't, those days, and she looked to be a lady, but you never can tell.

Mrs. Dennison perked up in a minute, and said she hadn't seen a living soul for some weeks. Her next neighbor rode over about once a month, but he was past due.

She told me, "His wife was expecting, too, and it might be . . . I hope she had an easier time than I did. I nearly died, and if it hadn't been for— Well, I'm still alive, but next time I'll make sure there's somebody on hand."

For a second she left me behind, but I caught up. "You mean you had a baby, out here alone, ma'am?"

"He's asleep," she said. Then she added proudly, "The little husky! What could I do? I couldn't leave, and if I could have found someone to stay here, why should I leave? My neighbor promised to stop by, but maybe his wife needed him. And I miscalculated by a few days. It was the first baby I'd ever had, and the whole business surprised me in lots of ways."

I was young, those days, and kind of shy and innocent. Besides, women didn't talk so free then. It might be I blushed and looked fussed, but it wasn't till a long time after that I guessed she was doing it on purpose, hoping to make me uncomfortable so we'd leave. But at the time I didn't guess, not even when she said, "I haven't got my strength back yet, so maybe you'll help me give him a bath. He's such a little man!"

BABIES, then and now, are not for me. They squirm so, and if a man ever dropped one, he'd never hear the last of it, and yet every last woman acts like she couldn't do you a bigger favor than let you juggle her baby. Or are

Mission Completed

D. S. Hatacy, Jr.

His face is grim as he grips the wheel
And rounds a corner on tires that squeal.
Over and over the horn's loud blast
Clears a path through traffic as he races past.
The traffic signal is not meant for him,
He pushes on though the gap is slim,
Cutting to left, weaving to right,
On speeds this courier through the black night.
Then he slams on the brakes, the car
shudders and halts,
The mad journey over, out he vaults,
And says to the druggist in a voice that catches,
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they all joshing us and smiling up their sleeves, like Mrs. Dennison was?

I forget what kind of a bumbling answer I made, but she went on, "Or are you two in a hurry?"

"Pretty much," I said. "But we skipped breakfast, also dinner, and we're getting kind of gaunted. If you felt up to having us for supper—"

"I'll fix something right now!" she cried. I didn't want her to go to the trouble, but she sent me after Manuel, and she got busy. While we washed in the trough under the windmill, Manuel asked what she'd had to say. I told him she claimed she hadn't seen any riders.

"He's been here. She's lying," Manuel said. "But what would you expect of a woman?"

Thinking of Mrs. Dennison's big eyes, I felt kind of unhappy. "Maybe he's a relative. Why else would he be staying around?"

Manuel had a nasty laugh.

MRS. DENNISON fed us eggs, salt-rising bread, and oatmeal with real cream. There was milk to drink, too, but we both took coffee. Those days, most milk in a cattle country came out of a can, and the average cowboy felt there was something indecent about drinking milk squeezed out of a female cow. And as for doing the squeezing, he'd fight you first.

There was chocolate cake, and we both had two helpings. While we were eating, the baby woke, but he didn't yell like some, just made noises like somebody pouring out of a jug. Mrs. Dennison asked a couple of careless questions about the man we were after. While I talked to her, Manuel shoveled in grub. His shoulders were hunched and his eyes swiveled around like somebody was breathing on his neck.

I told her this man we were after called himself Pete Smith, but likely had no more right to the name than I. He was twenty-odd, blond, gray-eyed, and stood about six feet high in his socks, if any. Judge Miller had sentenced him to work out a thirty-dollar fine for disturbing the

peace, and this Smith had taken the marshal's gun, done him some damage, and then bruised Judge Miller more than a little bit, besides taking ten dollars from him. Then he'd stole the judge's race horse from the livery stable. The judge would sooner have lost a thousand dollars—and it hurt him to part with a dime.

Which all added up to assault with a deadly weapon, armed robbery, resisting an officer, horse stealing, and Lord knows what else. Judge Miller posted two hundred dollars' reward for the return of the horse alive, Smith any which way.

Mrs. Dennison's eyes snapped, and she asked me if I was hunting a man down for two hundred dollars.

"No," I told her, "but I'm a law officer, he's a lawbreaker."

"What did he do but stick up for his rights?"

I said, "Ma'am, you been here alone since your man got killed. There's some bad men in this country, but they know they can't break the law without being hunted down, which is why you're safe. Once I hunted a man clear to San Francisco!"

"But that judge was using the law for his own interests," she cried. Getting mad made her even prettier.

"No, ma'am," I said. "Smith was seen taking the horse."

"I mean before that! The judge promised to pay him ten dollars and a saddle horse, and then he—" She choked off the rest. For a minute I thought she'd cry, but she swore instead.

"Damn. But you knew he'd stopped here anyhow, didn't you? You can't take him! He's not bad—maybe he was foolish, but he's not a criminal."

"The horse," I reminded her.

"He was broke—no money, his horse crippled, no friends. Your judge hired him to do some work for ten dollars and a horse, and then he wanted him to do more. Pete did, and the judge insisted he do more, and when Pete refused, the judge wouldn't pay him. Pete's got a temper. Then the judge had him arrested for disturbing the peace, and sentenced

him to thirty days at hard labor. Working for him, and no pay at all. Is that the law?"

"No, ma'am," I admitted. "Still, he did steal that horse."

The baby in its crib made a noise like somebody sawing a nail, and she snatched it up. Rocking it quiet, she said to me, "He's not an outlaw! Don't make him one. He could have been clear away by now, but he found me, saw how bad it was with me..."

A GAIN I looked for her to cry, but she wasn't one to cry easy. Manuel Rabbit got up and went outside.

"If he hadn't stayed to help, I'd be dead," she told me. "He knew you'd be after him—who hasn't heard of Johnny McNaughton? But he stayed, and now he's gone over with the wagon for grub. With his ten dollars. And you'd take a man like that and put him in jail!"

"Was he riding the bay mare when he left here?"

"No. He said too many people knew the horse. You can't take Pete. He's got spirit. Put him in jail for a year, or whatever it is, and he'll turn outlaw!"

I slipped in a question about when he

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STAG PARTIES

P. J. Blackwell

Girls in love can't understand them.
Brides-to-be have always panned
them,

Mothers-in-law who hear about them
Feel that men should do without
them.

Apprehensive wives resent them,
Plotting shrewdly to prevent them.

Every ruse to stop them fails,
And willful, inconsistent males
Plead awful boredom owing to them
And stubbornly keep going to them.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

was due back, and she answered before she thought.

"Tomorrow—oh! Listen, we were going to send the horse back some way. If I tell you where it is—"

"Manuel will find it," I told her. "Ma'am, I don't always like this job, but I always do it."

Her voice sounded kind of tired. "I know, I've heard of Johnny McNaughton. But can't you rise above pride in doing your job, just once? Pete will amount to something someday if you'll give him a chance."

I shook my head. He had swiped that horse. Besides, even though I'd never seen him, I was getting to dislike him. Jealousy, I guess you'd call it. For a second I thought she was going to throw the stove or baby or something at me, but she only said, kind of bitter:

"If you've finished eating, will you get out of this house?" But when I reached the door, she stopped me, still trying. "I've been here alone since Dennison was killed. It's been pretty hard, and lonely."

"You shouldn't have trouble getting a man. Fact is—" I cut it off and turned

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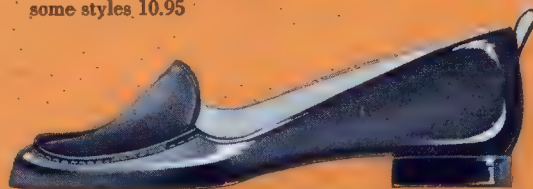
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around fast. I'd almost proposed to her.

She understood, and her voice was a little warmer. "Johnny McNaughton, if it was just a man, even a man in a thousand, like . . . like you. But it's one man—Pete. I know. He knows. Dennison was a pretty good man. He was older than me, but when my folks died he gave me a home. I'd have kept my part of the bargain, and if Pete had come along while Dennison was alive, I'd never— But it's different now. Oh, if he'd only come here a month ago, before he got in trouble!"

"I wish he had," I said, meaning it. "So it's not just a man, it's Pete. That's the way it is with him, too. Maybe he stayed at first because I was a woman who needed help, but there's another reason now. We've talked—we've dreamed of marriage and life together and— Let him go, Johnny McNaughton!"

It wasn't easy, but I told her, "He stole that horse. I've got to take him in, or die trying. Men have gotten away from me, but I've yet to turn the first one loose, for love or money or friendship."

I went outside to the corral, where Manuel was sitting on his heels, and told him, "He went after grub in the wagon, probably to Weaver's Wells. He'll be back tomorrow, but she'll try to warn him. You go look for the mare, and I'll watch Mrs. Dennison."

"You better watch yourself," Manuel said. "I never saw you look at a female like you look at her."

I SAT WITH my back against the barn, facing the house. She came out for water, but she didn't know I was alive. When the sun went down, she lit a lamp, and I could see her shadow move back and forth across the yellow window. Once I heard the baby's thin wail, and her singing to it. I hoped Pete Smith wouldn't come back, but he would, and there was no honest way out of taking him with us.

Manuel stayed out. Far off, a coyote

made sad noises. I had nothing to do but sit there and think, and it may be I dozed, because next I knew, Manuel was saying, "If I'd been Pete Smith, I could've cut your throat. I thought you were watching her. She slipped out on you."

"She'd have to come here for a saddle. She can't get far afoot, packing the baby. You saw her?"

"I located the mare, and watched. Little while ago there she came, sneaking along."

"I didn't think she'd try it bareback," I said, getting on my feet in a hurry. "But she's got grit. We better—"

"She brought it this way. She's at the house now."

Right then Mrs. Dennison called us, from the house. She had coffee poured, and more cake on the table, but what she wanted was to talk. In the lamplight, she looked paler than ever.

When me and Manuel sat down, she said, "The horse is here. Will you take it and go?"

I said, "Ma'am, if you heard about me, you know I can't do that."

"You'll die trying," she said. "But I've got something else."

"I won't be bribed, either."

"No," she said. "Your conscience has an iron mouth."

Smiling a kind of funny smile, she reached around the bedroom door and fetched out a double-barreled shotgun, ready-cocked, kind of dividing the muzzle between me and Manuel. He all but choked on his cake, and we both held still as statues. If it had been a man, we'd have been watching closer.

In a careful voice, I asked, "Ma'am, how much do you know about guns?"

"Enough to shoot this one when I want to."

"Yes, ma'am. But you got both hammers back, and the way you're squeezing those triggers, you're going to shoot whether you want to or not." That didn't get me anywhere, and I said, kind of



"He learned how to climb out."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HER SON'S FIRST LOVE

Frances Roal Mehlek

Notwithstanding embarrassed glances,
 Subterfuge and painstaking ruse,
 Scoffing attitude toward romances,
 Awkward shuffling of saddle shoes.

Magic has touched you swiftly,
 surely;
 Something to do with her red-gold curls;
 Maybe the way she smiled,
 demurely,
 Propelled you into the world of girls.

Henceforth you'll part your hair precisely;
 Never again will a shirttail show.
 Gone from the careless cult—but nicely,
 Just as I knew I'd see you go.

Stumble and frown when a name is spoken
 (Boy betrayed by defenselessness!)
 Age-old patterns are best unbroken,
 Notwithstanding and nonetheless.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

foolishly, "You'll wake up your baby."
 "Stand up and turn around," she told us.

Manuel knew what a woman looked like when she was primed to kill somebody. He whispered, "Easy. She's right on the edge."

Like I said, we'd have been watching a man closer, but now it was too late. We stood up and turned our backs to her, as ordered, and unbelted our short guns, slow and careful, and let them fall on the floor. I could feel the hairs stiff on the back of my neck. A woman is unpredictable, but a shotgun at close range isn't.

SHE CAME close enough to kick away our guns, and then backed off. She wasn't giving us the shadow of a chance, and if one of us had sneezed, I wouldn't be here to tell this.

I said, coaxing her, "Ma'am, don't act foolish. An outlaw is an outlaw, man or woman."

"Don't argue with her," whispered Manuel Rabbit. "Don't argue with a woman when she's on edge."

"Outlaw?" said Mrs. Dennison. "That dark one came in the house and grabbed me. I shot him and you came running, and I thought you were another of the same, and shot you. A helpless woman living alone has the right to defend herself, Johnny McNaughton."

I had been in tight places before, but then I'd been up against men. You can figure how a man's head works, but who can guess what a woman will do? I was sweating, and maybe I could have spit, maybe not.

"I want to see your faces. Turn around," Mrs. Dennison ordered us.

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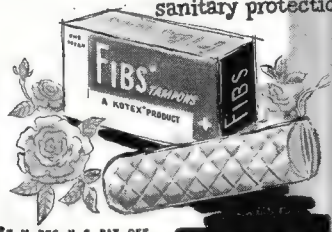
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"Look at me, Johnny McNaughton, I've got all the high cards. The simple way would be to shoot you both."

"You wouldn't do that," I said, but I wasn't sure.

Manuel Rabbit whispered, "Don't argue. Look at her eyes. Like my wife's that time with the hatchet."

Mary Dennison went on like she was talking to herself. "No place to lock you up, and I won't get close enough to tie you, and I can't stand here till Pete gets back. I'll make a deal with you, Johnny McNaughton. Take the horse and go. I'll send Pete Smith so far away you'll never hear of him again."

The hairs on the back of my neck loosened a little. She watched my face.

"I guess that's the best I can do for him," she said. "Your word that you'll ride straight away. Or would you still rather die trying, Johnny McNaughton?"

In the movies, the hero would have told her to go ahead and shoot. Trouble was, Mary Dennison would have, and a shotgun up close makes an ungodly mess. I didn't have any trouble making up my mind.

"Ma'am, I told you I'd lost men, but never turned one loose, and it looks like I lost this one. We'll take the horse and go. And we won't ever come back to bother—you."

She looked me straight in the eye, thinking that over, then put down the shotgun and, like a man, shook hands on the bargain. Her hand was small and firm and cool, and I'd have liked to hold it longer.

Me and Manuel ate another slice of cake, and then rode away in the starlight with Miller's animal on a lead rope. Manuel rode a ways, thinking it out, and then asked, "What for did you say that about not going back there to bother her? You aim to send somebody else?"

"No. And I promised for you, too."

I heard his teeth click. "Me—go near her? Helpless woman! She's about as helpless as a cyclone. She took your word for gospel, but she's a woman. She don't

mind lying. She won't send him away."

"I'll bet you cash money Pete Smith disappears for good," I said. "Only we couldn't go back to prove it. And he'll amount to something, too. Any man she marries is bound to. She'll see he does, and any kids, too, including Dennison's." (Matter of fact, that baby today has one of the prettiest ranches in the South-west.)

Manuel only grunted, and went back to thinking it out. When we got home with the horse, but no man, I said Pete Smith had kind of disappeared. Sometimes I had to cross the border after a fugitive and in those cases, getting a man back was complicated, so everybody figured they knew what I meant and that Pete Smith was buried on the Mexico side. Manuel said nothing at all. He never was much of a talker.

Judge Miller paid the reward without too much arguing, and Manuel Rabbit lost his share to this crooked gambler, like I started to tell you, and went after it, and the gambler's woman shot him, and—

HARRY SILVER had been listening because there was nothing else to do, but now the train whistled on the edge of town. Harry picked up his camera, saying, "This is where I came in. You'll have to tell me some other time. I've got to try for a picture of Lincum. Hey, isn't he senator from your state? He was head of the committee that—"

Old John McNaughton was on his feet, too. "I know, I know. Mary wrote me, and it was in the paper. She writes, and it's good to talk over old times, and—Huh? I said his real name wasn't Smith, didn't I? Which is why Mary claims she didn't lie—Smith disappeared, all right. Who did you think I was talking about, if it wasn't Pete Lincum?"

Snorting, the old man strode toward the passenger platform. Harry knew a good thing when he found it. His camera at the ready, he stayed close behind John McNaughton.

THE END

The Strange Story of the Hollywood Ten

(Continued from page 61)

act was to send a delegation, headed by Humphrey Bogart, to protest the hearings in Washington. Bogart, who later admitted he had been "taken in" and that the whole affair had been "incredibly stupid," is only one of many Hollywood luminaries who would rather forget that trip. John Garfield, Canada Lee, Lauren Bacall, June Havoc, Marsha Hunt, Danny Kaye, and most of the others who flew to Washington to applaud for the "persecuted liberals," were thrown into confusion when committee investigator Louis Russell began pulling out the Party cards of the witnesses.

However, the Communists knew when they had a good thing. Before the ten finally went to jail, most of them were sent on a nation-wide tour, during which they denounced Hollywood, the Committee on Un-American Activities, and America's foreign policy. A fifteen-minute film short, "The Hollywood 10," was produced by Paul Jarrico. A heavy-handed, propaganda-packed job, it was never very popular in this country, but it became a big success in the Iron Curtain countries. Gordon Kahn wrote a book called *Hollywood on Trial*. By the time the comrades were through, the ten men were known all over the world; in fact, they were more famous abroad than in this country. Let us take a closer look at these men.

THE REAL leader of Hollywood's Communists was John Howard Lawson. Jack Lawson, whose first play was produced in 1914 when he was only twenty, was a founder and an early president of the Screen Writers' Guild. A stocky man, with uncombed brown hair, jug-handle ears, piercing brown eyes, and a domineering manner, Lawson had little difficulty riding herd on the Hollywood comrades. "To me, as to other writers and, I imagine, to some actors," Dick Collins later reported, "Lawson was Father. His book [on screen-writing] was the bible. He had enormous intellectual baggage. He gave a tremendous amount of energy to the Party. After meetings, which usually ended at two A.M., Lawson would sit down and write his reports to the central committee. He was a dynamo, and set the pattern for the Hollywood comrades." Lawson was a tremendous admirer of Earl Browder up to 1945, and the only time his leadership in Hollywood was menaced was when Browder went on the skids that year. Lawson put up a tremendous fight to retain his position, and finally succeeded. "He was an intensely ambitious writer at one time," Collins recalls, "but he never quite made the grade in Hollywood, a pretty tough place for the best of them. But as a Party leader, Lawson was an honored name behind the Iron Curtain. I think the greatest thrill Lawson ever had was when the Soviet writers at the Waldorf-Astoria 'peace' conference in 1949 jumped to their feet when he was introduced to them."

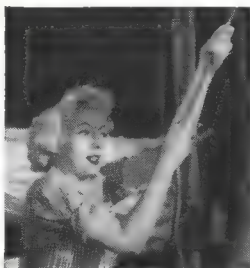
Lawson was the Party's top fund-raiser in Hollywood; he was the final authority on cultural matters among the town's Communists; and he was the leader of the Red faction in the Screen Writers' Guild. It would hardly have been a secret

"I was shipwrecked 5 times in one day!"

says EVELYN KEYES, co-starring with Jeff Chandler in "SMUGGLER'S ISLAND" a U-I release, Color by Technicolor



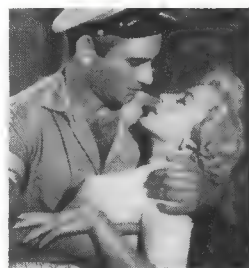
"If sweeping floors is rough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for 'SMUGGLER'S ISLAND.' The heavy oars made my hands sting.



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to anyone, even before the House Committee dug into it, that Lawson was a Communist; he wrote for the *Daily Worker* as far back as 1933. And while he was up to his ears in Communist work, he was also making a good living writing scripts for such movies as "Action in the North Atlantic," "Blockade," "Algiers," "Sahara," and many others.

Beside Lawson, most of the other members of the ten seem to lack forcefulness, though some of them are brilliant writers. But Sam Ornitz, for example, has virtually no solid accomplishments in his career outside of a fairly good novel written in the twenties, *Haunch, Paunch and Jowl*. He worked regularly as a movie writer from 1930 to 1938, after which he got very few screen credits. Herbert Biberman has a similarly undistinguished record. He wrote such pictures as "Action in Arabia" and "The Master Race" and directed several inconsequential items; but he and his wife, actress Gale Sondergaard, were always more proficient at rank-and-file Communist work than at turning out anything worth while in motion pictures.

Lester Cole, who is now fighting a legal battle to get back his job at M-G-M, is cut to pretty much the same pattern. A balding little man, now forty-seven years old, he has spent twenty years in Hollywood without writing a single first-rate picture; the best known of his accomplishments are "Objective Burma!" and "High Wall."

Adrian Scott will doubtless go down in film history as the man who converted Dick Powell from a smooth, singing hero into a professional tough boy. He produced "Murder, My Sweet" and "Cornered," and also worked on several other pictures, notably "Crossfire." He is only thirty-nine years old, and did not begin his Hollywood career until 1940; before then, he was an associate editor of *Stage Magazine*.

Ring Lardner, Jr., the son of the famous humorist, is a tall, bespectacled man, now thirty-six, who looks like the standard caricature of a writer. During the mid-thirties, he left Princeton and went as a tourist to Russia; he returned to this country with great admiration for "socialism." Lardner's whole career has been something of an accident. He was originally brought to Hollywood as an actor, but his screen test was a complete fiasco. He became a press agent, and later graduated to a post as junior writer. He made his mark in 1941, when he collaborated with Michael Kanin on the script of "Woman of the Year," which, starring Katharine Hepburn, made a small fortune and ended up with an Academy Award. At the time of the 1947 hearings, he was making twenty-five hundred dollars a week. Lardner became one of the Hollywood Ten by an accident. Although he had been one of the nineteen originally subpoenaed by the committee, he received a wire at the last minute announcing that his appearance had been indefinitely postponed. However, he felt an obligation to go along to Washington with the others, and when the committee saw him there it changed its mind and called him to the stand. Lardner is described by people who worked with him as a "real gentleman," extremely bright and witty, but rather shy (he speaks with a nervous stutter). He has always been a close friend of Dalton Trumbo's.

Trumbo is one of the most talented,

and also one of the most erratic, of the ten. As a child he lived in humble surroundings in Grand Junction, Colorado, but moved to Southern California during his youth and grew up in the movie colony. A complete individualist, he lived about fifty miles outside of Hollywood and rarely came to Party meetings, or even to meetings of the ten. By avoiding the town's social whirl, he was able to turn out a fantastic amount of work; his associates recall that Trumbo was addicted to twenty-hour uninterrupted stretches of writing and that he once turned out a finished hundred-page screen story in two days and two nights. He got screen credits for "A Guy Named Joe," "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo," and "Kitty Foyle," among others.

Alvah Bessie, who came to Hollywood

Do YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?

★ FRANCES GUMM

★ A. ARCHIBALD LEACH ★

★ LEONARD SLYE

★ WILLIAM H. PRATT ★

Turn to the article
on page 125 for their
surprising identities

after fighting with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in Spain, was a Communist who liked to refer to himself as a professional soldier. In between writing more than eighty-five articles for the Communist *New Masses* and acting as a kind of adjutant general to Lawson, Bessie found time to work on such films as "Northern Pursuit," "The Very Thought of You," and "Hotel Berlin." A bitter, sensitive man who played at being tough, he was regarded as one of the most fanatical Communists in Hollywood.

Another of the ten is Albert Maltz, who was born in Brooklyn forty-two years ago, became deeply involved in Party activities during his youth, and went to Hollywood during the thirties. "What I have written," he told the Un-American Activities Committee, "has come from the total fabric of my life—my birth in this land, our schools and games, our atmosphere of freedom, our tradition of inquiry, criticism, discussion, tolerance. Whatever I am, America has made me." This rhetorical flourish failed to impress the committee; it knew Maltz's

record too well. He had been an open, belligerent Communist who, during the war, had cabled Moscow: "Please use my literary royalties for the defense of the Soviet Union." Maltz is an unusually gifted writer who wrote the screen plays for such motion pictures as "This Gun for Hire," "Destination Tokyo," "Pride of the Marines," and "The House I Live In," and is also the author of the serious novel, *The Cross and the Arrow*.

The committee was not impressed by Maltz's talk about "criticism, discussion, tolerance," because it knew the story of his battle with the Communist Party. This battle had begun with an article Maltz had written for the Party's magazine, *New Masses*, on February 12, 1946. It was a remarkable article to have appeared in a Communist publication, and why it was published is still uncertain. In general, the article called for a greater degree of freedom for Communist writers. "An artist can be a great artist," said Maltz, "without being an integrated or a logical or a progressive thinker on all matters." He ridiculed the Party for attacking an anti-Nazi play during the Nazi-Soviet pact and then praising it after Hitler attacked Russia. He complained that it was almost impossible for a "socially conscious writer" to create real characters because the Party was always demanding black-and-white stereotypes.

As soon as the article appeared, the house fell in on Maltz. The *Daily Worker* came out with an immediate blast expressing sorrow that "Albert Maltz seems to have let the luxury and phony atmosphere of Hollywood at last poison him." He was accused of sympathizing with the Trotskyites. For weeks, every Communist intellectual in New York and Hollywood denounced Maltz in the terms of abuse only the comrades know how to handle so well. A special meeting of left-wing Hollywood writers was called. Samuel Sillen, a Communist "cultural expert" from New York, took charge. Lawson launched into a violent diatribe against Maltz, and the others pitched in.

It was too much for Maltz to take; on April 7, 1946, he finally capitulated completely. For the *Worker*, he wrote a long, scathing criticism of his earlier *New Masses* piece. He attacked the few comrades who had liked it; he even attacked those who had protested against the violence of the language used against him. And he ended up by reaffirming the necessity of having the Communist Party dictate to "progressive" writers. Maltz was taken back into the fold.

The last of the ten is director Edward Dmytryk, who was a Communist briefly during the last war. He was still friendly to the Party at the time of the 1947 hearings and went along with the unfriendly witnesses. After being cited for contempt, however, he developed a number of serious reservations about the Party's course. To have pulled out then would have given the Communists a chance to accuse him of being "yellow," so he went ahead and served his jail sentence. But when the Korean war broke out, he decided to break for good, and when the Chinese Communists came into the war last winter, Dmytryk, still in jail, prepared an affidavit expressing hostility to the Party. This brought the expected blasts from the *Daily Worker*, but he had long since ceased to care. When his prison term expired, he told his story to the

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House committee, and was eventually hired by King Bros. Productions to do a film called "Mutiny," a story of the War of 1812. Producer Maury King explained: "We're proving we here will give jobs to these fellows if they'll go ahead and tell us who these rats are. It'll help us to clean out these rats. We don't want the fellows who can talk to be scared to talk."

ACTORS also fell for the Communist line. Most of the actors who went into the Party left it after a relatively short time. They had gone in for a variety of reasons. For instance, a feeling of guilt affected many Hollywood figures during the Depression. When nine to twelve million American workers were unemployed, when real destitution could be seen almost everywhere, when Fascist rabble-rousers were attracting big audiences, a reasonably sensitive man who had several luxury cars, a swimming pool, and a salary of two thousand dollars a week often developed a sense of guilt because of his good fortune. In the beginning, he would try to ease this feeling by making substantial contributions to "liberal" causes. Then the comrades would go to work on him, appealing to him as an "advanced" thinker and great artist, and finally asking him the direct question that brought actor Sterling Hayden into the fold: "Why don't you stop talking and join the Communist Party?" (Hayden got out after six months in the Party, and later observed, "It was the stupidest, most ignorant thing I have ever done.")

Besides the feeling of guilt, there was a desire to escape the intellectual sterility many actors and writers believed to be characteristic of Hollywood; there was the need to feel that, despite all the boy-meets-girl pictures, they were doing something really "worth while." For some, there was a muddled notion that the Party was just a good liberal organization.

Actor Larry Parks, who went into the Party in a state of intellectual confusion and came out of it still bewildered, said that "being a Communist Party member fulfilled certain needs of a young man who was liberal in thought, idealistic; who was for the underprivileged, the underdog."

How can you explain Karen Morley's involvement with the Communists? She was named as a comrade by several witnesses before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Her former friends have different opinions on why the glamorous, hazel-eyed blonde became involved. Some say she is "one of those chronic idealists who are always bleeding for mankind." Miss Morley herself supplied the answer in an interview she granted several years ago, when she accepted a job as a labor organizer for a Party-line union. She told the interviewer that she had traded her screen career for politics because "I washed out as an actress." She appeared in such films as "Black Fury," "Arsene Lupin," and "Dinner at Eight." She said Hollywood seemed very artificial and unreal to her.

"I remember," she explained, "when I was working in 'Pride and Prejudice' it seemed as if every time we shot a scene, Hitler took another country." (That Stalin is doing the same these days does not seem to cause her any concern, however.)

The House Un-American Activities Committee had considerable trouble trying to locate Miss Morley. During the recent hearings she was reported in Paris, avoiding a Congressional subpoena. Miss Morley attempted a comeback in several Broadway shows that failed. Then she obtained a job with the Office of War Information. "That didn't satisfy me either," she said. "When a friend asked me if I'd like to pass out pamphlets for the CIO, I jumped at the chance." In 1947, Robert Taylor charged that she was a "disruptive influence" in the Screen Actors' Guild.

Another reason for young writers and actors' going over to the comrades was just plain opportunism. In some cases, a "correct political line," as the Communists would call it, was almost indispensable to advancement within the studios. Most of the big producers were unaware of it at the time, but in some

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SHY—LIKE A FOX

Burge Buzzelle

Because I think that boastfulness
Is something we should shun,
I very seldom brag to friends
Of clever things I've done.

I put my best foot forward, but
I do it with finesse.
(To hide behind a bushel's not
Conducive to success.)

I plan my stratagems with care,
Then check and double check;
I use a gimmick, set the stage,
And then I stack the deck.

And thus by subtle artifice,
I craftily compel them
To find out for themselves what I
Am reticent to tell them.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

studios a few key positions had been infiltrated by the ever-active "progressives." They controlled hiring, firing, and the awarding of choice opportunities.

The Hollywood Communists never had much success in influencing the actual content of the movies. For one thing, none of the major producers—the men with the final word—was ever pro-Communist, and very few of the directors were. The writers and actors were not in a very good position to be able to influence the finished content of a movie as it would finally come from the cutting room.

TODAY the movie industry is working energetically to rid itself of the "Commie" label and to keep the Communists out of the studios. As a result, the Communists and pro-Communists are openly repentant, on the scrap heap, or on the run. Hollywood, it seems, has learned a painful lesson from the revelations concerning the Hollywood Ten—and the lesson will be remembered for a long time to come.

THE END

A Father's Gift

(Continued from page 71)

as he had known him during college days, ambitious even then and gifted with persuasive powers that had won him coveted honors. His popularity had helped him bear a constant embarrassment over his lack of funds.

"It's this draft business," Webb was saying. "Griff resents it, and his mother's dead set against it—feels she needs him at home. Her nerves aren't too strong, never have been. I've been wanting her to come up here to let you take a look at her, but she's got a man in town. All her friends go to him."

"Probably a specialist. Nerves are tricky."

"Elsie's are, heaven knows. Remember, Chet, how living in a little town affected her when we were first married? She couldn't stand Curlin, but when you stop to think about it a minute, you realize I wouldn't have given up my practice, wouldn't have gone into politics at all if we'd stayed on in Curlin. You still like it though?"

"It suits me," Chet said. "Doctoring's all I know, and after Florence died it seemed like a good idea to stay on where Joel had all his friends. He was pretty young."

YEARs LATER, Joel had posed a forthright question.

"Why," he had asked, "do people die?"

Chet, who was always forthright, had said that many people thought the final answer came with death itself.

"To me, it's the other end of being born, son. Life is a gift, you know. You get it free. Some people are granted the use of it for a longer time than others, but there's not much point in complaining about that. To me, it seems better to make good use of it while you have it."

He'd often wished he had Webb's capacity to express his thoughts and the feelings mixed in with those thoughts.

"The Army business was tough enough on Elsie; Griff's getting lost up here has just knocked her out. Matter of fact," Webb said, "she didn't want Griff to come up to visit Joel this spring vacation, didn't want him to have skis in the first place, but after all, Griff's a senior in high school, and Curlin's only a hundred miles from us. He's young for his age in some ways, I admit that; and he's too young to be going into the service, I'm damn sure of that—"

Joel had had his notice of classification for a week or so. That night, going over the fishing tackle, laying away the steel-head gear, getting out the fly rods, he had given it casual mention.

"I shouldn't have bought that new line last fall. Yours is chipped, Dad. Look here."

He was big like his father, but his long fingers and their miraculous dexterity were from his mother. If Chet had had hands like that, he would have gone into surgery. He'd wanted to, and he might have been famous one day—"the famous brain surgeon, Chester Smith." He wondered if Joel would have liked that. He asked the boy.

"What do you mean, famous? Like Donald Duck? Look, Dad, it's chipped here, too. You'd better take your reel apart and look at it. There's a rough surface in there snagging your line. This one is shot. I'll take it off, and we'll use



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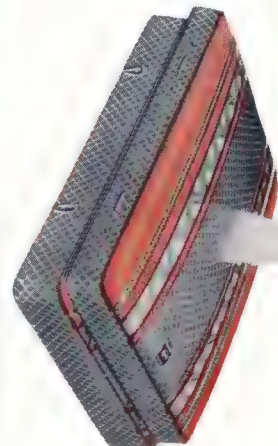
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it for backing." He had a crew haircut, a brush of brown hair as thick as a beaver's pelt, becoming to him because he had a well-shaped head, a fine head.

Chet wished he could get some abstractions pounded into that head. He'd read somewhere that a father's first duty to a son was to teach him a philosophy, but how could you pour philosophy into a cranium bulging with its own busyness? Every time Chet made a good start and thought he was getting somewhere—if Joel was sitting quietly, apparently listening—it turned out the boy was computing DiMaggio's batting average, or something like that. Right now Joel wanted to talk fishing.

"Remember that stretch on the White-water, Dad, up near the sloughs? You got that big baby you'd been after for two years. Maybe you'll get another big one there this summer. Look, I'll put my new bughead on your reel. I won't be needing it, not for a while." In this matter-of-fact way, Joel had faced his future.

CHET, slow as gumbo, sorted flies and felt around for something to say, something solid for the boy to take with him.

"You mind going, Joel?"

"Everybody's doing it." His big grin flashed. "Some of the kids are griping, but it's happening to all of us. That helps. And I understand there's plenty to learn in the Army."

He grinned again. He wasn't one to worry, not Joel. And in the face of his indifference, how could one philosophize? Chet cleared his throat a time or two. He caught hold of a good lead sentence,

"Look at it this way, son, it's going to be a new experience—" But Joel had already said that there was plenty to learn in the Army.

FACT IS, I'm in something of a box on this draft business with Griff," Webb was saying. "I can get him deferred. I've worked with some of the big men in Washington on this project of federalizing waterways out here. I'm not for it, of course, but politics is a horse trade, and we couldn't get along without politics, could we?" (In college, he had claimed that life was a horse trade.) He got to his feet and moved around the small but, a short man (overweight, in Chet's judgment) being pushed close to his limit by anxiety. "I can draw on my credit back there—a senator packs more weight than you'd think; I'm surprised sometimes myself—but a thing like that can come back and hit you in the career. (That's pretty good—"Hit you in the career.") But I don't see any way out of it, with Elsie feeling the way she does. Women are like that."

"Not all of them," Chet said.

"What's that? Is that so? Well, I'm damned." But Webb had heard something outside the hut. He moved with agility for a heavy man. He had the door open before Chet could get to his feet. "Hello," Webb called. "Hello, out there!"

Without hat or coat, he went out into the snow toward the effulgence shed by a snowplow's headlights. Chet, watching, could hear the powerful engine laboring to turn the clumsy vehicle. It surprised him to see the thing cutting a path to the rest hut, a mile or more from the main highway, but there it was, and as

Chet watched, a coupé appeared behind the plow and moved up confidently to park in the area cleared, apparently, for its convenience. Two men got out.

Chet walked back into the hut, his moment of unreasoning hope dismissed. The newcomers would be newsmen. He knew them by their overcoats and their fedoras and their business suits, their badge of urgency, Hot News Our Guarantee—no time wasted changing into red flannels.

DEAR GOD, Chet thought, dear God, bring our sons safely home.

He was calm again when he turned to greet the newsmen, Dillard, a conscientious legman from the *Bulletin*, and Hepplebaugh, grizzled, tough, initiated.

"Mention the senator's name and even a snowplow can't do enough for you." Hepplebaugh sat down and took off his shoes and dumped the snow out of them. "You don't remember me, Doctor? I was up here a year ago when that old geezer was knocked off the highway and left for dead." He had comical eyebrows. He could do tricks with them, but tonight there was nothing comical about him.

"I remember you both," Chet said. "Dillard helped me unsnag a fly from the rhododendrons on Upper Clear Lake a couple of summers ago."

"That's right," the newsman said. "A McGinty."

He did an occasional feature for the *Bulletin*. Chet knew why he was up here. He was a master craftsman when he wrote of human tragedy.

Webb had met Hepplebaugh. With the newsmen's arrival, his manner changed. He became a public figure, a representative of the people, no longer free to indulge his private apprehension.

"Everything's being done that can be done," he said. "Nobody's fault. Heedless kids, you know. Figured they'd take one more run, probably, and got caught in the storm." Chet knew Joel would never get caught by a storm if he could help it. He was as perceptive of weather as an Indian. "The ski patrol's been magnificent. There's no other word. Magnificent. Chet called them right away, and they'd already been out a couple of hours by the time I got up here." Chet had called the ski patrol, but he'd also called Getterstrom, Ole Getterstrom; "the old Scowhegian," he called himself, born in these mountains, reared in their loins. It was Ole Getterstrom on whom Chet pinned his hopes.

"Mrs. Dunstan didn't come?" Dillard subdued his voice, conveying sympathy.

"She's prostrated," Webb said. "That boy's her world."

"How long has it been now?" Dillard asked, still subdued.

Chet looked at his watch. He'd been avoiding that, but now he saw that five hours had passed since nine o'clock when he had been driven by anxiety into calling Webb, and the patrol, and Ole.

"What happened exactly, Doctor?" Hepplebaugh had warmed his feet and his hands. He sat down again, still wearing his overcoat and his hat, and drew out folded copy paper and a pencil. "What time'd they leave the house? They go alone? Together, I mean, but just the two of them? They say where they were going, when they expected to get back?"

Chet found it a welcome change to go over the facts aloud. He had reviewed them in his mind until they were tattered. Griff had slept in until noon. He

always slept the mornings away up here, said the altitude made him sleepy. But watching television and reading sports magazines until two or three in the morning had something to do with his lethargy, too. Griff had risen at noon for lunch, and Joel, who worked mornings during vacation at Spring's grocery, had been home for lunch, too. At lunch they'd made their plans to go skiing with two of Joel's friends, and they'd planned to meet here, at the rest hut. Chet had left soon after that for his office. He hadn't thought about the boys again until dinnertime.

"We usually eat late," he said, "around seven-thirty. I didn't worry much for a while, but one of Joel's friends called him, expecting he'd be home, so I checked. The other skiers came in around five. They hadn't seen our two for an hour or so. Griff had wanted some cross-country, and Joel had gone with him."

"Griff's a pretty good skier," Webb put in. "Doesn't get too much of it except when he's up here. New skis, too." "You know how storms come, up here," Chet said, "as though they're shot from a gun, that fast. That's all we know. I called the patrol. And Ole."

"Ole Getterstrom?" Dillard asked. "He'll find them."

"Curlin's about three miles from here by road?" Hepplebaugh put away his pencil. "I'll go down and get this on the wire, and get some chow. We slid off the road about fifty miles out of town and had to wait for a tow car. You still hungry, Dill?"

Dillard said he was.

"There won't be anything open this

time of night in Curlin," Chet said, "but I'll tell you what you do: Stop off at my house—it's the big white one on the corner of Main Street, has a hedge—"

Hepplebaugh remembered.

"Jennie'll fix something for you." Jennie was Chet's housekeeper. When the newsmen protested, he urged them. "She'll be up. She's been with us ever since Joel was born, and she'll be glad to see you. You tell her we're all right. You tell her," Chet said, "that she's not to worry."

Webb came forward to shake hands. "It's good of you to come up here," he said. "I appreciate it. I appreciate your interest. At a time like this, a man's friends are all he has, and I tell you it means a great deal—" Chet understood that making a little speech to these men, appealing to their sympathy, pretending their appearance here bespoke their affection for him, was a political habit with Webb, but even to Chet it seemed untimely.

Hepplebaugh rejected it.

"When you're in town you're on my beat, Senator, but don't get me wrong. I'm no friendship train. I covered a story about your son once before—when you bought him a car and finagled a driving license for him, claiming you needed him to chauffeur. He was fourteen, and the first week he had the car he was in a wreck, and three witnesses claimed it was his fault, but when it came time to testify they told a different story, every one of them. It seemed queer to me. Three men told the same story, only it wasn't the way they'd told it the first time. It still seems queer to me. Come on, Dill."

Chet followed them outside. Snow was still falling, but not as heavily. You could see through it now.

"Mr. Hepplebaugh," Chet said, "you'll be coming back up here. I want to warn you, as a doctor, that Mr. Dunstan can't take much more. There may be some things you'd like to discuss with him, but this is not the time—" He stopped. His voice had risen. He hadn't realized how near to breaking he was himself.

"Then tell him not to slaver over me. I know the guy. I know what he started with, and I know what he's got now, and all of it didn't come from the money he married. Right now he's up to his crop in this federal waterways mess, and he's going to make another million. There are honest senators, Doctor, plenty of them, but this guy's a crook."

"This is not the time—"

"Listen, Doctor; think back a minute. Didn't Dunstan's son drive away late from your house in Curlin last year, starting home? You remember the time of night? Or maybe you remember better what time you figured it must have been when the old geezer was hit by a car? I came up here. I talked to you. And then I went back to town. And guess what? Griff didn't have his car for a couple of weeks. He drove his mother's. His was in the shop with a dented fender, a right front fender. How do I know? Well, I'm paid to cover the family."

"YOU ARE making a criminal assumption," Chet said sternly. He was shivering, and his belly ached. "This is not the time—"

"Where's your boy?" Hepplebaugh said. "He's up there on that mountain right

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now, sweating his guts out, trying to save the no-good son of a— Come on, Dill." But he turned at the coupé and came back again. "Okay, Doctor, I'll remember. You better try to get some rest. I'll bring you back some coffee."

Inside the hut, Webb was in better shape than Chet had expected. He was on his feet, moving around, and the apoplectic color that had risen to his face while Hepplebaugh was talking had receded. He had himself in hand.

"Never did like that fellow," he said, "but you always find some who can't stand to see the other fellow get ahead. Now he's picking on Griff. Makes you a little sick, doesn't it?" But his thoughts were on something else. "That guy could put me in a damned tight squeeze on this draft business for the kid. You understand how I feel about that business, Chet?" He put an earnest hand on the other man's arm. "I don't want the boy to be a slacker, you understand that? He's got to do his Army stint, like everybody else, but the kid's young for his age. Elsie's done her best. I don't mean to blame her, but I haven't had much time to spend with him. The fact is, I don't know what he does know, what he's prepared to face."

"Who does?" Chet asked. "Who does? I've spent a lot of time with Joel. We've grown up together, you might say. But the truth is, he's probably taught me more than I've taught him. Things come up, and I try to put in a word, try to give him a background, start him thinking a little, but you can't tie a boy down and pump ethics into him through a tube."

Outside the door, someone stomped snow from his feet. The two men turned, immobilized by hope, by fear. The door swung open, and Ole Getterstrom, a spry little gnome, came in and quickly closed the door behind him. His face was dark as a Moor's from exposure, summer and winter, to wind and sun, but his eyes were a Scandinavian blue. He had shaken most of the snow from his jacket. Some of it had clung, and it melted in pools on the floor as he paused a moment with his back to the round-topped stove. You couldn't hurry Ole. You had to wait for him. But Chet, waiting, couldn't believe that Ole had turned back; the ski patrol, perhaps, but not Ole.

"WELL?" Chet asked, compelled.

"Nope," Ole said. That was all. Presently he turned toward Chet, like a puppet manipulated by a string. "You tell me some more," he said. "You tole me where Joel ski today. Where he ski yesterday? Tell me that."

"Yesterday?" Chet said. Yesterday? What did yesterday matter? How do I know where—yesterday—yesterday—

Chet sat down, knees unsteady, and tried in the face of despair to force his thoughts back to yesterday, a time past and already forgotten. "The Chute, the Chute, Ole. They took flags with them yesterday to rig a slalom. Yes, that's right, a slalom course."

Ole, his puckish face reproving, said nothing. He went to his greasy pack, standing upright against the log wall of the hut. He unlaced the snowshoes from it, and plunging a hand in, came up with mismatched moccasins. Before he left the hut again, he stuffed his ski boots with straw pulled from the packsack, too. He set the boots on a chair in a corner as far from the stove as possible. Then he

started for the door. Chet watched him, torpid with frustration.

At the door, Ole paused to speak again. "You should tole me." And then he was gone.

Webb said, "I feel kind of sick, Chet. What do you think? That's the man you were counting on, isn't it? Where are the others? What's keeping them?"

"When you start cross-country in this area"—Chet spoke slowly because he was close to panic—"you can go fifty miles. You can go up slopes and down slopes, and a heavy snow like this one would cover your tracks pretty fast. Six hours now," he said. "It's three o'clock."

"Three o'clock," Webb said, and started talking again. "I don't know, Chet, you do what seems best; it doesn't always seem right, maybe, but the other guy'll grab first if you don't. And then you come up against a thing like this, your kid lost, maybe freezing to death, and there isn't a damn thing you can do, not a damn thing. Then you look ahead, and you see him safely down off the hills. For what? To get shoved into the Army, thrown in with a bunch of riffraff, and you can't do anything about that, either."

JOEL HAD brought a Negro boy home one time, to show his father.

"Lookut him, Dad," he said. "Lookut, he's turning black. You got to do something." The colored boy, Abe his name was, about Joel's age, four or five, was frightened. He waited for the doctor to tell him what illness he had.

Chet turned from his desk to look at both boys.

"I'll tell you a story," he said. "Once there were three men. The Lord hadn't quite finished making them. He looked them over and decided they needed curing, so he put them in his smokehouse. One of them got scared and ran away. The second one stayed till he thought he was done. He came out red, and he's been red ever since. We call him an Indian. The third one stayed till the Lord came to summon him, and that was Abe."

"I didn't run away," Joel said. He had his mother's quick mind.

"Put it this way," Chet said. "Maybe the white man learned something by running away. Maybe the black man learned something, too, by staying. Maybe what you should do now is learn from each other."

He wasn't too satisfied himself. He'd retailed the fable to suit the present need, and he never had been much of a storyteller. That night, when Joel was tucked into bed, Chet sat down to add a few words of wisdom.

"Abe's the first Negro you've met," he said, "but as you grow up you're going to meet all kinds of people, of all different colors, living in different ways, of different beliefs, in many different countries."

"Diffrent," Joel said sleepily. He liked the word. "Diffrent."

"That's right, but we're all brothers. Every man is the brother of every other man, and we must be kind to each other. Do you understand that, Joel?"

Perhaps he would have if he hadn't been asleep.

Abe and his family had moved away a few years back. He'd learned to fly cast with the best of them, and Joel had missed him. But maybe they'd meet up again some day; maybe in the Army. Chet hoped so. Abe had the simple honesty

of his namesake. Perhaps his mother, a good woman, had told him the Lincoln story in his crib.

But what have I taught my son! Chet thought. And the cry was agonizing to him. All those times when he should have made Joel sit still, made him listen—

"ALL I'm asking for, Chet," Webb was saying, "is some kind of statement; you'll know what to say—something about Griff's heart, maybe—something I could show to a few men in Washington. You know what I mean."

Chet said nothing. It was painful for him to return from that visit with the boy, the little boy Joel had been.

"I don't get you," he said presently. He hadn't been listening, and Webb was staring at him.

Webb repeated.

"When he's a little older, a couple of years from now, the Army will still want him. By that time Elsie'll be used to the idea. I'm not asking you to do it for nothing, of course. I know your setup here. You have a lot of patients and damn few returns from most of them—"

"Sounds like another car," Chet said. He got up and put on his hat again, and went outside. He had heard nothing, but the air smelled wonderfully clean.

Webb called to him, but he moved on toward the space cleared by the plow.

Hepplebaugh was right, Chet saw. Webb was corrupt. The seeds of corruption had been sprouting in him in college, probably, but who among his friends of that time had possessed the wisdom to detect it? Not Chet. During these later years he'd heard rumors, but what man in public office escaped them? His pleasure in Webb's company had waned, but he had supposed that was natural; they lived a hundred miles apart, and there was even more mileage between their tastes.

Chet had never enjoyed Griff, but he hadn't blamed Webb for that. Even a doctor, educated to be tolerant whatever his rearing, met some people whom it seemed a mistake to try to cure. But you cured them if you could. You remembered what you'd been taught about brotherly love—

Brotherly love, Chet repeated to himself in sudden terror. Have I taught Joel to give his life somewhere up there on Wander Mountain for the spoiled son of a worthless man? No, Joel, don't do it. No!

But you couldn't reach a lost skier's ear with a whisper. And you couldn't reject your own beliefs in a moment, either. They were part of you as your heart was part of you. They lived because you lived, and their pulse was part of your own.

Griff wasn't worth Joel's life, Chet knew that positively, but Griff was another human, frightened, hurt perhaps, possibly dead. If he were dead, if both boys were gone, Webb would need help. He needed help now. If he were left alone for too long in the hut, he'd fall apart.

Chet turned wearily and started back. This was all a piece of being alive. You might not understand much of it, but you did what you could with the loan you had of life itself.

Warming himself at the stove, he told Webb he'd never sold a medical lie, and he wasn't going to change his habits now.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I think Army life would be good for Griff.

Kids have a lot to learn. Some have one thing, and some another. But you're right," he went on slowly, "you'll be bucking Hepplebaugh if you try to keep the boy at home."

He would have said more. Webb's chin was shaking, as though he might cry, might become hysterical, but this time Chet did hear a car. Almost at once the door to the hut opened and Hepplebaugh entered.

"They're coming in, Doctor," he said. "You'd better come."

Chet went outside with him and saw the caravan. There were five walking men where there should have been six, and four of them were bunched, carrying a crude stretcher of some sort. Chet started toward them. His legs weren't much use.

"Hi, Dad," Joel said. "Boy, are we beat! Griff broke a leg."

BACK IN Curlin, Jennie, the doctor's housekeeper, had coffee ready, but it was some time later, after Griff's leg had been set and Elsie had been called and the Dunstons had been put to bed, before Chet had time alone with Joel. Joel was in bed, and Chet began to rub his legs.

"Ouch, darn it, Dad, they hurt— Well, like I started to say—"

That was another thing. All his life Joel had used that phrase—like I've been telling you, like I said. How could you teach a boy who wouldn't listen?

"Ole figured it out, the smart little Scowhegian. If we'd been doing *slalom* runs the day before we'd be pretty tired. He knew I'd start back ahead of the storm, too. The other guys were follow-

ing that first lead, about our going cross-country, but Ole— What happened, Griff was pooped out, and I knew it, but you know how he is. You can't tell him anything. Just before he made that last run I warned him he was too tired and he'd break a leg. And he did."

Joel had dragged Griff when he could, carried him when he had to.

"I was mad, Dad. I guess I've never been so mad. Griff figures he can do what he likes and get away with it. Somebody else will pay the bill."

"Why didn't you leave him?" Chet asked, mad himself.

"Leave him?" Joel's eyes were incredulous. "It was snowing by that time, but we could have made it easy— Leave him! He would have died, Dad, honest. He would have curled up right where he was, and the snow would have buried him. But there were a lot of times, getting him down off that hill, when I darned near did. You know that Ole? He figured I'd head back before the storm broke. Darndest thing—"

"What kept you going, son?" Chet stopped rubbing, and waited to hear. Now, he thought, now, with Joel bedded, supine under his hands, he could siphon some fundamental—

"Kept me going?" Joel repeated. "Why, heck, Dad, I've grown up watching you start out at twenty below in the middle of the night because somebody woke up in his warm bed and decided his big toe ached. What do you mean, kept me going? What keeps you going?" He rolled over, groaning, but he came up with that big grin on his face again. "Boy," he said, "wait till Griff meets the Army!"

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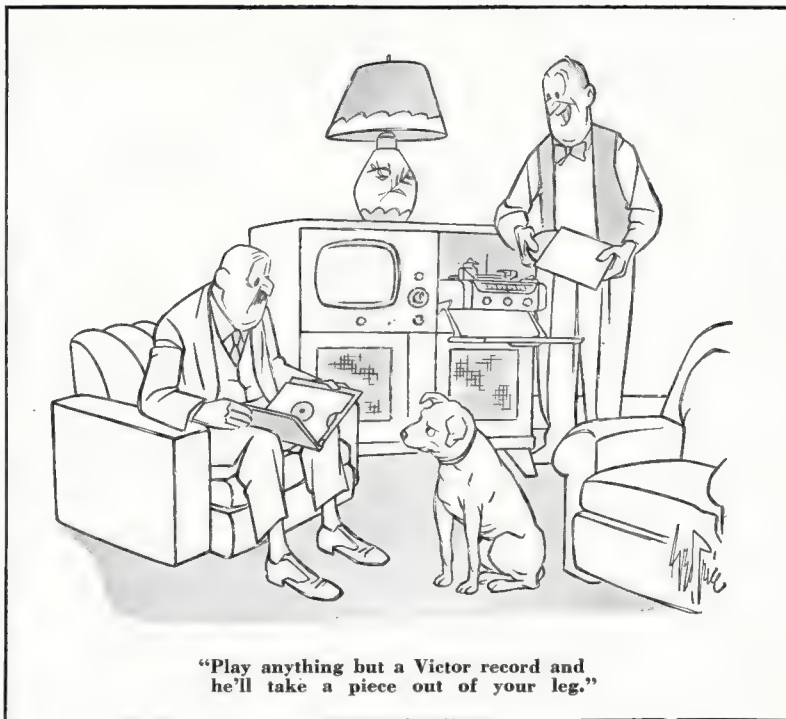
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**What Women Won't Tell Dr. Kinsey**

(Continued from page 45)

analyze the sensation it may well produce upon publication. Already, because of the tremendous advance publicity, this unpublished book has its foot inside the American door. When it does come out, we should maintain our normal sales resistance and, as with any article, be sure we want it before we buy.

No one whose opinion is worth consideration would favor suppressing any volume that adds to scientific knowledge about human sexual patterns, normal or abnormal. Psychiatrists, medical men, teachers, the clergy, and qualified students of personality problems often need such reference books. Worthy books along such lines should be on the shelves of people who can properly evaluate them, and they should be reasonably accessible to the public.

If anyone wants to read the Kinsey Reports, no one is going to refuse him permission. However, two considerations should be taken into account. The first is whether Kinsey's method of generalizing from samples is valid when applied to female sex life. Secondly, even if the deductions should have a good deal of truth in them, more harm than good may result from spreading digests of them before a public that, lacking a scientific background, will then approach the book with curiosity, excitement, and a morbid desire to find out what has heretofore been under wraps.

THE BOOK will not be intentionally salacious, but its effect on some readers will be. It will not be provocative, except as concentration on sex is bound to be provocative. It will not be more unpleasant than many of the facts of life are. No warning would be necessary if the book were expected to take its place

quietly among scientific studies. But, in all probability, the Report will make for good gossip.

As for the size of the sampling on which the Report will be based, Dr. Kinsey states in his Report on the male that, although getting subjects was slow going at first, it later became possible to "find more histories than we were able to handle."

This is undoubtedly true. So is the fact that, in New York City, when the editor of a general-interest magazine was seeking firsthand information for a proposed article, he asked male members of his staff if some would be willing to be interviewed by Dr. Kinsey—and did not get one volunteer. But the story is that homosexuals and psychiatric cases lined up in the hall of Dr. Kinsey's hotel waiting their turn to be questioned.

DR. KINSEY says taxonomy—the system of classification he uses—developed because of an increasing awareness among biologists of the differences among individuals. It involves measuring the variation in a series of individuals that represent the particular species that is under study.

It is important that the sampling in this kind of survey be large. Approximately ten thousand women, so advance reports say, have been interviewed for the forthcoming book. This sounds like a great many women, but this writer believes that after investigators have talked to ten thousand females they will still be unable to report accurately on the sexual behavior of the more than fifty million females over fourteen years of age in this country.

There is another important consideration. Those who are willing to answer

questions about the most intimate practices of their lives will not supply a representative sample. We all know women who are willing and eager to talk about themselves in relation to sex. They will not only tell all to the Kinsey investigator, but they are likely to get you in a corner and pour out their experiences. They are ill-balanced, frustrated, confused exhibitionists. In my experience, they far outnumber the frank, honest, thoughtful women who, because it might be useful to society, would agree to such an interview and approach it in a cool and precise attempt to add to the data on female sex life. There are such women. I only hope that Dr. Kinsey and his staff reached many of them. But how many such women are there, and can they be considered typical? The fact that Cornelia Otis Skinner was interviewed was duly publicized, and she served her profession, as Dr. Kinsey served his, by writing a very amusing piece about her feelings before the interviewer arrived. She revealed no chapter or verse of the interview itself, and spoke highly of Dr. Kinsey. But is there more than one Cornelia Skinner?

WE ARE becoming sensibly frank about sex in many walks of life. All the mothers I know try to see that their children get straightforward sex information, though there is considerable variation in opinion as to how much should be given and by whom and at what age. The unmarried women of my acquaintance talk freely to members of their families or friends or doctors about possible frustrations, and the penalties of lack or limitation of sex experience. They can be very amusing and ironic in their tales of escape from the fates that are laid down for them in books. Best of all, girls who are approaching marriage now study up on sex as well as other phases of married life. They seek out the best authorities within their environments. They talk to doctors and ask librarians for the soundest information. They attend the marriage seminars organized by churches.

But this increasing frankness is not synonymous with a destruction of personal privacy or a willingness to have it invaded or torn down by strangers. I have inquired in dozens of circles, for the last two years, as to whether girls and women of varying ages and in different occupations and income brackets would allow themselves to be interviewed by a Kinsey investigator. I found three who said they would. Two were unstable characters with unhappy emotional histories. The third was an unmarried feminist whose word could be trusted, but whose frame of reference was not representative.

Opinion is usually at a disadvantage in any argument with statistics, but in this case opinion may be intellectually bound not to yield to figures. I do not believe that approximately ten thousand women, many inevitably victims of mal-adjusted sexual lives, can be representative of those millions of other women whose religion, modesty, and reticence would keep them from a heart-to-heart talk with a Kinsey investigator. Those women will not be represented in the Report, and no one can put them there by inference. Furthermore, though the charts and tables in the forthcoming book may look very impressive, I doubt whether they will tell the truth about

even the women interviewed. Figures may not lie, but many of the women probably did.

VERY FEW women can answer a long succession of questions about nudity, contraception, homosexual experience, abortion, erotic stimuli, frigidity, loss of virginity, alcoholism, parental relations—and these are only a few of the hundreds of questions—entirely truthfully. Most would not remember. Or they would try to make a good story, and therefore shade an answer a little. They would shy at the first question about masturbation, but after eighty more questions it might be almost too easy to talk about orgasms. Any doctor or priest knows from experience in the consulting room and confessional how carefully he must determine truth and falsehood. By this time Dr. Kinsey should know better than anyone else. But what other source has he from which to fill his charts and tables?

In the chapter on methods of interviewing in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, it is stated that there are only two reasons why anyone might hesitate to contribute his sex history to a scientific project: one, the subject feels that the interviewer will object to something in his history; two, he fears that his history may become a matter of public knowledge, with a consequent loss of social prestige. These may be the only deterrents to men's frankness. Men have been talking in smoking rooms, exchanging sex stories, frequenting houses of prostitution, and boasting about their conquests for generations. Their sex habits have always been better

known than the habits of the average female.

But a woman has other reasons for not contributing her sex history to any book, scientific or not. Unless living has made her callous, she knows that her sex life is the high point of her individuality, her mystery, her secret. She is precious or not to some man just because relations with her are different from those with any other woman. Women have woven their sex life into religion and poetry and duty. They cannot easily extricate their sex habits from these other factors and elements, and most of them do not want to. The wisest women have learned that when sex experience is torn away from such mystic associations, a woman is left not only unprotected but unsatisfied. Most women know that they cannot reduce their own sex experience to figures and that, even if others do, the tabulation will never add up to the full truth about the sex life of the human female. That is why many women are saying that they believe popularization of the Kinsey Report on the female may do harm to their sex.

NEVERTHELESS, many women will read the book. Its sensational conclusions will soon be common knowledge. It will gossip its way into bedrooms, Army camps, offices, factories, and colleges, and drift down in a diluted, out-of-context form into adolescent circles. Subjects sure to excite the greatest interest will be frequency of sexual gratification and its relation to age, homosexuality among women, virginity—this has always been a subject to place bets on—variation in sexual stimuli, and the degree of sexual

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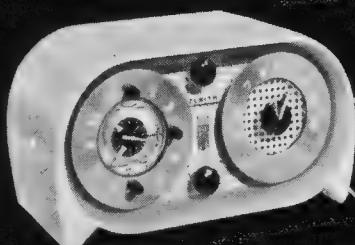
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response. They are puzzling topics. Many a woman has pondered them not only in her bed but while she was washing dishes the next day. She has wondered if she is abnormally cold, or unusually passionate, if she is the only woman in the world who was a virgin when she was married, if Tom wants more sex life than he gets at home.

IT IS DOUBTFUL that even a thorough reading of the new Kinsey Report will tell her what she would like to know. But she is unlikely to read it thoroughly, because the tables and figures will seem too complicated. Tom may do somewhat better, but he, too, will be likely to read only the easy parts, the summaries between the charts.

That was how most people read the first Kinsey Report, which was probably the most undigested best seller ever published. To read it thoroughly, you had to shut yourself up with it for days. To understand it, you had to have some knowledge of previous studies of sex. It was advisable to have read Havelock Ellis, Kraft-Ebing, and Freud, and to be familiar with at least a few of the other nineteen taxonomic studies. Dr. Kinsey said fell in the group with his own research. But what most people did was to pick up the easy reading and then say to each other, "Did you know that male potency is at its height before marriage as a rule? In the early years? Did you know—?"

Now that the dust has settled, it seems that the first Report had little effect on male sex habits. Good came out of its warning that many more boys in their teens were having sex experiences than

had been commonly believed. It made useful disclosures about homosexuality among men. But much of its information only corroborated previous knowledge of male sex habits. The hope of Dr. Alan Gregg, spokesman for the Rockefeller Foundation, which had backed its publication, that the "readers will match the authors with an equal and appropriate measure of cool attention, courageous judgment, and scientific equanimity" unhappily was not fulfilled. It remains a very important reference book, but the poking into its pages done by curious and ill-informed people did not lead us out of the wilderness of sex suppression and stimulation. No book could, or ever will.

The publication of the second Report may do other things. The testimony of the comparative handful of subjects may damage sex relations and sex dignity for millions of decent and honorable women.

NOT FOR a minute do I credit the extravagant claim that the first Report established better sex relations between husbands and wives, and the second Report looks like a definite troublemaker. The wives or husbands who read that, at their age, the average frequency of the sexual act is greater than their own may begin to toss about blame or worry secretly. That troubling book, *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex*, by Dr. Marynia Farnham and Ferdinand Lundberg, said there has been so much talk about sex that men almost expect the female orgasm to produce flashing lights and a twenty-one-gun salute. Because of this, women may feign excitement they don't feel or brood over the lack of it. The Kinsey book will certainly add to such

faking and distress. A gynecologist with a large practice told me recently that women come to him utterly confused by all the "sex books with their so-called facts about frequencies and capacities." It is unlikely that either the peace or the pleasure of the average marital bedroom will be increased by the Report.

The popularization of facts about abnormal sex relations among women will also have a bad effect. Some years ago, following the publication of a couple of novels on the subject, lesbianism was so gossiped about that all spinsters who lived in the same house were under suspicion, especially if one wore tailored suits. There is bound to be another wave of such talk after this book comes out.

BECAUSE we must, we are building up women's armed services. In the last war, a small number of women in these forces were sexually promiscuous. But the majority—and for this I have the word of many girls and their leaders on both sides of the Atlantic—were patriotic, healthy young women who did not want sex relations outside of marriage. The Kinsey Report on the female, based on the stories of some ten thousand women, the majority of whom are possibly neurotic, is almost certain to break down belief in virginity, or belief in a woman's desire for virginity. It is not going to make the life of those girls in uniform any easier.

Young girls will not read the whole book. It will be too tiresome. What they will get out of it is dribblings of the findings. "Everybody does it." "The skin is the most exciting thing about a girl." "What part of you do you like most to have a boy touch?" Sex will become more dissociated from any spiritual or romantic impulse as the girls keep their erotic surfaces in good condition.

Everyone who has good sense agrees that suppression of facts is a disservice to human knowledge. But there is danger in this impending book because many people will believe that with so many pages, so many references, so many neat charts, all the facts must be there.

That will not be true. The Report will be limited, technical, incomplete. It will explore certain fields of sexual behavior and may yield knowledge that will be valuable. But it must not be read as a book about sex life. Sex life, as such, is permeated with romance, idealism, tenderness, humor, intangible dependence, and allure. In this book, sex will be figured by a slide rule, and that is not a proper gauge.

Those who read it wisely should do two things. First, they should read it from cover to cover, from table to chart—not merely scan it in order to find spicy bits of information. Second, they should bear in mind that even if the Kinsey staff's findings are true of the women interviewed, they are not necessarily true of the reader. Or his wife. Or her husband. Or the girl you are going to marry. Surveys have been proved wrong before.

Sex is not a community business. It is a deeply personal affair, especially for a woman. A thousand novelists, writing beautifully of the sex experience of the human female, all describe it differently. If they cannot capture its real meaning, certainly the Kinsey Report's figures will be incapable of revealing those female impulses toward creation that have such an infinite variety of sources and power of sustenance and fruition. **THE END**

Stalin's Most Embarrassing Secret (Continued from page 21)

with weather-beaten tombstones hundreds of years old. The luxuriant weeds and tall grass told their story of long neglect.

After almost an hour of wandering through the cemetery and reading the faint legends on tombstones that were old when Napoleon looked down on the remnants of burning Moscow, I decided to leave. Walking toward the gate, I suddenly came on a sight that virtually stunned me with surprise.

It was a new grave, surmounted by a straight marble pillar about six feet high. But that was not all—the grave had been well kept, it was covered with fresh flowers, and the grass had recently been mowed.

Contrasted with the other plots in this pitifully shabby cemetery, the new grave seemed improbable—a mirage. I walked closer and read the inscription on the gravestone. It was very simple. It read, "Nadezda Alliluyeva—1932."

I stood motionless, wondering what Soviet citizen could afford this marble pillar, the upkeep of the grave—and why he buried his dead here, where no one else had been buried for fifty years. While puzzling over this mystery, I heard a slight noise and turned to see a woman with some knitting in her hands sitting in the adjacent tall grass. She was staring at me.

That was my first sight of Olga Evgenyevna Alliluyeva.

I haltingly introduced myself. I do not speak Russian well, and I speak it worse when I am embarrassed. She

helped me by breaking into French, which she spoke in a stiff, schoolgirlish manner. The afternoon sun was beating through the trees, and she invited me to sit down.

I spent the next two hours talking with the woman whose death was announced in *Pravda* March twelfth—Joseph Stalin's companion of the past thirteen years. She told me about the well-kept grave with its marble shaft and the woman buried there—her sister, who had been Mrs. Joseph Stalin.

After she had revealed the identity of Nadezda Alliluyeva, I asked no further questions. In Russia, it is not healthy to discuss Stalin or his relatives with strangers. But after a few minutes of desultory conversation, she talked easily, without prompting. She seemed to want to talk. She told me she had come from Georgia about six months before "to keep house for my sister's widower." She added, "He is very lonely."

Olga said she came to the cemetery at least three times a week. Her sister had meant much to her. As if in answer to my unspoken question, she then added, "Nadezda was very religious. Her last request was that she be buried in holy ground."

That explained much. Stalin had granted her dying request, but she rested in this out-of-the-way, unused cemetery where neither tourists nor Muscovites were likely to see the grave. Because a religious burial was deviationism from Marxism with a vengeance. Men had been shot for less.

And as I looked at the simple marble spire, I realized that, contrary to Moscow rumors, Stalin's wife did not commit suicide. Self-killing is not the act of a devoutly religious woman.

Without being questioned, Olga rambled conversationally through the afternoon. She mentioned Nadezda's two children, Vassily, now a lieutenant general in the Red Air Force, and Svetlana, since married to a professor at Moscow University. Her eyes glowed when she spoke of them, and I could see that the children had found a new mother.

Finally, she turned to me and asked, "And what does a young American do in Moscow?"

She turned pale when I told her I was a newspaperman. "Oh, I did not know that," she said. "Please do not write anything about our conversation this afternoon."

I laughed and assured her I would not write about the incident. But she was not reassured; it seemed that her fears increased. White-faced, she clutched my arm and pleaded.

"I don't know what would happen to me. I would be sent back to Georgia—and the children need me."

After I had repeated my promise not to write about our afternoon, she said, "Someday, when you are back in your own country, you may tell of our meeting if you still wish to do so. But not now—not for many years."

I think Olga's death has finally released me from that promise.

THE END

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Some Uncensored Footnotes to the Forrestal Diaries

(Continued from page 41)

oil. As a climax, Drew Pearson screamed that Forrestal was a personal coward, that he had once run out of his house and abandoned his wife to burglars.

The smear effort raged through January, February, and March, and by March Forrestal appeared dazed and depressed. On April first, Forrestal attended the swearing-in ceremony for his successor. He wept openly. The President insisted on decorating him—and Forrestal wept while the President was pinning on the medal, for he considered the gesture an insult. He walked back with Admiral Louis Denfeld, and told the admiral he was going to Florida to play some golf.

ON APRIL fifth, Ferdinand Eberstadt in Washington phoned Robert A. Lovett in Hobe Sound, Florida. Mr. Eberstadt reported that Forrestal was ill.

Four hours later, just at dusk, a big Air Force Constellation, the Dew Drop, circled and landed at a small, deserted field near Hobe Sound. Waiting was a single automobile in which were Mr. and Mrs. Lovett and Mrs. Forrestal. The door of the airplane opened, and a small ladder was dropped.

"I looked up and saw him standing in the door," Mr. Lovett recalls, "and he looked so pitiful. He was alone. And he didn't look like the man I had known at all. He looked like a little, old Irishman. His eyes were sunk, and I couldn't see his upper lip. As he came stumbling down that ladder, I reached up and caught him under the arms."

After he had greeted the two women, Forrestal stood under the tail of the airplane and told Mr. Lovett that "they" had got him, that he was being followed, that his telephones were tapped, and he broke into tears as he said: "They're going to catch us unprepared, Bob; American soldiers will be dying in a year."

During the evening he was quiet, but the following day he was worse. Mr. Lovett telephoned Washington and next day Forrestal's personal attorney, John Cahill, of New York, arrived with Dr. William Menninger and Dr. George Raines. The illness was diagnosed as "occupational fatigue," and Forrestal was returned to the Naval Hospital.

Perhaps the Diaries will shed some light on what happened during the seven weeks Forrestal was at Bethesda.

Forrestal, in his sixteenth-floor suite, spent most of his time entirely alone. Mrs. Forrestal sailed for Europe on April twelfth. Two of the people who visited the hospital were his older brother, Henry Forrestal, and Monsignor Sheehy.

Early in 1949, Forrestal had asked Father Sheehy, along with his brother, to help him return to the Catholic Church. To facilitate this return, some investigation had been made into Mrs. Forrestal's previous divorce.

Forrestal was admitted to the hospital by Captain B. W. Hogan, and Captain Hogan noted that Forrestal insisted on being listed as a Catholic. His first request was to see Father Sheehy. This request was noted by Captain Hogan, but for reasons not yet explained, Captain Raines, the psychiatrist in charge, kept delaying a meeting between Forrestal and Father Sheehy.

On April twelfth, Henry Forrestal visited the hospital and talked with his

brother as well as with Captains Hogan and Raines.

"Jim looked better than I expected," Henry Forrestal recalls. "His eyes seemed clear; he was sharp and incisive. He said, 'I'll be all right. We'll pull out of this.'"

What worried Henry Forrestal was the confinement in Bethesda. He told Captains Hogan and Raines: "What my brother needs is not to be cooped up there on the sixteenth floor. He needs to be on an estate somewhere, among friends, where he can walk around in the sun. He has been an exceedingly active man."

Mr. Forrestal asked Captain Raines, "Is my brother fundamentally okay?" Captain Raines said, "Yes."

Henry Forrestal also told the doctors that his brother wished to talk with Father Sheehy. Captain Hogan replied, according to Mr. Forrestal: "Yes, he has asked to see the Father several times. And, of course, he will."

On May tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, Henry Forrestal again visited the hospital. Meanwhile Father Sheehy had visited the hospital six times, each time asking to be allowed to see Forrestal and each time being denied permission.

Father Sheehy got the impression that the doctors were under orders in the case, so he sought the aid of John L. Sullivan, Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Sullivan called Dr. Raines and was assured that Father Sheehy could see the patient "in time." But the time never came.

Henry Forrestal had a travel reservation to Washington for Sunday, May twenty-second. He was going to make another effort to obtain his brother's release. But this effort, too, was too late.

Around midnight on Saturday, May twenty-first, high up in the white monolith of the hospital, Forrestal sat reading Greek poetry and thinking back over his life. As he reflected, with his frustrations welling up inside him, he apparently concluded that he had lost his reasons for being.

He slowly read and pondered the chorus from Sophocles' "Ajax":

Oh, when pride of Graecia's noblest race,
Wanders, as now, in darkness and disgrace,
When Reason's day
Sets rayless, joyless, quenched in cold decay,
Better to die, and sleep
The never-waking sleep, than linger on,
And dare to live, when the soul's life is gone.

Forrestal then laid aside his book, pulled his robe around him, peeped cautiously into the hall, then dashed into a pantry, shoved out a screen, and plunged to his death.

THE GREATNESS of men is determined by what happens after they die. If events disclose that they were possessed of vision, then they were great and valuable; if only trouble comes as the result of their decisions, then they were less than great. By this rule, Forrestal will probably be acclaimed a great American long after the lesser men who contributed to his destruction have been forgotten. THE END

Who Is Russel Wright? (Continued from page 80)

"Wrong number!" and hang up before the caller can identify himself.

Wright's secretary, who obeys strict orders to dream up appropriate reasons for his unavailability, has devised an efficient method of keeping gabby clients at bay. She checks their names against an elaborate "excuse chart" to be sure that the same pretext is not offered twice to any caller within a single week. This rigidly applied system, which is used for Wright's friends and relatives as well as his clients, sometimes leads to trouble. Last summer, for instance, his father-in-law phoned and asked for a word with him. He was told that Wright could not come to the phone because he was in bed with four broken ribs. "By heaven, I've never heard that one before," he said curtly and rang off. No one has yet really convinced him that Wright, who had tumbled down a cliff near his summer home in Garrison, New York, actually had injured himself.

Late every afternoon his secretary hands him a sheaf of messages and stands by as Wright, visibly affected by the ordeal, reaches for the telephone and talks to the most important callers.

When at work, Wright's concentration is fierce and unceasing. At eight-thirty every morning, after breakfasting with his pretty wife, Mary, and their year-old daughter, Anne, he emerges from his converted brownstone and walks the few paces to his office and studio next door. If he has no appointments, he wears stained and patched gabardine pants, a frayed sports shirt, and old shoes. He may labor twelve straight hours over his drafting board perfecting his design for, say, a cup handle, the legs of a folding metal chair, or the melon-shaped base of a ceramic lamp.

HIS SECRETARY, who regards him much as a governess regards a wayward charge, and his staff of eight draftsmen, modelmakers, and apprentices are accustomed to his eccentricities and are seldom surprised by anything he does. His mood, they report, may switch within the hour from tight-lipped conscientiousness to the conviviality of a jovial innkeeper. After complaining about too much noise in the studio, he may circulate among his employees minutes later offering them shots of whisky out of paper cups. At other times he will hang a "Do Not Disturb" sign on his chair, and shush anyone who comes within ten feet.

Wright's inbred suspicion of things urban has given him a sense of foreboding even in circumstances that ought to elate him. Thus when he is about to close a deal he may gloomily suggest to his staff that the client will renege before sundown. With the contract sealed and delivered, he predicts that the manufacturer will go bankrupt before the designs are finished. Later he advances the theory that the factory putting out the Wright-designed product will be razed by flood, earthquake, or fire.

Wright's handling of financial matters keeps his staff entertained. Recently, having decided that his overhead was running too high, he insisted on strict economy in the use of electricity, plaster and clay, pencils, paper, and other materials. A week later he spent about a hundred dollars on an elaborate farewell party for an apprentice who had worked for him only a few short months.

On another occasion, when the studio needed reflooring, he hit upon the idea of saving money by using lumber hewn from his own forty-four acres in the country. On weekends he chopped down the trees himself, had them hauled to a sawmill, and the finished boards trucked to New York. There they were kiln-dried, trimmed to size, and laid. Everyone agreed it was a beautiful floor. Then his secretary introduced him to some disquieting economic data: The total cost had amounted to three times as much as that quoted by a local contractor; and this didn't include Wright's own labor or the cost of shipping a sizable surplus of the floor boards back to the country. "Most perplexing" was Wright's sole comment.

Another time his secretary, rummaging through an old filing cabinet, found some dusty savings-account books with entries totaling seven thousand dollars. Wright sighed nostalgically when she drew them to his attention. "Spent it years ago," he murmured.

He was wrong—and suddenly seven thousand dollars richer.

WRIGHT's gift for modern design springs from a childhood distaste for what he calls the "inflexible stuffiness" of our custom-bound ancestors. His first chance to revolt against Victorian bric-a-brac and other cherub-swarming frippery came when, at thirteen, he took on his first assignment. He redecorated a drugstore window in Lebanon, Ohio, which, when Wright was born there in 1904, was a small country village of a

few hundred souls. The result was a small streamlined masterpiece, widely unappreciated by the local populace.

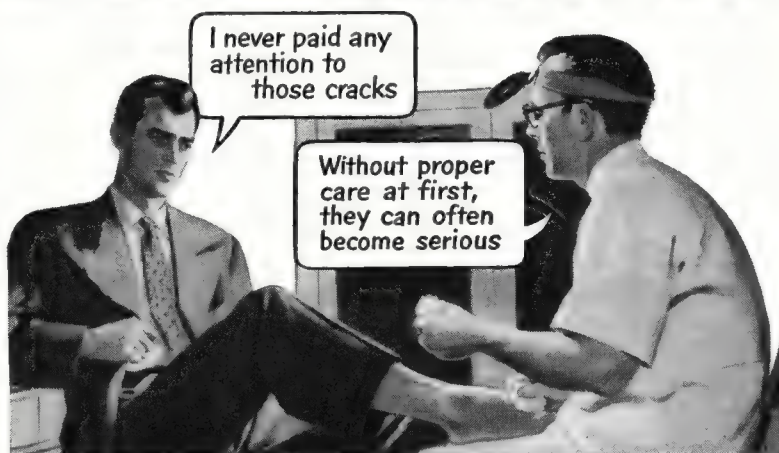
Wright's parents were also unimpressed. His father, Judge Willard Wright, tolerated Russel's odd departure from family traditions in the wishful belief that the lad was merely overflowing with the rebellious spirits of youth, and would eventually settle down to practice law, the career followed by three generations of Wrights. His hope began to fade when, at sixteen, Russel won the first and second sculpture prizes in the Tiffany World War I Memorial Competition.

A YEAR later, his father packed him off to Princeton, where Russel was supposed to prepare himself for Harvard Law School. Instead, he plunged into the more glamorous study of designing sets and costumes for the university's famous Triangle Club and Theatre Intime—and the notion of himself as a courtroom prosecutor was lost in the lure of the stage.

Not unnaturally, Wright's scholastic performance at Princeton was an academician's nightmare. But his rapid development as a scenic designer and stage-prop maker soon led to a job offer from Norman Bel Geddes, who had spotted the young man when the Triangle Club brought a show to New York.

Wright quit Princeton, did two Broadway productions as one of Bel Geddes' assistants, and spent the next five years working for the Theatre Guild, the Neighborhood Playhouse, and sundry independent producers and stock companies. He spent one summer at an

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artists' colony in Woodstock, New York, where, for bed and board, he dressed up its annual festival. He built a spectacular papier-mâché circus, complete with imitation horses, seals, lions, leopards, and elephants—and lingered in Woodstock to woo and win an attractive young art student named Mary Einstein.

Back in New York City, Wright, while waiting for the fall theatrical season to open, amused himself by modeling plaster miniatures of his circus animals. His new bride, more enterprising than he, carted them to a giftware shop on New York's high-toned Fifty-seventh Street. She returned triumphant with an order for a hundred horses, and Russel, slightly dazed, abandoned the theatre and went into business.

The horses, cast from molds and finished in shiny chromium plating, met with such gratifying public response that Wright was soon snowed under by substantial orders. Purchasers included the then Prince of Wales, who wanted a seal for his mother, Queen Mary; Leopold Stokowski; silent movie star Gilda Gray; and Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

Wright's new wealth provided him with his first close inspection of a hundred-dollar bill, an event he found disturbing. He associated banks with urban trickery and preferred to stuff the proceeds of his animal sales into a milk bottle. One day he absent-mindedly placed the bottle, containing seven hundred dollars, outside the apartment door along with the empties. That, not surprisingly, was the last he ever saw of it.

By 1931, with the Depression slowly strangling the giftware market, Wright began to think in terms of making life easier for the average servantless housewife. His contribution to her comfort was a line of aluminum utensils attractive enough to bring straight from stove to table, thus cutting down on afterdinner pot scouring; and a revolutionary set of informal serving accessories—cheese-and-cracker boards, bun warmers, sandwich humidors, ice buckets, etc.—that were to streamline the new American etiquette of casual buffet-style entertaining.

This enterprise, which marked Wright's debut as an industrial designer, was at first only a qualified success. Wright found out why when he dropped in at a New York department store one afternoon. Because the aluminum pieces were of such unusually modern design, salesgirls were displaying many of them upside down. A frenzied check on other stores told the same dismal story. Wright didn't have the temerity to enlighten the salesgirls. But when Mary heard of it, she embarked on a spirited campaign to correct displays in stores all over the East, visiting as many as twenty in a month. The buying public caught on fast, and the Wrights set up a factory and showroom in a converted stable.

AN UNTOWARD incident then threatened disaster. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt called to complain that a bun warmer had ruined the surface of a valuable antique table. She suggested that Wright do something about it before her lawyers did. At considerable expense, Wright had the antique repaired. What followed was a sociological wonder: Wealthy dowagers drove up to Wright's showroom and purchased aluminumware in quantity. As near as anyone could figure, the society ladies acted on the theory that a bun warmer handsome enough to stand on

Mrs. Vanderbilt's antique table was, despite the hazards involved, just the thing for them.

In the years that followed, Wright styled lamps made out of bamboo, hemp, polished woods, and light metals; fiber rugs, upholstery, and drapery textiles; and a number of complete sets of modern living-room furniture. "Blond Maple," which featured a transparent lacquered finish instead of the usual dark-stain polish, was turned down for months by

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SEATING CAPACITY

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*I used to like upholstered chairs
When I was in my prime.
Now hard straight chairs will do,
for though
They're not upholstered, I'm.*

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every important manufacturer to whom he showed it. At last, Wright persuaded Charles Shaughnessy, a Macy vice-president, to look at some samples. "It was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime," Wright recalls. Even as he lugged a few of the pieces into Shaughnessy's office and handed over a folder of sketches, the vice-president began screaming for the store's furniture buyer. "This stuff is terrific!" he announced.

Blond Maple netted Wright a hundred thousand dollars in royalties.

BETWEEN assignments, Wright conceived the product that was to make his name a household word in America, ranking with such revered trademarks in the ancient craft of pottery as that of Wedgwood and Spode.

Efforts to get this now celebrated dinnerware into production stretched over two frustrating years, with Russel and Mary peddling the clay models from factory to factory and finding no one willing to consider his radical shapes, solid colors, and new glaze techniques. "Too extreme," manufacturers told them. "Besides, we could never mass-produce your textured glazes."

At length a factory tottering on the edge of bankruptcy decided to make the attempt. But production bogged down at a crucial stage, and a ceramics engineer was called in. "An impossible task," was his grim verdict. The experiment was abandoned.

The Wrights contacted the operator of a small kiln on Staten Island, a craftsman of the old European school who was proud of his skill in developing the most complicated glaze effects. Could he prove that mass production of Wright's models was feasible? He promised to do his best, and some weeks later he telephoned Wright. "The others were wrong," he said simply. "It can be done."

So the Wrights again stormed the industry, and in Steubenville, Ohio, found a manufacturer who agreed to take on the job if the Wrights would help finance the necessary retooling. After several false starts, Russel Wright dinnerware made its bow on store counters in the fall of 1939. But not until three years later did it become—in the words of George

Cohen, pottery buyer at Gimbels, New York—"The most sensational dinnerware on the market in my time."

Meanwhile, Wright had made a lamentable decision. Wearying of the irksome problems of production and distribution, he longed to get back to creative work. In 1942—a few short months before "American Modern" started its meteor-like climb on the sales chart—he sold his interest and royalty rights to Richards, Morgenthau & Company, a selling agency that has handled it ever since.

Despite its immense popularity, Wright's dinnerware is not without its vituperators. Some time ago an infuriated husband stomped into Bloomingdale's New York department store and charged Russell Wright with responsibility for breaking up his marriage. His wife was a Wright fan, and he hated the stuff. A separation followed when he hurled a dozen dishes to the floor in a futile effort to dominate her.

Among the many letters Wright receives are complaints that the cups slide precariously around on the saucers, that hot liquids cool too quickly in them, that the handles don't fit your fingers, and that teaspoons are always dropping off the saucers. The cream jug is flayed for its small capacity, and the teapot has been likened to a medical student's plaster model of the human stomach.

Last year, a New York shopping columnist called American Modern an "eccentric and vulgar product" foisted on the gullible American public by someone who possessed "more business acumen than talent."

Russel took this slap at his integrity without a whimper, but Mary was in-

censed. "You may think what you please about his talent," she snapped in a note to the columnist, "but to damn him for a business acumen he does not have is more than I can take—especially since the profits are missing." Mary, of course, was referring to Russel's ill-timed move in selling out.

This sort of criticism, however, has done nothing to harm Wright's reputation, and today he is one of the few American industrial designers who turns down nearly as many design projects as he accepts. Every year he selects about sixty items, mostly in the housewares field, and insists that the finished goods retail at a price the middle-income consumer can afford to pay.

He usually shuns the luxury trade. Recently he turned down an offer by a famous Swedish firm to design an expensive line of silverware, and even said no to two famous English potteries that asked him to model some high-priced china. On one occasion, a West Virginia manufacturer assured Wright he could make him a millionaire. All he had to do, the manufacturer explained, was permit the use of his name on a set of dishes the factory was already producing. Wright was to work out a couple of new glazes, and for this small service the company would pay him handsomely every year.

Wright, shocked at the thought of such artistic infidelity, declined.

THE WRIGHTS live quietly in their modern town house. Mary is now a designer of pottery in her own right, and works alone in a small studio on the top floor. They are full of praise for each other's work, and though they usually

eat off Russel's dinnerware, Mary gets to serve coffee in her own cups. This year, in collaboration with his wife, Russel Wright authored a book—*A Guide to Easier Living*—that emphasizes his ideas on simplified housekeeping methods and dust-free furnishings.

During the summer, the Wrights spend weekends at their Hudson Valley country home, furnished throughout in Blond Maple. Here Russel likes to fritter away afternoons diving in and out of an old swimming hole, and floating on an inflated rubber mattress while reading lusty classics like *Moby Dick*.

But basically, Wright is a chronic worrier. Never completely happy with his work, he sometimes urges a completely satisfied client to return a set of models for changes Wright regards as essential. If the client refuses, Wright will mournfully predict the failure of the product in the market place.

Last year this gnawing dissatisfaction with himself resulted in what several physicians suspected might be a stomach ulcer. Wright went on a diet, worried more, and worked harder. Finally, because the abdominal pains were getting worse and worse, he spent hours being examined and tested by Dr. Burrill Crohn, a top specialist at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital.

A day or so later Dr. Crohn called him back. "Young man," he said sternly. "I don't know who you are, but you're as healthy as a yoke! Eat, drink, and smoke all you want. Take your mind off yourself—go out and find some gainful employment!"

Wright hasn't felt a twinge since.

THE END

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Ardent Maestro (Continued from page 74)

one night in 1946 and spied Lorraine Allen rumbaing with Walter Winchell. The sight of her struck him like lightning. One of his orchestra's most popular selections is the "Walter Winchell Rumba," so gaining an introduction was easy. Coogie invited her to lunch the next day. A fast man with a Spanish proverb, he likes to say, "Ze first zing nezessary to win ze heart of a woman is ze opportunity."

BESIDES playing at the Mocambo, Cugat was making a movie, "Holiday in Mexico," and in his spare time writing a book about his life. In its pages he set down his feelings about Lorraine.

"She was one of the most sought-after and dated girls in Hollywood, but it was not her beauty alone that attracted me," he wrote. "It was her wise evaluation of things in general. She knew just when to laugh, just when to cry, just when to be serious, and when to be lighthearted and gay. She was unselfish, unassuming, unaffected, and took delight in extending herself to put others at ease." He concluded: "I knew Lorraine must be my wife."

Lorraine became Mrs. Cugat in Philadelphia in October, 1947, and only a few days later—Coogie says now—he would gladly have eaten his manuscript. Lorraine, he decided, was not quite sweet Lorraine.

They first quarreled over necklines. Lorraine was one of the first women in the country to wear plunging ones. Coogie approved of them for a fiancée, but not for a wife. "I do not like theese gowns," he informed her a few days after

the wedding. "Zey only make mens look at you."

"Of course," Lorraine replied.

As the months went by, Coogie began to feel that Lorraine loved a buck more than she loved him. His musicians noticed it, too. "What that girl would do for the penny, for the dime!" one says.

Before the wedding, Lorraine cheerfully traveled with the Cugat band, but afterward she objected to leaving her palatial Hollywood home. It was not the first time Cugat, whose business makes it impossible for him to stay put, had this cross to bear. "My first wife liked to stay in one place, my second didn't like to travel," he says unhappily.

According to Coogie, he would not have minded Lorraine's staying home if she had done so with a good book. But she didn't. He well remembers turning on the radio, after a performance in Washington, and hearing Louella Parsons list those present at a Hollywood night-club opening. "Lovely Lorraine Cugat was there with Spencer Martin," she said.

Coogie felt as if he had been stabbed. Still, he was not unmindful of the problems faced by a beautiful girl whose husband works while others play.

"Being ze wife of a bandleader iz verree tiresome," he explained once. "When eet ees sundown, a beauidful girl like Lorraine likes ze company of ze man she loves. But at sundown I got to go somewhere and play ze roomba. All night I play ze roomba. At ze same time, I am a Latin, and I cannot have another man entertain my wife while I work. I cannot do it eef eet keel me. I am too jealous."

Sometimes Lorraine sat with a married couple while Cugat played, but like any attractive girl, she wanted to dance. This caused trouble. From the Mocambo bandstand the maestro once watched Lorraine dance rumba after rumba with Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney's husband. Finally he could bear it no longer. He rushed at Cassini, throwing punches. None connected, but Coogie managed to injure a little finger. After the fracas, the Cugats issued statements. Lorraine's was baffling. "I'll do anything Coogie asks, if he'll just tell me beforehand," she said.

Coogie said simply, "We are not separated, just not speaking."

Coogie fled to New York; Lorraine followed; and for a time there appeared to be harmony. This was of sufficient importance to rate an interview by columnist Earl Wilson. At its end, Wilson said sternly, "Coogie, I'm writing this for next week. Do you think you two will be together a whole week?"

Cugat nodded. "Just about a week," he said.

THE MAESTRO blames two factors for his plight—income taxes and the feminine mind. "Sure, I make a million a year," he says, "but the Government takes eighty-four cents of every dollar. Also, I support a father, mother, and sister in Cuba. I have a company of thirty-five musicians, singers, and dancers, plus light and sound men. I have a personal manager, a business manager, advisers, and a secretary. One week I made twenty-one thousand dollars doubling between the Strand and the Astor Roof in New York. Out of that I didn't get enough to buy a new suit."

And the feminine mind, as Coogie sees it, adds to his problems by being unable to understand taxes and personal obligations. "It was bad enough with my first wife," he recalls. "She was Mexican, and in that country if you make a million you have a million and a half left. Besides, she didn't speak English hardly."

But the Chicago-born Lorraine understood no better. Says Coogie: "She thinks, 'My Lord, the fellow makes a million, and she asks three thousand a month until the divorce. Then she wants a settlement and five hundred a week for life. Imagine me, a Latin, paying her while she is married to someone else! I will pay her three hundred and fifty a week until she marries, and she can live until then in the palace that is our home. I will also pay her debts, but I cannot do more.'"

During the legal battle, Cugat, who like most top maestros has been making concert tours lately, has found a new kind of admirer waiting at the stage door. Discouraged, depressed-looking men take his hand and press it hard. "Don't give in," they beg. "I've been paying alimony for twenty years and look what it's done to me."

The Cugats' break came in Rio de Janeiro in 1949, after two years of matrimony. The final straw was a cocktail party given by the President of Brazil for Coogie, who was winding up a triumphant South American tour. It was the sort of function a man wants his wife to attend, but Lorraine was not of a mind to go. "They want to see you, not me," she said, and went off to a movie. Next day she flew to Hollywood and filed suit for divorce.

(It's here that the thousand chihuahuas

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come in, for Lorraine promptly froze Coogie's half-million-dollar California assets, including his Santa Monica chihuahua farm. She can't prevent the chihuahuas from multiplying, but she can keep them from being sold.)

When months passed, and Coogie failed to show up to be served with papers, Lorraine lashed out with a sixteen-page supplement to her suit, accusing Coogie of being intimate in "hotels, night clubs, and apartments" with three of the most beautiful girls in New York—Betty George, Jane Ball, and Abbe Lane. She also named three Jane Does, bringing Cugat's alleged infidelities up to six.

The charges saddened Coogie. "Zey only prove she never understand me," he said wistfully. "I am a Latin. I have always to be excited and in love wiz a girl. Never can I feel easy and relaxed about it. But eet ees only one girl. I am not a wolf. I could never love seex girls at one time."

Right now, Coogie—though the rumpus with Lorraine has caused him to lose his Latin laughter—is in love with Abbe Lane, the vocalist with his orchestra, who has just turned nineteen. He plans to marry her, and though friends of the maestro keep their fingers crossed over the upcoming matrimonial venture of the fifty-one-year-old Cugat, he anticipates it eagerly.

"I've always been married to nonprofessionals," he says. "I say to myself, Maybe zat iss what's wrong. Then Abbe comes along. She is young, beautiful, a professional. She is used to travel and to live in hotels. I close my eyes and say, 'Zees ees eet.'"

He might be right. Though still in her teens, the slim, lively Abbe is a troupier of vast experience. Indeed her precocity is even more astounding than that of Cugat. Although he was a violin prodigy at seven and first violinist of the Havana Symphony at eleven, Abbe was the darling of radio itty-bitty-kiddy hours at the age of four.

The daughter of stage-struck parents, she performed on the air until she was eight, then retired. At ten, at which age she could pass for fifteen, she was back. At sixteen, after graduating from the Professional Children's School, she walked into the office of producer George Abbott. Struck by her auburn-haired beauty, he gave her a job in "Barefoot Boy with Cheek." As a showgirl in "As the Girls Go," she did a number with Bobby Clark. It was in that show, in which she wore long black stockings and the briefest of costumes, that Coogie first saw her. "I saw her talent immediately," he says.

NOT UNTIL they appeared on a television show did the two meet. Coogie liked Abbe even better close up. She was now platinum blonde, and he was immediately struck with the idea that a blonde singer would be a stimulating contrast to his Latin music. He mentioned this and takes it as a tribute that Abbe, a show-business veteran at seventeen, was for the first time in her life nervous before an audition. "Such a case of severe shock," she recalls.

On a tour the tireless Cugat arranged, South American men went crazy over Abbe, whom they called "Abbe Lane-y." To the fury of Montevideo señoritas, she was chosen Queen of Carnival there, and all types of males, with and without guitars, used every known stratagem to approach her. Some of them got by Coogie, who was not yet her official fiancé,

only to find themselves face to face with Abbe's mother, Mrs. Grace Lassman, of Brooklyn. "That mother, she is a hawk," one Latin swain was heard to mutter as he abandoned efforts to contact Abbe.

Cugat and others point with pride to the fact that Mrs. Lassman almost always chaperons Abbe on trips with the band. When once she did not, the results were disastrous.

LAST JANUARY, while Coogie and Abbe filled a booking at the Edgewater Beach in Chicago, Mrs. Lassman remained in New York to minister to her ailing husband. One night Lorraine walked into Abbe's hotel room, followed by five detectives.

Versions differ as to what followed.

According to Lorraine, she found Coogie sitting on a chair playing with the two chihuahuas he features with his music. Abbe was scampering around with no clothes on. "She let out a screech, grabbed a décolleté dress, held it to her neck, and gasped," Lorraine recalls.

Coogie and Abbe dispute this. In their version, Abbe was in the bathroom changing from work clothes to street clothes preparatory to accompanying Coogie to an all-night horror movie. "I had briefs and a dress on," Abbe states vigorously. "Lorraine's story is a tissue of baseless, ridiculous, and vile falsehoods."

Whatever Abbe was wearing—and Lorraine claims to have photographs of Abbe's reflection in a mirror that prove she had nothing on—the arrival of Lorraine and the detectives was a nasty shock.

"I'll never forget their faces," says Lorraine with relish. "I stared at Abbe and she stared at me, and there was Coogie with a sickly grin on his face. He pulled himself together and was very gentlemanly about the whole thing, but there was a lot of yakety-yakety-yak from that girl. Finally she dashed into the bathroom and came back dressed in street clothes and a mink coat." She adds pensively, "It was a better mink coat than mine."

Considering her raid an unqualified success, Lorraine upped her alimony demands to three and a half thousand dollars a month. "She wants a right arm, a left leg, plus half a million dollars," Coogie exclaimed when he heard this. Still, he was more concerned with other aspects of the raid. "She is trying to ruin Abbe—that lovely bit of heaven," he said sadly. "Justice must be done in this matter. Abbe is a young, unspoiled girl of the cleanest reputation—the cleanest of anyone in the world."

All justice, however, will be left to lawyers, for immediately after the raid Coogie, Abbe, and Mrs. Lassman took off on another South American tour, during which Abbe is appearing as a Latin type, having reverted to her natural black hair. "Being as I'm so young," she says, explaining the change, "I didn't want to appear cheap."

After South America, the Cugat troupe will embark for Europe on the sort of tour the shrewd Cugat delights in arranging. (And if you don't think he's shrewd, consider the fact that he got himself paid \$80,000 when a movie company bought the novel *Mr. and Mrs. Cugat*, which wasn't about him at all.) Because he cannot take currency out of the countries he will visit, Coogie has applied his wits to getting paid in commodities that can be sold in this country.



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I Wish I'd Said That!

A game to increase and improve your vocabulary

BY LINCOLN HODGES

Here's an exercise in the art of conversation. First comes a statement made to you; then three replies you might make, only one of which proves that you get the drift. If you pick 9 or 10 right, you're superb; 8, just wonderful; 7, average-plus. Correct answers are explained below:

- 1 That's her womanly *wont*.
(A) Her way? (B) Her will? (C) Her whim?
- 2 Life isn't all beer and *skittles*.
(A) I never ate any. (B) I never danced one. (C) I never played it.
- 3 He had a *motley* crew to work with.
(A) Rough, tough, and disorderly. (B) Rag, tag, and bob-tail. (C) Silly, stupid, and foolish.
- 4 Your attitude is *factious*.
(A) You think I'm quarrelsome? (B) You think I'm joking? (C) You think I'm jittery?
- 5 We camped by the *tumid* stream.
(A) It was sluggish? (B) It was muddy? (C) It was swollen?
- 6 We camped by the *turgid* stream.
(A) It was sluggish? (B) It was muddy? (C) It was swollen?
- 7 He scorns *temporal* matters.
(A) He's a man of the world. (B) He's very spiritual. (C) He's never on time.
- 8 Our *entity* is threatened!
(A) Our welcome? (B) Our rights? (C) Our very existence?
- 9 That was a *sophomoric* speech.
(A) Very deep! (B) Very shallow! (C) Lasted two years!
- 10 Their decision was *arbitrary*.
(A) An ultimatum? (B) A compromise? (C) A truce?

ANSWERS

- 1 A Wont (WANT, WUNT, or WONT) is custom, habit.
- 2 C Skittles (SKIT-lz) is a game of ninepins. The phrase beer and skittles means relaxation; i.e., enjoyment and play.
- 3 B Motley (MOTT-lee) means composed of different, unmatched elements; it is an old word for a cloth of mixed miscellaneous colors.
- 4 A Factious (FACK-shus) means quarrelsome, dissention, as one faction of a party usually disagrees with the others.
- 5 C Tumid (TOO-mid) is little changed from the Latin *tumidus*, swollen.
- 6 C Turgid (TER-jid) also means swollen. It, too, merely drops the *us* from its Latin source, *turgidus*.
- 7 B Temporal (TEM-puh-r'l), though derived from the Latin *tempus*, time, is most used in the sense of worldly, material as opposed to spiritual—that is, pertaining to this life and not to the hereafter.
- 8 C An entity (EN-tuh-tee) is something with a distinct and separate existence. It stems from *ens*, part of the Latin verb to be.
- 9 B Sophomoric (SAHF-uh-MOR-ik) means like a second-year college student; hence, superficial and immature. The word combines the Greek *sophos*, wise, and *moros*, foolish.
- 10 A Arbitrary (AR-bih-trair-ee) means despotic or absolute; reached without reason. An arbiter is one having absolute power of judging.

In France he will get champagne. In Italy, oil. And so on.

In Spain, Cugat will be received with the greatest enthusiasm, for though he left the country at the age of five, he is still considered a local boy who made good on a world scale. His Spanish concerts will be held in bull rings. Nothing else is big enough.

Proceeds from these and other concerts will promptly be converted into cash and paid out to those on Coogie's sizable pay roll. Some will go to the two gardeners who keep up his California estate. More will go to the men who take care of the thousand homeless little dogs on his chihuahua farm.

But none—unless she suddenly becomes more reasonable—is earmarked for the lovely Lorraine. THE END

Fashion Photographer

(Continued from page 17)

cents an hour posing nude before art classes. She soon tired of this ("At heart I'm a self-conscious girl," Miss Bassman says, "and besides I like to eat well") and took a course in art direction and fashion illustration.

This was the beginning of her way up. Then she went to work for Harper's *Bazaar* and *Junior Bazaar*, finally switching to photography, which impressed her as an effective way of putting across some of her more unorthodox fashion ideas. Her ideas clicked. Today, still in her early thirties, she is an authority in fashion photography. She has become so skilled at dreaming up unique ways to take lingerie pictures that she is known among her intimates as the "girdle queen of the U.S.A." She considers this extravagant praise, but is flattered.

Miss Bassman is considered the originator of a new era of fashion photography. While carrying out an assignment, she works in the manner of some motion-picture directors, eliciting the aid of bystanders, doormen, small boys, policemen, and perhaps a woman walking her pet poodle. As a result, her pictures seem impromptu, almost unposed—yet, somehow, the policeman, the poodles, and the small boys fade into the background, and you see only the brassiere, the girdle, or the mink coat, and suddenly you can't wait to go out and buy them.

The secret of her success is simple, she says: Just know your product and your model, and if anyone gets in your hair, get him out—even if it means hitting him on the head with a tripod.

MISS BASSMAN lives in a mid-town Manhattan apartment, and as a hobby, she cleans house and cooks. She is a specialist, she wistfully thinks, in a recipe containing chicken and sour cream.

As for taking pictures in her spare time—well, don't be silly. That's the way she makes a living. Only once a year does she relax with a camera. That's when she takes a picture of her husband, which goes into a photograph album, as a sort of annual memento. The last one showed him standing under an ancient statue in Italy, with a sausage sandwich in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. Creative? Of course not—but what the hell, says Miss Bassman, now and then even a fashion photographer becomes a tourist. THE END

The New Hospitality

(Continued from page 78)

chair, from an end table, or even on the floor.

If you don't have one dining table large enough to serve as your buffet counter, use several small tables, including folding bridge tables.

A buffet party belongs to the guests as much as to host and hostess. The guests take a share in serving themselves and also in entertaining each other. You'll often find your most successful buffet parties splitting into small, self-sufficient groups—with talk apt to be more spontaneous than the general discussion at a seated dinner table. Don't spoil it by managing; now that you don't have to worry about what course is to be served next, relax and have as good a time as your guests.

USE PREPARED foods as much as possible. You can really be creative about this between-meal larder.

- Have a collection of canned and packaged snack foods to draw from, not forgetting potato chips, pretzels, peanuts, etc.
- Go on food hunts in the foreign delicatessens. Swedish and Italian stores, for instance, will provide you with really wonderful cheeses, hors d'oeuvres, and relishes.
- Look for unusual crackers, too; matzoths, sea toast, celery-flavored crackers.
- Buy unusual foreign breads—Jewish rye and Italian and French breads heated a few minutes in the oven are wonderful with spreads, cold cuts, cheese.
- You don't have to make canapés yourself. Put the ingredients in bowls and leave it to your guests to spread them on crackers, toast, bread, or potato chips.
- Have hors d'oeuvres that require little or no work for you: green or ripe olives, chilled raw vegetables (carrot "needles," white radishes, celery), or shrimps to be dipped into bowls of mayonnaise or other dressing. Or use small hot cocktail sausages, fish balls, or anchovies plus olives on toothpicks. Or you can serve salamis and other sausage meats, sturgeon and other salt fish.
- And don't forget to include cheese and crackers—on trays designed especially for this combination.

One of the greatest causes of confusion among guests—and added work for hosts—is offering a great variety of cocktails and liquors. Preparing one kind of cocktail (plus one kind of highball, if you feel it's necessary) may not look as bountiful, but experience has shown us it satisfies almost everyone, and is far more practical.

In the new hospitality, ease, efficiency, and work-saving rate higher than conformity to dead, useless forms. We hope we have convinced you that this does not mean that our informal entertaining is without its own charm and warmth and grace. It is simply of a different kind than was once considered "proper." Etiquette changes with the times. As it was once geared to our grandparents' way of life, it is now emerging out of our own. So don't look back but, as exponents of the new etiquette, help to create it!

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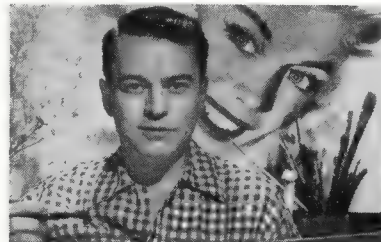
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How to Stay Healthy This Winter (Continued from page 57)

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Its use can help correct cases of retarded growth. It helps some intestinal disturbances.

Insufficient intake is responsible for many cases of dimness of vision, high sensitivity to bright light, watering of the eyes, scratchy, burning sensation of the eyeballs, and in some instances, cataracts.

4. Not true: It will give you sparkling eyes and that schoolgirl you-know-what, and eliminate your elimination problems.

5. Your daily needs: Official minimum daily requirement: 2 mg.

National Research Council recommends 1.8 mg. for men; 1.5 mg. for women; 2.5 mg. during pregnancy; 3 mg. while nursing.

6. Good natural sources: Liver, lean beef, milk, eggs, cheese, green leafy vegetables.

7. The vitamin robbers: Exposure of the food to sunlight.

1. Other names or forms: Ascorbic acid.

2. Science definitely knows: It is essential to normal growth, healthy teeth, and firm gums. It prevents scurvy.

It speeds up the healing of surgical wounds.

3. Scientific evidence indicates: It increases your resistance to infections and is helpful in preventing tooth decay in children.

It has proved effective, therapeutically, in the treatment of some cases of pneumonia, rheumatic fever, whooping cough, and ulcers.

4. Not true: Take enough and you'll never catch another cold.

5. Your daily needs: Official minimum daily requirement: 30 mg.

National Research Council recommends 75 mg. for men; 70 mg. for women; 100 mg. during pregnancy; 150 mg. while nursing.

Many investigators feel that optimum health over the full life span is best secured by obtaining all the vitamin C that the body can hold, a state known as saturation.

It is reported by Professor Henry C. Sherman that saturation is believed to require amounts about one-third greater than those recommended by the National Research Council.

6. Good natural sources: Fresh citrus fruits and their freshly squeezed juices, and tomatoes, cabbage, green and red peppers.

7. The vitamin robbers: Illness. Cooking in water. The wilting, crushing, chopping, drying, and even simple storage of foods.



1. Other names or forms: Cod-liver oil, viosterol, calciferol, irradiated ergosterol, vitamin D₂, vitamin D₃.

2. Science definitely knows:

It is essential to the body's proper utilization of calcium and phosphorus, and so vital to the development of normal bones and teeth. Deficiency leads to stunted skeletal growth, rickets, and bone lesions.

3. Scientific evidence indicates: Massive doses of this vitamin have been used in treating arthritis, psoriasis, and some allergies, but without conclusive results.

4. Not true: Farewell to the dentist's drill.

5. Your daily needs: Official minimum daily requirement: 400 I.U.

According to the National Research Council, most adults, except the aged and persons completely shielded from the sun-light, have little need for supplementary vitamin D. But infants, children up to the age of twenty, and pregnant and nursing women require 400 I.U. daily.

(WARNING: Excessively large doses of many thousands of units taken daily can have serious toxic effect.)

6. Good natural sources: Fish-liver oils, vitamin-D-fortified milk, unfiltered sunlight on exposed portions of the body.

7. The vitamin robbers: Insufficient bile in the intestinal tract. Lack of sunshine. City smoke and soot.

THE END

Movie Citations (Continued from page 13)

re-inspired. I am giving the *Cosmopolitan* Citation for the Best Drama of the Month to "David and Bathsheba."

"A PLACE IN THE SUN," which is Theodore Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*, is a really fine picture, tragic, yet true, directed by George Stevens, for my money one of our best directors.

The essential mood and impact of Dreiser's masterpiece has not been lost by bringing it up to 1950, with a locale that could be "Anywhere, U.S.A." and modern dialogue, costumes, and settings. The plot has been revised so that the farm-factory girl, with whom the boy has an affair only because of loneliness, drowns by accident rather than intent. This change makes the story even more tragic than Dreiser's original; the young man's death becomes more poignant because of his innocence. Harry Brown and Michael Wilson, the script writers, in conjunction with Stevens' starkly honest direction, have done much to illuminate the confused morality of our time by making it clear that the apparently "bad" girl is really the moralist and the protected "good" girl is actually the unscrupulous one. Yet all three people in this hopeless triangle are sincere.

The love scenes between Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift as two young people caught in the trap of entirely different social worlds are achingly real. Shelley Winters, as the dull, unwed expectant mother, wearing no make-up and with her usually blonde hair a lusterless brown, does her best work yet.

In support of the three stars, each individually brilliant, Raymond Burr as the district attorney, and Shepperd Strudwick and Frieda Inescort as Elizabeth Taylor's troubled parents, are excellent.

"A Place in the Sun" receives the *Cosmopolitan* Citation as the Best Tragedy of the Month.

Impudent as a false mustache on a Greek statue, Frank Capra's "Here Comes the Groom" comes frisking into this month of Biblical grandeur and American tragedy. You've seen the plot dozens of times—it's the oldie about the girl who has waited too long for a carefree guy and is about to marry a rich, stuffy fellow. The star you have seen dozens of times, too—a bald-headed, squat-figured, nonyouthful personage named Bing Crosby. The tunes that Bing warbles aren't particularly original, either. There's one called "Misto Cristoforo Colombo," in which Bingo is joined by some large fry named Dorothy Lamour, Phil Harris, Louis Armstrong, Cass Daley, Frank Fontaine, and Four Hits and a Miss. There's another entitled "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening," dueted by Bing and the leading lady of this opus, Jane Wyman. There is Franchot Tone, as the stuffy suitor, and Alexis Smith, as a society girl, plus a couple of young French war orphans. Even if you are blind in one eye and nearsighted in the other, you can see every plot twist and turn at ninety paces.

And all this doesn't matter a bit because the picture is delightful.

It's as obvious as a summer sunset, sweet as fresh-strawberry ice cream on a hot day, refreshing as buttercups, and if you don't go see this for the sheer fun of it, you're plumb silly.

Bing is Bing—and who could ask for anything more? If you think you need to know plot details, he's a newspaperman for whom Jane Wyman has waited three years. Jane, no "Johnny Belinda" in this, is chic and gay and pretty as a pink cloud, and dances delightfully. Franchot Tone is so sympathetic that Jane's nearly falling for him makes a lot of sense, and Alexis Smith actually registers warmth. The little French boy is played by a youngster named Jacky Gancel, who is

delightful. Frank Capra's direction has all his old-time magic and style.

In other words, I am giving "Here Comes the Groom" the *Cosmopolitan* Citation for the Best Comedy of the Month because I had such a fine time at it and I'm sure you'll have the same.

BACK to another sober drama of great worth, "Bright Victory" is a thought-provoking picture produced by Universal International, and directed by Mark Robson. Robson's avowed purpose in directing is to stimulate the audience's mind as well as emotions. He believes "Bright Victory" is the most provocative film he has ever presented, his "Home of the Brave" and "Champion" notwithstanding. There is good reason to agree.

Adapted to the screen by producer-writer Robert Buckner from the novel *Lights Out* by Baynard Kendrick, "Bright Victory" tells of the triumphant fight of a blinded veteran to return to an almost normal life. While it is tragic that such a film should be timely in American life, the picture itself is not tragic but inspiring, aflame with the triumph of the spirit over the destruction of war.

For its over-all merit, "Bright Victory" should have a *Cosmopolitan* Citation. Robson's direction is consistently understanding and brilliant. James Edwards, the Negro actor who was so fine in "Home of the Brave," is even better here. Peggy Dow is honest and understanding as just the kind of girl every veteran should come home to. In fact, the whole cast is excellent. But Arthur Kennedy is the star. The *Cosmopolitan* Citation for the Best Performance of the Month must go to him for the manner in which he has enriched the leading role with so much sensitive insight and intuition that you share both his darkness and his final enlightenment. It is a wonderful piece of work.

THE END



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The Ten Commandments—Why They Work Today! (Continued from page 35)

anyway, and she implores you to end her agony. Is it wrong to release her?"

Euthanasia is a remedy far worse than the disease. It does not take human nature into account. If mercy killings were made legal, terrible things would come to pass. Even now men and women do secret murder to gain inheritance or insurance money, to free themselves for a new partner, or for other squalid motives, risking death in the electric chair for ignoble gains. Euthanasia would open the door of temptation to doctors and officials—the stakes would be high. No legal safeguards could ever eliminate conspiracies of greed.

Moreover, any lessening of respect for life is a danger to free people. In a republic, the right to life is inviolable, but under dictatorships, the old and the ill are exterminated, and anyone can be liquidated.

More than assassination is included in the law that makes life sacred. It is every man's duty to take proper care of his own spiritual and bodily well-being, and he must look also to the health of those under his care. The implications of the Commandment forbid quarrels and fighting, anger, hatred, revenge, drunkenness, and bad example. Jesus, whose purpose was not to destroy but to fulfill these same laws, made the larger meaning quite clear:—

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment.

Even excessive eating and drinking are included in the antimurder command; has not many a man dug his own grave with his teeth?

"YOU SHALL not commit adultery." The dictionary says adultery is "the sexual intercourse of two persons, either of whom is married to a third person," but immediately afterward it broadens the meaning to include all unchastity and unfaithfulness; any lewdness of act or thought. Here the dictionary follows Jesus, who used these words:

But I say to you that whosoever shall look on a woman to lust after her has already committed adultery with her in his heart.

So we are asked to be pure and modest in our behavior and our thoughts. Does anyone doubt that this Commandment is needed today? There is no need to rehearse the current licentiousness. It is aided and abetted by erotic books, plays, and pictures, and in various other ways. Against the codes of morals and manners and of good taste raised by society to protect itself, there are countless little men who use their energies to invent innuendoes, slipping foul but covert inferences, references, and associations into radio and television jokes, cartoons and popular songs. They work for the delectation of dirty minds. When out of work, some of them no doubt write words on walls. Even in the embraces of lawful marriage, such persons can commit adultery by their lascivious cheapness and brutishness.

But the answer to concupiscence is not to change our code and make violations lawful because there are more sinners than saints, but to go back to the old concepts of love and family life that

lift passion above the tawdry and the vulgar. In the human heart there remains a deathless ideal of chastity—one man, one woman, one love under one God. This world can do with a little purifying through that wise and beautiful Commandment.

AND: "You shall not steal." At a time when many people want to abolish private property—especially those who have none to abolish—this Commandment seethes with meaning.

Some conservatives hold that the prohibition of theft is, of itself, an endorsement of property rights. But the Commandment goes much further than simple or compound thievery. By those four strong and simple words we are held to a strict code of personal conduct: to pay our bills; to live up to our business agreements; to avoid debts beyond our ability to pay. We are not to live beyond our means, hoping that God will sometime, somehow pull us out of a hole. That is not a reliance on God's abundance; it is presumption, in itself a great transgression. "Better a little with justice

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AS USUAL

R. S. Sullivan

*This season, it seems,
Is run of the mill.
Though the fish will not,
The mosquitoes will.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

than great revenues with iniquity," is one of the Bible's Proverbs.

Among the offenders of the law against stealing are the black marketeers and those who patronize them; smugglers, bribers, and takers of bribes; game-fixers and workers who pad expense accounts. Equally thievish are the employee who loafs on the job and the big shot who arrives half an hour late for an appointment—both steal time, which is irreplaceable. Salesmen who misrepresent their merchandise are robbing us, as are peddlers of dubious stocks, and avaricious employers: any and all who take advantage of ignorance or necessity.

Would not we be better off if the Commandment against stealing were obeyed? If no merchant used false measure? If the butcher's hand never weighted down the balance of the scales? And if Pop did not rejoice and pocket the money when the gas company made a mistake in the bill?

THEN: "You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor."

It must be clear that society must break down and fall apart if men cannot trust the words of other men.

By the form of this divine law, we are asked to speak the truth in all things, but most especially in what concerns the good name and honor of others—this in today's world, where the big lie has been exalted into a political weapon, chief tool of the current code of propaganda and expediency.

The truth-telling Commandment forbids us to write libel, to utter slander, de-traction, calumny, or even to tell secrets that we ought to keep. A student lies when he cheats at an examination; we lie if we believe something harmful to another person's character without sufficient reason; all gossip is a violation, and even to listen with pleasure to tattling is morally wrong.

Can anyone doubt that this Commandment is still needed in every community?

Then we read:

You shall not covet your neighbor's wife.

Wife-coveting today is a national pastime in the forty-eight states. A woman is not a chattel, a kind of property, to be desired as a man envies another man's television set, yet often she is coveted just as ignobly, as something to be used. This Commandment affirms human dignity, and protects the sanctity and decency of marriage. It is the exaltation of domestic felicity and a condemnation of lust.

But the coveting of another man's material possessions is also forbidden:

Nor his house, nor his field, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his.

It is not wrong to desire material prosperity—only sophists deride decent human ambition and enterprise—but one must succeed only by honest and just practices. We are forbidden to be envious of the success of others, which is one of the principal sins of today's revolutionists, who raise up envy to be a virtue, along with hatred and contempt for those more prosperous.

Men who do achieve wealth by conspiratorial devices are mortal enemies of our free way of life; they sow the seeds of communism, sinning doubly by arousing hatred and envy in others, and by endangering freedom. "Some in their eagerness to get rich have strayed from the faith, and have involved themselves in many troubles," said St. Paul in his letter to Timothy.

Would we not all be better off if men obeyed not only this Commandment but every one of the Ten?

Most certainly the Commandments are needed today, perhaps more than ever before. Their divine message confronts us with a profound moral challenge in an epidemic of evil; a unifying message acceptable alike to Jew, Moslem, and Christian. Who, reading the Ten in the light of history and of current events, can doubt their identity with the eternal law of nature? They begin by telling a man how he must conduct himself toward his Maker, and then give him the pattern of behavior toward his fellow man—as affirmed by Jesus when He said that we should love God with all our heart and our neighbors as ourselves.

What Moses said of old, he would now declare to us again:

These words, which I command you this day, shall be in your heart, and you shall tell them to your children; and you shall meditate upon them, sitting in your house and walking on your journey, sleeping and rising.

THE END

Why They Change Their Names



Many movie stars do it. Even the earliest settlers did it. If your name were Worms, Booze, Snooks, or Laus—for horrible example—wouldn't you?

A SPECIAL NONFICTION FEATURE BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

Turn to next page ➤

WHAT'S IN A NAME? YOU'D BE ASTONISHED. READ THESE SAD CASE HISTORIES

What's in a name? Sometimes there is entirely too much, according to one young businessman who went to court for help. He said it took all morning to leave the message that Mr. Chasalambos Triantafyllopoulos was calling, and asked the judge to change his name to Charles Tryon. And sometimes there is not nearly enough, according to a Mr. Dabb who petitioned to have the original spelling of his family name, D'Abbé, restored.

Each year thousands of people seek legal relief from names that, for one reason or another, make life difficult. Recently, Mr. Graboff, bored with puns, became Mr. Grayson. Mr. Worms became Mr. Warren. Mr. Onion became Mr. Runyon. Garbić is a completely dignified



Alexander Archibald Leach

name in Yugoslavia, but being called Garbitch in this country made a family miserable. They changed their name to Gage. When Mr. Symytkowski shortened his name to Smith and Mr. Wrzeszcz changed the spelling of his name to Ur-gese, they had centuries of American custom behind them.

Long before the British Colonies became the United States of America, pioneers were changing, shortening, and adapting honorable old family names for the convenience of themselves and their neighbors.

We would be reading about the Battle of Bon Coeur Hill had not the pre-Revolutionary French *émigrés*, as part of their pursuit of happiness, changed the spelling of that family name to Bunker. Children might be reciting "The Midnight Ride of Apollos Rivoire" had not Paul Revere's papa, when he arrived from the Isle of Guernsey, simplified the spelling of his Huguenot name.

EVERYONE knows many people in the entertainment world take new names if their own are hard to pronounce, difficult to spell, or something less than glamorous. It is not generally realized that many thousands of people in private life also change to names nearer their heart's desire.

It is the law in this country that anyone may change his name to any other he likes better, unless fraud is involved. A few states require a court order before a person may use a name other than that on his birth certificate. In most states, however, a person may take a new name without going to court; therefore, in thousands of cases there are no records.

Undoubtedly the nation-wide figure is quite large. Each year in New York City, well over a thousand people petition for legal change of name, so a guess that every year some fifty thousand people in the whole country change names, with or without court approval, is probably not far wrong.

Many want simpler names and ask the court to legalize portions of a long one. Theophilous Paschniewski is an example. He felt life would be simpler for everyone if he were known as Philip P. Pack.

Some want prettier names. A Mr. Grundt became Mr. Grant. Mr. Popp became Mr. Pope. Mr. Dubb became Dubois. Some want less fancy names. Ernest Bonami became Ernest Lee. Richard De Lacey became Richard Simmons. Adonis Nieves felt unhappy enough about his first name to change it legally to Anthony. On the other hand, some want fancier ones. Rosa Raczkowski became Rosetta Stone. Osias Apfelbaum became Charles Oswald Pommier and Lloyd Richards became Muhammad Rafi.

A great many disagree emphatically with the rhyme, "Sticks and stones can break my bones, but names can never hurt me." Mr. Laus claimed that his name made him "the constant target of derisive comment" and asked to be known as Laws. Mr. Palucca claimed that his name was a handicap in business. He became Mr. Parke. In different parts of the country two different families by the name of Booz grew so weary of the wisecracks that one became Booth and the other became Hughes.

Life was hard on the whole Zilli family until they became Seller. Rose Garlich felt that a Rose by any other name would have a sweeter life and became Miss Garland.

Current events play a big part in name changing. After Pearl Harbor, a Mr. Hitler's growing displeasure with his name reached climax in court action. He became Mr. Gitler. Tony Musolino went to court and became Tony Mason. Mr. William Duce had a double complaint. He said it had been bad enough to try to smile at the puns about deuces being wild, but now that the wits were calling him "Will Doochy" he wanted to become Mr. Duke.

In 1942, courts did a steady business for people whose names were of Teutonic origin and who wanted to Anglicize the spelling before their sons went into service. Many of these families had been in this country for generations. Their loyalty as Americans was unquestioned. They were not trying to conceal the country of their origin, but they felt about their names much as the father of Lord Louis Mountbatten felt about his. During the First World War he changed the old and honorable family name, Battenberg, to Mountbatten by literal translation of the German "berg" to the British "mount," and reversal of the order.

Following this plan, Schwartzes asked courts to legalize translations of their name to Black. Gruen became Green, Schlachtfeld became Warfield, and König became King.

A Mr. Weiss stated his case clearly: "My family has been in this country for five generations," he said. "All during the last war, in spite of the fact that I

volunteered for service, I heard myself called 'German-American' on too many occasions. Now my son is enlisting and I do not want him to have the same embarrassments, suspicions, and explanations that I had. We therefore petition the court for permission to change our name to White."

The other side of the story is the many fine old European names that now stand for the greatest of American achievement in the eyes of all the world. Eisenhower and Nimitz are examples. General Spaatz even went to court to restore the original Belgian spelling of his name, adding the second "a" to indicate that it was pronounced "spots" rather than "spats." Then there is the young man who refused to let his name, Hitler, bother him. "Change it? I should say not! What I'm fighting for is to make that other guy go back to Schicklgruber," he said.

LEGAL change of name is simple and inexpensive. A petition in the form of an affidavit is prepared stating reasons for the change. The applicant for change rarely appears in court. His petition is sent to a judge of a city or county court. The judge usually signs a court order granting the change without question. Publication of the petition in a local newspaper is the next step. Forty days after publication the new name becomes legal. The form of the petition and court order is simple, though an attorney's help is advisable. Beyond the attorney's fee, there is only the charge for publication, usually around fifteen dollars, and the court fee of from one to three dollars.

Legal change of name does not free a person from debts or obligations contracted under his original name. Its chief advantage is that the court record may save confusion in the future. As noted before, in most states a person may call himself by any new name he likes without going to court. However, if he wishes to use that name on any document that



Frances Gumm

requires a birth certificate, such as a passport, he must show a court order legalizing the change. Otherwise the passport will carry the name on his birth certificate, no matter how well known he may have become under his second name. Until Robert Taylor legalized the name he made famous around the world, his passport read "Spangler Arlington Brugh." The young man who became famous as

Vic Damone can sign contracts by that name and they will be legally binding, but the Army carries him on its roster as Vito Rocco Farinola.

Occasionally, if anything about the request seems curious or obscure to him, a judge will inquire into a change of



Leonard Slye

name. When a Mr. Jones petitioned to change his name to James Worthington III, the judge granted the change to Worthington, but refused to allow "the third," unless both his father and grandfather changed their names also.

In certain unhappy instances, applicants for change of name have had the misfortune to come before judges of the same name. Such was the evil fortune of a Mr. Smith who stated that his name was so ordinary that it caused confusion in his professional and social life, and he therefore wanted to be called Montmorency. Judge Smith signed the order, since the young man was clearly within his rights, but he remarked caustically that the great and glorious clan of Smith was glad to be rid of any member who did not realize it was the proudest name in all the land.

SMITH, Brown, Miller, Johnson, Jones, in that order, are the most usual names in most parts of the nation, though in certain sections of the Midwest, Anderson and Hansen lead the list. Very few members of these flourishing clans change their names, though a few find it necessary for professional reasons. Gladys Mary Smith became famous as Mary Pickford. Helen Brown won fame on the stage as Helen Hayes, Virginia Jones became Virginia Mayo when she chose acting as a career. On the other hand, Phylis Isley picked Jennifer Jones for a professional name and did right well. Alexis Smith did fine without change of name. So did Kate.

There is a reason that these family names are so numerous. In England, family surnames were not usual until after the Norman conquest in the eleventh century. People were known by first names, sometimes qualified by adjectives—such as Red John and Little John—or by place names—such as Sir John of the Glen and Sir John of the Lake. Shortly after William the Conqueror made good his claim to the throne in the Battle of Hastings, 1066, he ordered every man in the kingdom to choose a surname for himself.

Some people took second names from the places in which they lived: Marsh, Underhill, Field, Atwater, Dale, or Ford. Some took a name from their coloring: White, Black, Gray, Faire, Golden, Brown. Some took their nicknames for last names: Gay, Moody, Blythe, Sharp, Goodman, Wise, Armstrong. By the thousands, young men proud of their fathers added "son" to their fathers' first names. Since John was the most popular of first names, that accounts for the many Johnsons, and its shorter form, Jones. Many people took names from occupations: Miller, Carpenter, Wainwright, Cooper, Potter, Shepherd, Archer, Baker, Farmer. In those days, "Smith" did not necessarily mean "blacksmith." It meant "one who smites or hits." So men of many different occupations chose Smith, or one of the many variants, like Arrow-smith, Goldsmith, Tallsmith.

At first the new surnames were not passed along to the rest of the family. Each man chose his own, so it was quite possible to find a father named John Smith with six sons known as Miles Johnson, Mark Farmer, Edward Cook, Arthur Cowherd, Robin Fisher, and Matthew Short.

What one writer on genealogy describes as "the erosion of time" began to change the pronunciation of certain names. Nailsmith became Nasmith. Seven Oaks became Snooks. Bighouse and Backhouse became Backus. Wessyngton (meaning a place on a meadow near the mouth of a creek) eventually became Washington.

When French families fled the wars to England, their names took on new spellings. Dickens is not a form of Dick. It is a simplification of Duquesne. Doolittle was not the nickname of a family that did little. It is the way the English pronounced and spelled De l'Hotel.

Since most of the early settlers of the original thirteen states were of British ancestry, modification of French, Belgian, Dutch, German, and Spanish names went on at a merry pace. Peabody was originally Pibaudière, and Rockefeller

was Roggenfelder. Pershing was spelled Pfoershing when, long before the Revolution, the family arrived from Alsace. More than one Perez became Perry. Finucane became Finnegan. The great-grandfather of General Custer of "Last Stand" fame was a Hessian soldier named Küster.

THE FRENCH and German vowel sounds always have been difficult for the Anglo-Saxon. The pioneers were much too busy fighting Indians to do much writing. Gradually people forgot to write the various accent marks when they did sign their names, so Müller became Miller and Abbé became Abbey and Göbels became Gable. König sometimes was changed to its nearest English sound, Corning, or its owner translated it into English and it became King. The same thing happened to Le Roi. It became Le-Roy or King. Petit became variously Petty, Pettit, or Little. The Greek Marangopolous sometimes turned into the rather Irish-sounding Moran, sometimes it was translated literally and became Carpenter. Kuznetsky, Kowalski, and Kovacs mean "Smith" in Russian, Polish, and Czech, respectively, so many of those names swelled the ranks of the Smith clan when they came to these shores. Pioneer Müllers, Moellers, Mlinars, and Molinaris became Millers. Johansens, Björnsons, and Janssens found themselves called Johnson.

The year 1946 was a banner year for legal name-changing. The rush of business was mainly from veterans who had had a rugged time in the service because



Spangler Arlington Brugh

of complicated names and wanted to simplify them before settling down to civilian life.

No man likes to have fun made of his name, whatever it may be. People of fine, honorable foreign names such as Czyniewicz and Tjohatjopolous were

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my business—*

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Cleveland Hgts., Ohio Watts-Sartor-Lear Co.
Cumberland, Md. Best & Co.
East Orange, N. J. Jeannette's
Garden City, N. Y. Best & Co.
Grosse Pointe, Mich. Best & Co.
Harrisburg, Pa. Jeannette's
Las Vegas, Nev. Betty Boyle Shop
Los Angeles, Calif. Bullock's Downtown
Manhasset, N. Y. Best & Co.
Memphis, Tenn. J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Meriden, Conn. E. D. Weil
Nashville, Tenn. Grace's, Inc.
New Orleans, La. Leon Godechaux Clothing Co., Ltd.
Newport News, Va. Nachman's Dept. Store, Inc.
New York, N. Y. Best & Co.
Passaic, N. J. Etta's Fashion Salon
Petersburg, Va. Wice's
Pittsburgh, Pa. Kaufmann's
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Jane Holmes
Providence, R. I. Bette Rand, Inc.
Reading, Pa. Jeannette's
Red Bank, N. J. Mustillo's
Shreveport, La. The Fashion
Spring Lake, N. J. Lillian O'Grady
Stamford, Conn. Best & Co.

Prices may be slightly higher west of Denver.

Summit, N. J. Lillian O'Grady
Tyler, Tex. Kline's, Inc.
Washington, D.C. Best & Co.
Westfield, N. J. Lillian O'Grady
West Hartford, Conn. Best & Co.
White Plains, N. Y. Best & Co.
Winnetka, Ill. Best & Co.

Braid- and jet-trimmed skirt on page 22:

Pasadena, Calif. Bullock's Pasadena
Spokane, Wash. Bernard's

Spoke skirt on page 22:

Atlanta, Ga. Davison-Paxon Co.
Jacksonville, Fla. Furehott, Inc.
Louisville, Ky. The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Pasadena, Calif. Bullock's Pasadena

Pearl-trimmed cardigan on page 23:

Atlanta, Ga. Davison-Paxon Co.
El Paso, Tex. Popular Dry Goods Co.
Jacksonville, Fla. Furehott, Inc.
Pasadena, Calif. Bullock's Pasadena
Spokane, Wash. Bernard's

Tweed skirt and stole on page 23:

Atlanta, Ga. Davison-Paxon Co.
Des Moines, Iowa Younker's of Iowa
El Paso, Tex. Popular Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth, Tex. Stripling's
Indianapolis, Ind. The Wm. H. Block Co.
Louisville, Ky. The Stewart Dry Goods Co.
New Rochelle, N. Y. Colony Shop

understandably annoyed when baffled top sergeants called them "Sneeze-it." They asked the court to shorten their names to Cezanne and Hatch. Other people felt, perhaps with a certain amount of justification, that when there was a choice for promotion between an Arthur Paine and an Aristoteles Papademetracopoulos it was Private Paine who became a corporal, simply because those making the decision found it easier to pronounce his name. And the same thing was true often in civilian life, so the changes continued: Dziadzio to Dodge; Milivojevic to Marshall; Sochaczewski to Corwin; Forostousky to Forest. Some chose names very close in sound to their own, like Pagnagolis Kapsoulis, who became Peter Capsule. Others preferred names already famous in American history like the seven Rozmyslaws who become Roosevelts, by order of a New Jersey court.

IN SEVERAL instances there have been hot court battles by families who resented volunteers to their clan. One of the most famous took place some thirty-five years ago when a Mr. Kabotchnick asked a Philadelphia court to change his name to Cabot. Following publication of his petition, the Cabot family protested, but without success. According to our laws, no family has the exclusive right to any name.

In 1942, members of a pre-Revolutionary family carried their case to the New York Supreme Court when a New

York attorney, Adolph E. Finkelstein, petitioned to change his name to Ferris. The Ferrises entered an objection. They explained that they were a small family and that, as far as they knew, all Ferrises in this country were related in some fashion. They felt that the name belonged to them exclusively. Their objection was denied in a widely quoted opinion by Supreme Court Justice McGeehan, who ruled:

"Family names are not copyrighted. The name of Finkelstein is an ancient and honorable one, but if the petitioner, in the pursuit of happiness—the right conferred on all Americans by the ancestors of the illustrious Ferris family—desires to forsake his original name for another, that is permissible under our system of jurisprudence . . . which always sponsors a wide latitude for people in their pursuit of happiness."

It is not necessary to become a citizen of the United States before changing a name. The Lipschutz family had suffered greatly in Germany during the war. On arrival here, and before they had taken out first naturalization papers, they changed their name to Lipton. They said that they wanted to start a new life with all memory of their fatherland as far behind as possible. Their petition was granted by Justice Cuff, who said:

"I sympathize with their determination to erase as far as possible their former national affiliation from the record as well as from their minds."

In Hollywood there are nearly three

hundred top players who make no secret of the fact that they have chosen new names for the screen. Some took new names because their own were hard to pronounce. Raymond Guion became Gene Raymond, and Gwyllyn Ford became Glenn Ford. Lily Chauchion became tired of hearing herself called "Miss Caution." She thought she had ended her difficulties when she chose Claudette Colbert for a stage name. Who could mispronounce Colbert? Well, because she was born in France, half her fans insist on calling her "Colbair." Because so many people had difficulty with Don Amici's good Italian name, he decided to simplify matters for everybody by changing the spelling to Ameche—and then had a long battle with those who pronounced it "Amesh."

SOME players wanted to get away from puns that people made with their fine old names, so Alexander Archibald Leach became Cary Grant, and Frances Gumm, Judy Garland, Leonard Slye became Roy Rogers. On the other hand, Wallace Beery and Ruth Hussey didn't let the puns bother them at all.

Some players had names considered too fancy for professional use. Julian Lafaye became John Carroll. Lyle Hollywood became Lyle Talbot. Harold José Pereira de Faria became Harold Peary but became even better known as "Mr. Gildersleeve," after the famous character he created on the radio. Maria Marguerita Guadalupe Boldao y Castillo did a really thorough job of shortening her name. She became Margo.

Others wanted names with a little more drama, so William Henry Pratt became Boris Karloff, Hedy Kiessler became Hedy Lamarr, June Hovick became June Haver, and Ruby Stevens became Barbara Stanwyck.

Children born to the Smith, Jones, Miller, and other large clans have a really hard time unless their parents avoid the more usual first names. For instance, there are forty-one John Millers in the Manhattan telephone book, but only one Bartlett Miller. Anyone wanting to call up James Smith must work through forty-six listings, but there is only one Hamilton Smith. There are fifty-nine William Browns forever getting one another's telephone calls.

As a general thing, children do not thank parents who give them names that are too unusual, like Marvel, Hero, Apollo, Beauty, Darling, Delight, Heavensent, and Honey. Junior Jones's troubles started when he named his son after himself, and then found himself Junior Jones, Sr. The boy who was christened Major had a lot of explaining to do all the way from private to colonel. Life was not without anguish for the boy christened Otto B. Good. When a Miss Leighton married a Mr. Early it seemed natural enough to name their first child Leighton Early, but he can't be blamed for shortening it to Lee Early. Isa and Ima, pretty names in themselves, are full of dangerous possibilities. Isa Lovejoy had a rugged time in school, but things were even worse when she married a Mr. Mann and, when asked, "Who are you?" had to answer, "Isa Mann." Ima Porter's case was even sadder. She married a Mr. Bohr. And consider the case of the unfortunate fellow who became a very successful dancing master in spite of his somewhat less than graceful name—Ernest Belcher. THE END

The Sighing Sound (Continued from page 31)

one thing," the blonde girl said quickly. "He left out the most important thing, Miss Avery."

"Says who?" Frank Bell demanded. "I read off all the facts Miss Avery gave us."

"Says me, because you didn't read off all the facts," Emily Johnson said. "You left out that the city editor is scared stiff." She tapped her own notebook. "If you leave that out, you miss the whole point of the assignment, because this Mr. X's family, as Miss Avery said, are the biggest shots in town, and when they called the city editor, they read him the riot act, they put him on the spot, and the city editor knows he's got to find young Mr. X or he'll get fired, because the X family is so important that they can—"

"Just a minute," Frank Bell said. "Miss Avery didn't say that."

"She certainly did," Emily Johnson snapped. "Didn't you, Miss Avery?"

"Well," Agnes said, "no, not exactly."

THERE WAS something distressing in the rivalry between Frank Bell and Emily Johnson. Both were poor, born and raised in the tenements of Brixton's slum area, which surrounded this settlement house. Like all the other boys and girls in the room, Frank and Emily had gone to work after they graduated from high school. What brought them here, after a long, hard day devoted to earning a living, what kept them wide awake and eager for these evening classes in journalism at The Molly Horner McLaughlin House, was the desire to pull themselves up out of the station in life to which bad luck had assigned them. Agnes Avery knew all about that desire. She had lived through it. And she was certain that the fierceness of their desire would do for Frank Bell and Emily Johnson what it had once done for Agnes Avery. It was possible that their rivalry might do them no harm. But Agnes Avery knew that was not a certainty.

"I'm afraid Emily has read a little more into that particular fact than I intended," Agnes said. "I didn't mean to imply that our hypothetical editor is, as Emily put it, scared stiff. All I meant was that our city editor, in this exercise, feels concerned."

She smiled, with strict impartiality, not only at Frank Bell and Emily Johnson, but at the entire class.

"That's why he is choosing you for this assignment," Agnes said. "He is sending out his star reporter. Is that clear?" Twenty-two heads nodded. "As star re-

porters, then," Agnes said, "I assume you have enough, on the basis of these facts, to work with?" Twenty-two heads nodded again. "Good," Agnes said. "Now for the conditions of the assignment."

Twenty-two pencils hung poised over twenty-two notebooks.

"Tonight being Friday, which means this class won't meet again until Monday night," Agnes said, "I want you to assume that the intervening weekend will be, actually, no longer than a few hours. That gives you two days to write a piece that, if you were actually working on a paper, would have to be tracked down and written in a matter of seven or eight hours, in time for the morning edition."

Agnes paused again. The twenty-two faces were lifted toward her.

"As for the contents of the piece," Agnes said, "I leave that entirely to you. If this were a real story, you would be unlikely to find Mr. X in seven or eight hours. I am not asking you to turn in a scoop. What I want is a good, workman-like story. Bear in mind all the lessons we have learned here during the past two months. Use your imaginations as a substitute for legwork to add whatever other facts you might have discovered in your hunt for Mr. X. It won't surprise me if you hand in twenty-two different stories on Monday night. As a matter of fact, I expect that. Any further questions?" The twenty-two heads swung from side to side. "All right, then," Agnes said, and she stood up. "Let's go have our coffee."

It was the part of the day she had come to like best. She enjoyed the walk to Stieger's, the bakeshop in which, after class, Agnes Avery and her students sipped coffee and ate slabs of Mr. Stieger's cheesecake.

More accurately, what Agnes liked was the walk back from Stieger's. Because then she was alone. And it was only when she was alone that she was able to recapture the feeling she had experienced as soon as she had stepped down from the train two months ago, the feeling that the decision to come back had not been a mistake.

HER DECISION to return was part of something Agnes had been unable to get out of her head. In the East End of London, in the streets behind the Paris markets, in Venice and Madrid, in Rio and Sydney, even in Singapore, Agnes Avery had sensed what those who have known it in youth can never forget: the common denominator of poverty, the wrong side of the railroad tracks.

Agnes did not blame those who re-

member it with rage. Nor did she condemn those others who try to forget it with savagery. Agnes considered herself fortunate to be able to recall it with genuine pleasure, with that frequently irrational warmth reserved by the heart for the time of youth.

FOLLOWING the taxi driver who was carrying her suitcases up the worn steps of The Molly Horner McLaughlin House, Agnes had uttered a silent prayer of thanks for the fact that, at least in this one respect, her luck had held.

"This be all right, ma'am?" the taxi driver had asked, setting down the bags.

"Or you want me to take them upstairs?"

"No, thanks," Aggie said as she paid him. "This is fine."

It was better than that. It was home, even though the girl at the reception desk didn't seem to share Agnes Avery's feeling for it. Her eyes, as she stared at Agnes, spread wide with astonishment before they began to narrow with faint hostility. Agnes did not blame her. She knew what an odd sight she must be, in her tailored Paris suit, standing beside her matched London luggage, in the shabby and dimly lighted lobby of this recreation center for the poor.

"Yes?" the girl behind the reception desk said. "What can I do for you?"

"I'd like to see Mr. Cornhill," Agnes said, and added quickly, "if he's still here, that is?"

"Of course he's still here," the girl said, with unmistakable irritation. The hint that anybody but Charles D. Cornhill could be, or might ever become, the director of The Molly Horner McLaughlin House was a gratuitous insult. "May I ask what you want to see Mr. Cornhill about?"

"It's personal," Agnes said. "Would you tell Mr. Cornhill that Agnes Avery is here?"

The hostility in the girl's eyes faded. Obviously, she thought she knew the name. More obviously, she wasn't quite sure. Agnes did not blame her for that, either.

"I'll tell him you're here, but I don't know if he can see you," the girl said. "I think Mr. Cornhill is very busy now."

Agnes was sure of it. He always was. At any rate, he used to be. Watching the girl disappear, Agnes had a moment of doubt. She wondered if Charles Cornhill would be too busy to see her now.

If he was, Agnes could hardly blame him. There was no excuse for her silence of ten years, for her failure to write, or

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even send an occasional Christmas card. No excuse, that is, except the fierce desire to forget; the need to pretend that Brixton, and everything that had happened to her in Brixton, had never existed; the pretense that had collapsed at last, and had brought her home, across half the world.

"Aggie!"

THE TALL, spare figure, moving toward her through the gate by the reception desk, was as relentlessly erect as it had ever been. The thin, almost ascetic face was still saved from harshness by the extraordinary warmth in the wide, deeply set, shrewd blue eyes. Even the worn tweed coat, hanging from those narrow shoulders with the old air of careless elegance, looked exactly the same. Yet the ten years had wrought a puzzling change.

"Aggie," he said again, and Charles Cornhill's use of the affectionate diminutive was more touching than the confusion of delight and amazement in his voice. As he kissed her lightly on the forehead, Agnes Avery understood the nature of the change, and why it had shocked her. Charles Cornhill, at last and beyond any doubt, had grown old. "Aggie," he said once more, and then he stepped back, still holding her hand, to survey her at arm's length. "I don't believe it," he said. "I can't believe you're actually here."

"You must," she said. "If you don't, how am I going to believe it myself?"

"I thought you were in Singapore," Charles Cornhill said. "At any rate, according to my morning paper, that's the place from which your most recent dispatches were sent."

"You always did have a wonderful memory," Agnes said. "My most recent dispatches were not very recent."

"There are those of us in Brixton who take pride in our local girl who made good," he said with a smile. "We not only read, we also remember everything Agnes Avery writes. Come into my office, Aggie," he said. "I want to take a good look at you in a decent light."

He looked, frankly and without embarrassment, while she sat in the old chair beside his ancient desk in the cluttered little room where, a dozen years before, at the age of twenty, Agnes Avery's life had really begun.

"Well," she asked finally, "what do you see?"

"No less than I expected," Charles Cornhill said. "Even though, during the past few years, I had begun to give up hope of ever seeing it." The white hair nodded slowly up and down. "The photograph your syndicate uses, certainly the one that they send to the Brixton Times to appear above your dispatches, doesn't do you justice, Aggie." The thin lips broke into a small smile. "I don't think I'm revealing any secrets by saying you used to be a lovely girl," Charles Cornhill said. "Has anyone ever told you that you've become an extremely beautiful young woman?"

"Once," Aggie said. "A long time ago." "Forgive me," he said. "That wasn't very bright of me." Charles Cornhill made a tent of his long, thin fingers, and stared across them. "If I were you," he said quietly, "I wouldn't waste time in trying to find words with which to explain why you haven't written, why you haven't sent so much as a Christmas card in ten long years." Agnes looked at him

quickly, and he smiled again. "I know the answer to that, and I don't blame you. In your shoes, Aggie, I don't think I would have written, either. Just tell me this," he said, "Aggie, why have you come back?"

"I was hoping you'd know the answer to that, too."

"Maybe I do," Charles Cornhill said. "Aggie, are you in trouble?"

"I guess there is no other word." Agnes looked down at her hands. "A few minutes ago, out in the lobby, you said you were proud of Brixton's home-town girl who made good, that you read and remember everything she writes." Agnes raised her glance. "I don't have to tell you, then, that Agnes Avery, the nationally syndicated foreign correspondent whose dispatches appear in more than a hundred newspapers, including the Brixton Times, has not filed a story in almost six months."

"I assumed it was because you'd gone off somewhere," Charles Cornhill said, "on the track of a new series, after you finished in Singapore."

"I didn't finish in Singapore," Agnes said. "Singapore finished me. More accurately, Singapore was the place where I found out I was finished."

"I have always disliked terminal words," Charles Cornhill said. "Finished" is one of them."

"I'm not particularly fond of it, either," Agnes said. "I can't think of a better one, though. I woke up one morning in my room at the Raffles Hotel, and found out I couldn't do it anymore."

"Do what?" Charles Cornhill asked.

"File a story," Agnes said. "I couldn't think. I couldn't face my portable. I felt like a swimmer, halfway across a familiar river, who suddenly finds he can't remember how to move his arms or kick his legs."

"When that happens, swimmers don't necessarily drown," Charles Cornhill said. "They turn over on their backs and float a while."

"I tried that. I assumed it was only temporary, a sort of cramp, you might say, brought on by overwork. I stopped work and went up into the hills above Penang, to rest. When I came back, it was even worse. The material for a dozen pieces was in my head and in my notes. The syndicate kept cabling for them. I couldn't get them out of my head and onto paper."

AGNES paused, and her face twisted, as though a long-forgotten pain had suddenly stabbed again.

"I went to a few doctors. They said there was nothing wrong with me. It was because I agreed with them that I decided to fight it. I went up to Shanghai for a few weeks. I flew over to Tokyo, then down to Batavia, and across to Manila. I spent months telling myself not to worry, that once I had restocked my head and my notebook, once I settled down to write, it would come back to me."

Agnes stopped and seemed to sag a little in her chair, as though the rush of words had left her spent.

"Six weeks ago I settled down in Sydney," she said. "I spread out my notes. I opened my portable. And then I knew the fight was over. It didn't come back. It was as bad as ever. No, it was worse. Because now I could think of no other remedies to try. Except one," Agnes said in a low voice. "After a month of agony,

a remedy suddenly came to me. I was afraid to give myself time to question it too closely. I packed at once and caught a plane. Four days ago I landed in San Francisco. I couldn't get a plane seat until the following night. The twenty-four-hour wait seemed unendurable. I took a train instead. An hour ago I stepped down in Brixton. The moment the taxi turned off Cross Boulevard, the moment I began to smell and see these crowded, dirty streets again, I knew I had done the right thing. But why?" Agnes Avery's voice shook just a little. "Why?" she asked again. "Why am I here?"

The old man behind the ancient desk moved slightly.

"I have been here before. But when or how I cannot tell," he quoted softly. "I know the grass beyond the door. The sweet keen smell, the sighing sound, the lights around the shore."

"What's that?" Aggie asked quickly. "Who wrote it?"

"A man named Dante Gabriel Rossetti," Charles Cornhill said. "I don't know how he ranked as a healer, or even as a practical man of affairs. Like most poets, however, the good ones, anyway, when Mr. Rossetti took up his pen, he managed to get much closer to the truth than most healers or practical men of affairs ever do." Charles Cornhill stood up, and he smiled pleasantly as he came around the desk toward her. "What you need now is a bath and a hot meal," he said. "You go ahead and take care of the first, and I'll see that dinner is ready in my quarters at seven sharp." Almost as though it were an afterthought, he added, "You'll be staying with us for a while, won't you?"

Aggie knew, as he swung toward the board hung with keys on the wall over his desk, that he had turned away to avoid being embarrassed by the look of gratitude on her face.

"If you'll have me," Aggie said. "And if you're sure I won't be in the way, or underfoot?"

"There are people who are never in the way, especially when they are underfoot," Charles Cornhill said. "They happen to be the people who make life worth living, even when they themselves have reached a point where they think, for one reason or another, that it has ceased being worth living to them." He took down a key from the board and turned to face her. "Is there any special room you'd prefer?"

"My old one," Aggie said. "If it's available?"

"That's what I thought," Charles Cornhill said through his gentle smile. "And what Mr. Rossetti had in mind." He put the key into Aggie's hand. "It's available, my dear."

It was also, somewhat incredibly, exactly as she remembered it. Small, sparsely furnished, and smelling faintly of antiseptic. Standing at the single window, looking down into the street that teemed with the sound and movement of tenement life, Aggie seemed all at once to be reliving a moment out of the past: the afternoon of that day, twelve years before when Charles Cornhill and The Molly Horner McLaughlin House had first become a part of her life.

IT WAS THE day of her aunt's funeral. As she rode back from the cemetery to the rooming house on Paxton Street in which she had lived for so long with

her aunt, Aggie began to feel the shock of her new loneliness. The tired but devoted woman had been more than Aggie's sole means of support, who had sent her to high school and paid her tuition at the Brixton Secretarial Academy on Michigan Avenue. The woman who had just died had been Aggie's only relative.

The hearse stopped in front of the rooming house. The landlady was standing on the porch. Climbing down from the hearse, Aggie became aware of the look on the landlady's face. It was not an unfriendly look. Nor was it devoid of sympathy. But it caused Aggie's thoughts to leap to the savings bankbook in her purse.

It was marked, by tiny perforations, with the single word "Closed." Aggie had drawn out, that very morning, every penny her aunt had managed to save in her extremely hard life. It had taken every one of those pennies, plus the few Aggie had managed to save from her own meager allowance, to pay for the funeral.

Aggie knew the meaning of the landlady's look. She was almost penniless. She was no longer entitled to consider Paxton Street her home.

"I hope you won't mind if I go right up and pack," Aggie said quickly, avoiding the landlady's glance as she reached the top of the stoop. "I'm afraid I'll have to move."

"There's no rush," the landlady said awkwardly, "if you want to stay on for a while. A couple of days, say? Until you find something else? Or maybe a job?"

"Thanks, but I can't," Aggie said, angry with herself because her voice was shaking. "I really must go."

ONE HOUR later, carrying all her belongings in a single bag, Aggie had an irrational but welcome sense of triumph. She had not succumbed to loneliness. She had not cried. Turning off Paxton Street at the corner, to get out of the landlady's sight as quickly as possible, Aggie suddenly realized that she didn't know where to go, or what to do. She began to walk rapidly, away from the river and toward Cross Boulevard. She felt like a fugitive. Turning corners at random, Aggie finally stopped to rest on a crowded street with which she was not familiar. Drawing a deep breath, she found herself overwhelmed by the intoxicating odors of hot coffee and fresh pastry. She had stopped in front of a bakery. On the window was inscribed in gold leaf the single word "Stieger's."

Aggie went in, set her suitcase against the wall, and sat down at a table. The

proprietor came out from behind the counter.

"Coffee, please," Aggie said to him. She pointed to the nearest tray on the counter. "And may I have a slice of that?"

The proprietor nodded and moved away.

"I think, if I were in your condition," a voice said, "I would try something simpler."

Aggie turned quickly. She found herself facing a tall, slender man with gray hair and a thin, almost ascetic face. On the table in front of him was a cup of coffee and a slice of the pastry Aggie had just ordered.

"MR. STIEGER's cheesecake is undeniably delicious, but it is also a bit indigestible," the man said. "I don't think it is too harmful for a man like myself, who has had his lunch and is now, in the late afternoon, merely indulging his sweet tooth. On an empty stomach, however, I strongly recommend a couple of Mr. Stieger's excellent rolls and a pat of butter."

Before Aggie could object, he had called across to Mr. Stieger. A few moments later, Aggie found herself eating rolls and butter with her coffee. When she finished, the thin man with the gray hair leaned over from his table. "Feel better?" he asked. Aggie nodded shyly. "I think you might risk a piece of cheesecake now," the man said. He called to Mr. Stieger, ordered the pastry, and stood up. "May I join you?"

Aggie hesitated, and then she noticed again the extraordinary warmth in his wide blue eyes.

"Yes, of course," Aggie said, "if you'll tell me how you knew I had an empty stomach?"

"My work has taught me to recognize certain rather obvious aspects of the human condition," the man said gravely. "My name is Charles Cornhill," he added as he sat down. "I am the director of The Molly Horner McLaughlin House, just down the street. You've heard of the place, of course?"

She had, but only because, like everybody else in Brixton, Aggie had heard of the McLaughlin family. They owned the iron mines north of Brixton as well as the city's leading newspaper. They controlled companies that manufactured products of which Aggie had never heard, as well as the political machine she had always understood decided long before Election Day who was to run the city.

The Molly Horner McLaughlin House, Mr. Cornhill said, was one of the powerful family's favorite philanthropies. "It was built by the present head of the

family, Mr. Seward McLaughlin, in memory of his mother, whose maiden name was Mary Horner." Mr. Cornhill sounded very much like a schoolteacher trying, by the calmness of his manner and the casual precision of his explanations, to set at rest the uneasiness of a new pupil. "You may be very surprised to learn that, as director of The Molly Horner McLaughlin House, I am paid to help young women like you."

"You've never seen me before," Aggie said. "How do you know I need help?"

"It is late afternoon, you are obviously tired, until a few minutes ago you were clearly hungry, and you are trudging along the streets of Brixton carrying a suitcase." Charles Cornhill paused. "Please don't think I am being rude to ask this," he said, "but do you have a place where you can stay tonight?" Aggie shook her head. "Have you made any plans to find one?" Aggie shook her head again. "Let's make them together," Charles Cornhill said. He put some money on the table, stood up, and reached down for the suitcase. "I believe we can do it more successfully in a less public place."

That proved to be his office, behind the reception desk in the settlement house. After she had told him about Paxton Street, and her aunt, and the Brixton Secretarial Academy, and the funeral, Charles Cornhill told Aggie about the facilities of The Molly Horner McLaughlin House. These included meeting rooms for Boy Scout troops and evening classes in Americanization for immigrants. Also, living quarters for working girls who were alone in the city and couldn't afford an apartment or the rates at Brixton's uptown hotels.

"We have forty-nine rooms, each with its own bath," Charles Cornhill said. "One of them is yours," he added, pushing a key toward her, "if you want it." Aggie, who was still somewhat numbed by the speed with which the events of the day had moved, merely stared at the key. Charles Cornhill asked, "Don't you want it?"

"YES, OF course," Aggie said. "And I'm grateful, but I have no job, and if I take this room, I don't know how I'll be able to pay for it."

"I do," Charles Cornhill answered. "The McLaughlin family employ a great many people. Good ones are hard to find. They have instructed me to keep my eyes open. Whenever I run across someone who looks really good, I send him or her along to one of the various McLaughlin enterprises." Charles Cornhill wrote something on the top sheet of a pad, tore off

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the sheet, and pushed it toward Aggie along with the key. "Tomorrow morning, if you will go over to the offices of the *Brixton Times* on Ten Eyck Street," he said, "I don't think you'll have to worry about how to pay for your room. The address is on this piece of paper. Be there at nine o'clock, and ask for Mr. Joseph Winant. He's the city editor, and he'll be expecting you."

"I've never had a job before."

"You've had two years of secretarial school," Charles Cornhill said. "We'll let Mr. Winant worry about the rest." He smiled as he pushed the key and the slip of paper closer to her. "You go upstairs now, unpack your bag, and relax until dinnertime. I don't think Mr. Winant will have much worrying to do. He knows I send him only people who look really good. And if you don't mind my saying so, Aggie, you look better than most."

She had not minded, of course. In fact, she had been pleased. Just as she had been pleased by his calling her Aggie. Nobody but her aunt had ever called her that. On this terrible and confused day, the mere sound of the name on somebody else's lips served to blunt the cutting edge of Aggie's new loneliness. It seemed to lift her out of the void of the unwanted and bring her into the circle of those about whom somebody cared.

NOW, A DOZEN years later, Aggie could feel again the warmth of that circle. Much had happened to her since then. And she would have given a good deal to erase most of it. But there was almost nothing in the storehouse of memory that Agnes Avery treasured so much as the recollection of that first meeting with Charles Cornhill.

"Miss Avery?"

Aggie turned from the window.

"Yes?" she called toward the closed door. "What is it?"

"Mr. Cornhill sent me to say that if you come down a little early, he'll give you a cocktail before dinner."

"Thanks," Aggie said. "Would you tell

Mr. Cornhill I'll be down in twenty minutes?"

She could have done it in less. Ten years of moving about the world, living out of suitcases, dressing for all sorts of occasions under all kinds of conditions, had taught her not to waste time. Nevertheless, tonight, Agnes wasted a little. She wanted, on this day of her homecoming, to look her best for the old man who had made this place the only home she had.

TWENTY minutes later, as Charles Cornhill's door opened to her knock, Aggie found herself wondering if her best was good enough.

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea," Joe Winant said, staring at her with frank appraisal through the open doorway. "By way of Paris, I would guess, to judge from the dress."

"Joe," she said, in some confusion. "Joe, what a pleasant surprise."

She had not counted on having to face, so soon after her arrival, this man who had taught her all she knew and yet, somewhere in the process of instruction, had omitted the one lesson that mattered. Aggie wondered, all at once, if that was why she had come back. To complete the course? To make Joe Winant disgorge the unknown piece in the incomplete jigsaw puzzle of her life? Was that what Charles Cornhill had meant when he had quoted Rossetti's poem? And was that why the old man had invited Joe Winant to dine with them?

"Aggie," Joe Winant said, speaking softly, in the deceptively gentle voice that never quite concealed its disturbing undertone of mockery. "Our own sweet Aggie," he said, and then Joe Winant's handsome face contracted in the small, sardonic smile she remembered so well. "Shall I tell you what I'm thinking?" Aggie nodded. "That I'm almost glad you went away," he said, and the smile changed slightly, the way it always did, or always used to, when Joe Winant spoke to her. "You never would have learned to look like that, Aggie, if you'd stayed in this Middle Western hogpen."

"Aggie." Charles Cornhill spoke from the corner of the room where he was fussing over the cocktail tray, "I hope you don't mind a third for dinner on the day of your homecoming?"

"Good old Joe," Aggie said. "How can anybody mind our own sweet Joe?"

"I'd like to hear you ask that question in the presence of the *Brixton Times* staff," Charles Cornhill said. "Our own sweet Joe is now the editor and publisher of the paper. To judge by the complaints that occasionally reach all the way across town, I understand that our own sweet Joe has a tendency to confuse his new role as editor and publisher with that of Attila the Hun."

"Attila the Hun would never have made as good a newspaperman," Aggie said. "You might tell the complainers that they're working for the best man in the business." She smiled at Joe Winant and said, "Congratulations, Joe."

"On what?" he asked with a touch of bitterness. "Rising to the top of the mud puddle by a process of elimination?" He took two glasses from Charles Cornhill and held one out to Aggie. "You're the one who deserves congratulations," Joe Winant said. "You did it the hard way. By leaving the comfortable, safe puddle and jumping into the big rough pond, where it's sink or swim, and only the good swimmers stay afloat." Joe Winant raised his glass. "To one of the few swimmers I've ever found it possible to admire," he said. "And if you think I don't mean that, as I can tell by what you're about to say—"

"How do you know what I'm going to say?"

"Didn't I always?" Joe Winant asked. She laughed, because it was true, and then she stared at him with renewed surprise. The laughter, a sound she had not heard herself utter for six months, seemed to cut through the curtain of antagonism, tearing away the invisible barrier that had always hung between them. He seemed to lose that truculent look of disaffection and pride, the curious mixture of strength and weakness she remembered so clearly. "You were going to say that I've changed."

"No," Aggie said. "I was going to say how nice it is that you haven't."

"There are those who disagree," Charles Cornhill said dryly. "There are those who say how nice it would be if Mr. Joseph Winant did change, if he stopped being the McLaughlin family's private watchdog and became instead—"

"Yes?" Joe Winant asked quietly. "Became what?"

Charles Cornhill stared at him for a long moment and then, with a small shrug, looked down into his glass.

"How are they?" Aggie asked, speaking quickly to break the sudden tension she didn't understand. "Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, I mean?"

"They?" Joe Winant repeated sharply. "All we've got left is a 'he.' Mrs. McLaughlin died three years ago."

"Oh," Aggie said. "I didn't know that."

JOE WINANT'S face seemed to contract, and his eyes narrowed.

"Let me get this straight," he said. "You mean nobody wrote to you?"

"I don't see why they should have bothered," Aggie said. "I never wrote to them. Or to either of you."

"Why should you have written to us?" The sudden harshness in Joe's voice was startling. "I can think of a dozen reasons

why you shouldn't have," he added. "But the McLaughlins, the mighty McLaughlins, are different."

"I don't see how," Aggie said, troubled as well as puzzled by his sudden anger. "It wasn't their fault. Besides, I did get one letter, in New York, about nine years ago, shortly after I left, but I didn't answer it. It was from Mrs. McLaughlin. She said she was sorry."

"How nice!" Joe Winant said with a savagery that caused Charles Cornhill, as well as Aggie, to stare at him in astonishment. "How very damned nice of her!"

AGGIE HAD thought so, too. Everything about the McLaughlins or connected with them had been nice. From the very beginning. Even Joe, whose relationship to them she did not then understand. Aggie often wondered if it would have made any difference if she had understood. Right from that first morning when, carrying the slip of paper Charles Cornhill had given her the night before, Aggie found herself beside the large desk in the vast, busy room on the third floor of the Brixton Times Building.

"Sit down," Mr. Winant said, curtly but not unpleasantly. He took a sip of coffee from a cardboard container. He lifted his ringing phone. He said "No" into the mouthpiece. He dropped the phone back into its cradle. He thrust a blue-penciled sheet at a boy who had come up. He took another sheet from the pile in front of him, and began at once, without hesitation, to make swift bold marks with his blue pencil. The flurry of activity might have been nerve-racking to watch; because of Mr. Winant's calm manner, however, it was actually reassuring to his nervous visitor. "Relax," Mr. Winant said. "Be with you in a minute."

Aggie had never been in a city room. She could only guess at what was happening all around her. And she did not have the remotest idea about the duties of a city editor. Before that minute had passed, however, Aggie had caught some of the excitement from which she would never again be free. And she knew that this dark, handsome, scowling man was the core of calm in this pinwheel of frenzy, the balance point that kept the surrounding excitement functioning smoothly. Mr. Winant dropped his pencil and looked up from his desk.

"Mr. Cornhill gave me all the facts," he said. "As many facts as Mr. Cornhill knew, anyway. Is there anything else you think I ought to know?"

Aggie hesitated. The odd nature of Mr. Winant's question confused her. "I can't really say," she said finally. "I mean,

unless you tell me what sort of facts you want to know?"

Mr. Winant stopped rocking back and forth in his chair. "You sound like an extremely sensible young woman," he said, Aggie was certain that, until that moment, Mr. Winant had not really looked at her. "You are also a good deal more attractive than I had been led to believe by Mr. Cornhill," he added. "How is your temperament?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Are you jittery? Nervous? Do you leap at small sounds?"

"I—I don't think so."

"Don't you know?"

"It never occurred to me before," Aggie said thoughtfully. "I mean, nobody ever asked me."

"That's all the answer I need. How about your character?"

"If you mean references, I've never had a job before, but if you'd care to call Mr. Grumbach at the Brixton Secretarial Academy—"

"I would not," Mr. Winant said. "Mr. Grumbach is a subnormal idiot who doesn't know character from hot rocks, and the fact that you are unaware of this, young lady, after paying him tuition for two years, is all the answer I need on that point, too. Would you care to say a few words now about your tastes?"

Aggie merely stared at him.

"Do you read books or follow the comics?" he said. "Are you what I think the members of your age group identify as a hepcat or a long hair? Do you, if I am employing the jargon correctly, play the field or have you a steady? In plain English, Miss Avery, what do you do with your spare time?"

"I don't know," Aggie said uneasily. "I've never had any."

In the long moment of silence that followed, Aggie was certain Mr. Winant was trying to decide whether to throw her out bodily or merely tell her he was sorry but she wouldn't do.

"Miss Avery, will you promise me one thing?" he said finally. "No matter what happens, no matter how justified you may think you are, will you promise me that you won't quit for at least one full month?"

"You mean," Aggie said when the lump in her throat had eased away, "I've got the job?"

"Yes," Mr. Winant said. "If I've got your promise?"

Aggie nodded, very quickly. It did not occur to her until some time later, after Mr. Winant had turned her over to Mrs. Crispy, a middle-aged woman in a large, quiet, and beautifully furnished office on the fourth floor, that the city editor had

not told her what she was being hired to do.

"That will be your desk, over there," Mrs. Crispy said. "Now, then, as to—" Mrs. Crispy's voice stopped. Her friendly but businesslike manner disappeared. "Oh, dear," she said, "I do hope you're going to stay a while?"

"I hope so, too," Aggie said, wondering why the older woman should look and sound so troubled. "Anyway, that's what I promised Mr. Winant."

"They all say they're going to stay, and then—" Mrs. Crispy paused. "Did you come from the agency, or are you one of those from The Molly Horner McLaughlin House?"

"I'm one of those."

"Thank heaven," Mrs. Crispy said. "That ought to help."

"In what way?" Aggie asked. "What's the difference?"

"The ones Mr. Cornhill sends over usually stay a little longer." The older woman smiled nervously at Aggie. "I hope you'll do better than that. It's quite a nice job, really it is."

"I'm sure of it," Aggie said. "But nobody has yet told me what I'm supposed to do."

"Well, you'll do a little of what I do," Mrs. Crispy said. "You see, I'm Mr. Ben's secretary, but he's an extremely busy man, and one secretary isn't enough, so I need someone to help me, but actually you won't be helping me, because we'll be working as a team for Mr. Ben, if you know what I mean?"

"Well, sort of," Aggie said hesitantly. "Who is Mr. Ben?"

"Why, the editor and publisher," Mrs. Crispy said. "Mr. Benjamin Franklin McLaughlin, of course."

It was the "of course" that Aggie remembered. More accurately, it was the way Mrs. Crispy uttered the two commonplace words that Aggie never forgot.

WAKING up in her room on the top floor of the settlement house twelve years later, Aggie had had a moment of despair. Now that she was back, what was the next step? She was no longer a girl of twenty, eager and excited by her first job. She was a woman of thirty-two, with contractual commitments to a syndicate whose offices were half a continent away, in New York. She could postpone meeting those commitments, as she had already postponed them for six months, but for how long? And while the process of postponement continued, what would she do to keep herself busy?

Then the phone had rung, and it was Joe Winant asking her to lunch. And now they were sitting at the old corner

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table in Bruno's, down the street from the Brixton Times Building, where they had sat so often in the past. Aggie was trying hard, as her thoughts wandered, to keep up the pretense of listening while Joe Winant told her about the paper, what had happened to it in her absence, and what he had tried to do with it since he had become editor and publisher.

"I like to think I've done a good job," Joe Winant said, and then he shrugged. "But I'm no Ben McLaughlin, of course."

"Oh, Lord," Aggie said suddenly, before she realized the words were coming from her lips, "how I hate that phrase!" Then she saw the look in his eyes. "I'm sorry," Aggie said hastily. "I didn't mean to interrupt. I'm afraid I didn't hear what you said."

"I was just wondering aloud, as Ben used to say at editorial conferences."

"About what?"

"How long you're going to stay, and what you're going to do with yourself now that you're back."

AGGIE drew a deep breath. There was no point in postponing it any longer. "Joe," she asked, "has Charlie Cornhill told you why I came back?"

"He didn't have to. I suspected something was wrong months ago, when your syndicate stopped sending us your stuff, right in the middle of the Singapore series. I wrote and asked why. Their explanation didn't sound very convincing. Last night, when Charlie Cornhill's door opened and I saw you standing there," Joe Winant said, "I knew."

"What else do you know?" Aggie asked, and then, all at once, the casual, flippant question seemed to take on a terrible significance. It was as though, unconsciously, she had asked, at last and directly, for the missing piece in the jigsaw puzzle of her life. "Joe," she said, a trifle shaken, "do you know anything I should know?"

"I think so," Joe Winant said evenly. "I think you should know that going stale is not synonymous with going to the scrap heap."

Aggie could feel her held breath escaping slowly. Perhaps Joe Winant had the missing piece in his possession, but he was not ready to give it to her.

"If you're sneaking up on an offer of a temporary job with the *Times*," Aggie said, "I can't take it, Joe. You'd be squandering the stockholders' money. I'm really no good, Joe. I can't work."

"I'm not offering you a job," Joe Winant said. His calm voice and steady manner cut across the faint tremor of hysteria that had started to rise in Aggie's voice. "Even though what you call the stockholders happen to be a single person named Seward McLaughlin, and he can damn well afford to squander some money in this case. I'm no Ben, of course, but I can still make a fairly good suggestion. About your immediate problem, anyway, which would seem to be what to do with yourself while you're here in Brixton."

"I could lunch with you every day," Aggie said. "And listen to you punctuate every sentence with the phrase, 'I'm no Ben, of course.'"

"As a steady diet, you'd get tired of me," Joe Winant said through compressed lips. "Not to mention my punctuation."

"I'm sorry," Aggie said. "I didn't mean that."

"It doesn't matter," he said. "My suggestion does. I don't know how well you remember the youngsters from the surrounding tenements who used to come to The Molly Horner McLaughlin House at night after work when you were living there. They were a pretty average bunch. Some bright, some not so bright. It's still pretty much that way. The only thing the bright ones need to put them on the road out of the tenements is a little help. Why don't you fill in your time by giving it to them?"

"In what way?"

"You're a famous correspondent and a crackerjack newspaperwoman with years of experience," Joe Winant said. "Why don't you get Charlie Cornhill to make available one of those unused top-floor rooms, and let you give a course in journalism for any of those kids who want it?"

"I see what you mean," Aggie said with a bitterness she hated but could not restrain. "Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach."

"Two things I've always disliked," Joe Winant said. "Self-pity and glib aphorisms."

"Self-pity," Aggie said. "Does it show already?"

"No, but it may, before long," Joe said, "if you sit around and wait much longer."

"What am I waiting for, Joe? Why did I come back?"

"I'm not sure," he said quietly. "But I can make a guess. It's Ben, isn't it?"

"Your guess is as good as mine."

"I'm willing to leave it at that," Joe Winant said. "For the time being, anyway. That's why I made my suggestion about teaching a class in journalism at The Molly Horner McLaughlin House. I want you to do something that will keep you busy, something that will prevent you from running away again. This time, Aggie, I want you to stay until you lick it."

"What am I trying to lick? How long will it take?"

"Twelve years ago, that first day you walked into the city room," Joe Winant said, "I asked you to promise that you wouldn't quit for at least a full month."

"Yes," Aggie said. "I remember."

"Would you think me a heel if I asked you to make the same kind of promise now?"

"I'll do better than that," Aggie said. "I'll promise not to leave for two months. Because I don't like the word heel any more than you like self-pity and glib aphorisms, and because there's one thing I want you to get straight."

"What's that?"

"I never blamed you for asking me to give you that first promise," she said. "Any more than I ever blamed Mr. Cornhill for sending me over to Ten Eyck Street on that first morning." Aggie paused. "And I don't blame you now."

IT WAS the truth, of course. In her heart, she knew that it would have happened, anyway. If there had never been a Charles Cornhill, if she had never known Joe Winant, Agnes Avery still knew that somebody else, some other instrument, would have taken her to that outer office on the fourth floor of the Brixton Times Building on Ten Eyck Street, in which poor Mrs. Crispy had tried to explain the nature of Aggie's duties.

"It isn't that Mr. Ben is a difficult man

to work for," the harassed woman said. "It's just that he's, well, you might say Mr. Ben is a bit impetuous. He has so many ideas, and they—"

The sudden slam of a door drowned her out, Aggie, turning quickly with Mrs. Crispy, saw a young man in the doorway at the far side of the room.

"What's the matter with the buzzer?" he demanded. "I've been leaning on it for three hours."

The young man's voice had an electric quality. Aggie realized that his statement was a preposterous exaggeration. He couldn't possibly have been leaning on the buzzer for three hours.

"Do that," the young man said, answering Mrs. Crispy's nervous assurances about sending for the electricians. "Do it right," he said. "Give them hell. Tell them if they can't install an interoffice buzzer so it works, we'll get new electricians." He started to turn away, in a spasmodic twist of nervous movement, and then he stopped and twisted back toward Mrs. Crispy. "No, wait," he said. "Put it on the agenda for today's editorial conference. That buzzer is symptomatic of what's wrong with Brixton. How are we going to goose this limping, one-cylinder town into becoming something bigger and better if we can't even get our electricians to put in a functioning buzzer? Mark it for Mr. Winant. There's an editorial in this." He whipped around.

"Get your book."

Aggie's heart leaped with fright. The young man had addressed her.

Mrs. Crispy pushed a pencil and a stenographic notebook into Aggie's hand. "Go ahead," Mrs. Crispy said. "He doesn't like to be kept waiting." She thrust Aggie toward the open doorway. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

Aggie's heart leaped with fright. The young man had addressed her.

Mrs. Crispy pushed a pencil and a stenographic notebook into Aggie's hand. "Go ahead," Mrs. Crispy said. "He doesn't like to be kept waiting." She thrust Aggie toward the open doorway. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

THERE WASN'T. Aggie learned that later. But the knowledge had not yet taken enough shape in her mind to allay her fears in that first encounter.

For one thing, she had never before taken dictation on an actual job. For another, nothing at the Brixton Secretarial Academy had prepared her for this feeling that, as she sat beside the enormous mahogany desk with the notebook on her lap while young Mr. Ben McLaughlin paced up and down the huge room, she had been caught in something that reminded her of one of those whirling barrels at the Brixton Amusement Park.

And lastly, Aggie couldn't seem to make sense of the memorandum Mr. Ben McLaughlin was dictating with so much explosive vehemence.

"Paragraph," he rapped out. "I have, furthermore, taken the precaution of foreseeing all objections in advance. They are more than idiotic. They are infuriatingly typical of the narrow-minded point of view that has kept the circulation of the *Times* at its present preposterous level."

Even in her confused state, Aggie was shocked by the tone of the young man's words. The memorandum was addressed to Seward McLaughlin, and she knew, from what Mr. Cornhill had told her yesterday, that Seward McLaughlin was the head of the McLaughlin family and, therefore, this young man's father.

"If this paper is ever going to cease being nothing more than a small-town rag, if the *Times* is ever going to become what I know it can become, namely, a powerful instrument of Middle Western

opinion, listened to and respected not only in this country but even, perhaps, in the civilized capitals of Europe and Asia, it will be only by the introduction of methods such as these."

YOUNG Mr. McLaughlin paused at the desk to stub the cigarette he had just lighted. At once, he snatched up another one.

"Paragraph," he barked. Aggie, noting that there was a harsh attraction in his voice, noticed also that she was catching some of the excitement of the words she was taking down but did not understand. "I will, therefore, tolerate no interference," young Mr. McLaughlin rasped. "As of nine o'clock tomorrow morning, the filing system in the *Times* morgue will be reconstituted in accordance with the detailed plan outlined in the opening paragraphs of this memorandum."

Aggie did not yet know what a newspaper morgue was. But her common sense told her something was wrong. There was a strange, almost ludicrous gap, between young Mr. McLaughlin's fine, fierce words about converting the *Times* into a powerful instrument of Middle Western opinion, and his innocuous plan for rearranging a filing system. The gap did not seem to trouble young Mr. McLaughlin.

"This memorandum is not a suggestion," he dictated harshly. "This is a statement of policy. It goes into effect at once, or I go elsewhere with similar speed." Carbon copy to Mr. Winant. Where's Ella?

"I'm sorry," Aggie said. "You mean Mrs. Crispy?"

"No, I mean Ella," the young man said. "The girl Joe Winant hired for me yesterday."

"I'm sorry," Aggie said again. "I don't know."

"Probably quit," young Mr. McLaughlin said in disgust. "Couldn't take it," he said contemptuously. "Probably went off to something safer, something quieter, taking dictation from some dim-witted, satchel-bottomed plumbing contractor on Michigan Avenue. Nuts to Ella," he said, "if that was her name."

He looked at Aggie with sudden interest. Aggie found herself looking at young Mr. McLaughlin in the same way. What she saw left her a little breathless. He seemed to be about Mr. Winant's age. Looking at his slender, sensitive face, which twitched slightly under a mop of unruly blond hair, Aggie became aware of Ben McLaughlin's eyes. They were black, so black that they looked almost unreal in his pale face. For all their fierceness, in spite of the anger that

seemed to leap like tiny flames in those pools of astonishing blackness, Aggie thought she saw in them a look of entreaty that made her heart turn over with an audible thump.

"Nuts to Ella," young Mr. McLaughlin said again. "Nuts to all of them," he said. "You stick with me, and we'll show the whole stupid, gutless bunch." He came closer and leaned down until he was staring into her eyes. "We will," he repeated in a whisper, "won't we?"

Aggie nodded, without thinking. Later, when she did think about it, she realized that she would have nodded even if she had understood. That look of entreaty was strangely moving. More than that, it was intensely personal. That look was meant for her. Aggie knew, instinctively, that she was probably the first person who had ever seen it. And Aggie knew, in the sudden tumult of her heart, that she was glad she was the first.

"That's a deal," Ben McLaughlin said. "What's your name?"

"Agnes," she said. "Agnes Avery."

"Glad to know you, Aggie." A small smile twisted the mobile lips. "Glad to have you on my side." The smile vanished. The thick blond brows knitted. The slender but powerful body straightened. "Okay, Aggie," Ben McLaughlin said, as he resumed his nervous pacing. "Take another memorandum."

She went on taking them all day, in an overflowing stream that swept her along, enclosing her in the circle of nervous excitement that seemed to flow without pause from the energetic person of Ben McLaughlin.

In the early evening, when she came back to The Molly Horner McLaughlin House, Aggie was still held by the spell. She scarcely saw Charles Cornhill coming forward with a friendly smile to meet her. Aggie was only dimly aware that the director of the settlement house had led her into his office and eased her into the chair beside his ancient desk.

"MR. WINANT just called," he said, and the sound of his voice broke the spell. "Joe wanted to congratulate me," Charles Cornhill said. "Mr. Ben feels that for the first time since he took over the paper a year ago, he has finally found a secretary who knows her business. He hopes you like the job well enough to stay."

"No, I'm sorry," Aggie said in a low voice. "I can't take the job."

"Aggie," Mr. Cornhill said, very quietly, "may I ask why not?"

"I don't know." There were no words to explain the strange uneasiness she felt, the vague discomfort so perilously close

to fear. "All I know, Mr. Cornhill, is that I don't want the job."

"I see," Mr. Cornhill was staring thoughtfully at his hands. "Do you know the story of Alexander?"

"Alexander?"

"The Great, he was called," Mr. Cornhill said. "The story goes that, at an extremely early age, he was found weeping in his tent, because there were no more worlds left for him to conquer. Young Ben McLaughlin is somewhat like that. Except that Ben has never had a chance to conquer even one world. He owned them all from the day of his birth. By inheritance."

Aggie wondered, with a touch of impatience, what all this had to do with the job for which she had been hired, the job she now knew she must not take.

"I tried to point this out to his father years ago when he and Mrs. McLaughlin were planning the boy's education. My advice fell on deaf ears. Ben is an only child. From the day of his birth, he has been treated by his parents as something special. And he is, of course. Something very special. Anybody born into the McLaughlin family would be at least that, purely because of their wealth and power, the things they own and control. In addition, it became clear before long that Ben was something special on his own account. Bright, quick, intelligent, everything a doting parent could want a boy to be. Seward McLaughlin and his wife wanted Ben to be a good deal more. They sent him not only to the best schools in the country, and not only to the best schools in the world, but to all the best schools in the world."

"I don't understand," Aggie said, caught up, in spite of herself, in Mr. Cornhill's story. "You mean in Europe?"

"In Europe, in Asia, everywhere," Charles Cornhill said. "When he was ten, Ben was at school in England. At twelve, he had been switched to Berlin. Then they sent him to Paris. This was followed by a year in Rome. At sixteen, Ben was in Tokyo. At eighteen, when most young men of Ben McLaughlin's background are going off to Yale or Harvard or Princeton, Ben went to the University of Rio. He finished his senior year in Mexico City. By the time he graduated, Ben had decided on his career. He wanted to be a journalist. He could have had any job he wanted, right here on the *Brixton Times*, which his father owns. But Seward McLaughlin was determined to finish the job of making Ben something really special. He got Ben a job as a copy boy on a paper in St. Louis. A year later Ben had become the head of the circulation department. Seward



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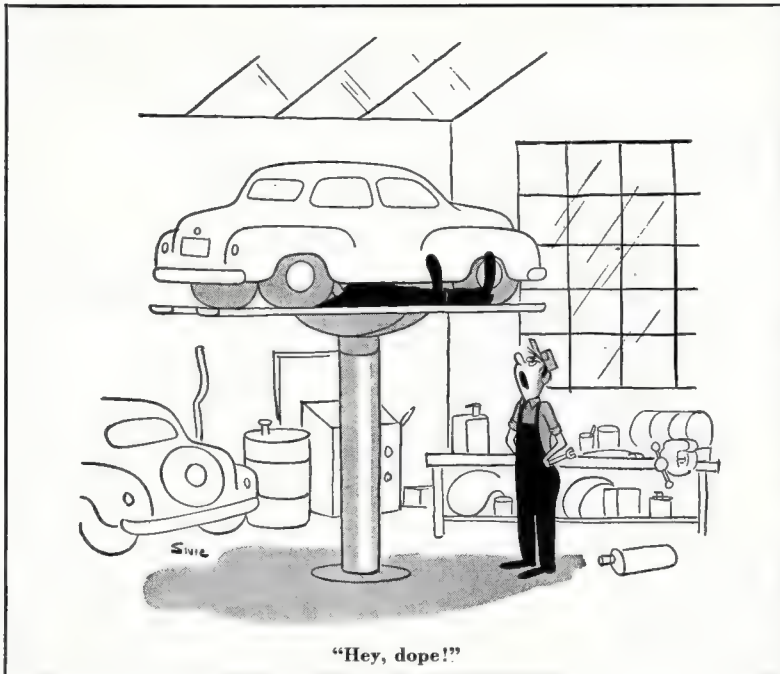
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McLaughlin put him on the news staff of a paper owned by a friend in Chicago. In eight months, Ben was the city editor. So it went for five years. In five different cities, on five different papers, in five different departments of newspaper work, Ben McLaughlin proved his brilliance. Or so it seemed, anyway. You see, poor Ben had no way of knowing whether he had risen to the top in those jobs on his own merits, or whether he had been thrust to the top because he was the son of Seward McLaughlin. Wherever he went, Ben was not merely a young man taking a job, he was that something special his parents had made of him, the heir to the McLaughlin name and fortune: *Mr. Ben, of course.* Last year, Mr. Cornhill said, "when Ben reached the age of twenty-six, Seward McLaughlin felt the time had come to bring his son home. He did. And poor Ben has been trying to fight his way out of the shadows ever since."

"Fight?" Aggie asked. "What shadows?"

"Ben is like a thoroughbred, trained from birth to run in the Kentucky Derby, who finds himself pulling a milk wagon," Charles Cornhill said. "The Brixton Times is a good and successful paper, just as Brixton is a good-sized and prosperous Middle Western city, but neither one is scaled to the proportions for which Ben McLaughlin has been trained. He's geared to hit home runs in Yankee Stadium, and now he's been dumped here in Brixton, to bat out fungos in a sand lot."

"**W**HY DOES he stay here?" Aggie asked almost angrily. "Why doesn't he go somewhere else? To Chicago? Or New York?"

"Ultimately, I think he will," Mr. Cornhill said, "if he survives his imprisonment. That's a very harsh word, of course. You see, Aggie, none of us is ever completely free from the instruments that fashion us. Just as there will always be something in you of the aunt who

brought you up, so there will always be something of Seward McLaughlin and his wife in their son Ben. That something is what the McLaughlins have been for so long, not only in this state, but also in their own minds. It's what they own. It's what they control. And part of what Seward McLaughlin owns, part of what he and Mrs. McLaughlin control, is Ben. They love him, and he loves them. The fact that outsiders like myself may feel that Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin's love for Ben is a form of imprisonment, that Ben's love for his parents has an undercurrent of resentment, does not affect the strength of that love. It holds them together. And what they are together holds Ben in Brixton. Someday, when that tie is broken, Ben will be freed from what I have called his imprisonment. Until then, he may not seem very rational to outsiders. The urge to win the Kentucky Derby, while harnessed to the shafts of a milk wagon, can make a person do strange things. Until he can be released from the shafts of the milk wagon, so to speak, Ben has to muddle through his imprisonment with whatever help he can get. I do a little, because I'm grateful to the McLaughlins for the help they give me here in my work in Brixton's slums. Joe Winant does much more because of his special position in the McLaughlin family."

"Is Mr. Winant a member of the family?"

"Yes and no," Mr. Cornhill said. "Years ago when Mrs. McLaughlin, who is a sickly woman, realized that she and her husband would never have any more children, they took Joe Winant out of an orphanage and made him a companion to Ben. They were both small boys then. They've been inseparable ever since. The McLaughlins never adopted Joe legally, I suspect because Seward McLaughlin wants his only son to be his only legal heir, but they've treated Joe as a member of the family in every other way. He went to all the schools Ben went to, all

over the world. He worked on all the papers Ben worked on. Joe came back to Brixton last year, when Ben came back. And when Seward McLaughlin made Ben editor and publisher of the *Times*, Joe Winant took over as city editor. I don't know how well Ben could stand what I have described as his imprisonment if it were not for the steady influence of Joe Winant. I sometimes think, if it were not for Joe, Ben would never survive it. Joe does everything he can to help. That's why he called up, a few minutes ago, to congratulate me on sending you over this morning," Charles Cornhill said. "Joe Winant seems to feel that, in your own way, you can help, too."

As she avoided Mr. Cornhill's glance and struggled with her own thoughts, Aggie found them dominated by the look of entreaty she had seen peering out of the fiercely dancing flames in Ben McLaughlin's eyes. She could feel again the sudden tumult in her heart. And the strange uneasiness, so perilously close to fear, fell away. The spell fashioned by Ben McLaughlin's electric presence reached out to enclose her again.

Aggie gave herself up to it without resistance because, all at once, she knew something that went beyond Charles Cornhill's careful explanation. She knew something that even went beyond the entreaty in Ben McLaughlin's eyes. She knew why she had been the first to see it, and why Ben McLaughlin had not been afraid to let her see it. On their different levels, in their different spheres, they were exactly alike: they wore the invisible uniforms of an identical imprisonment. Out of her new awareness, rising from the depths of her desperate loneliness, Agnes Avery knew that she needed Ben McLaughlin as much as he needed her.

"I think perhaps I've been a little hasty," Aggie said to Charles Cornhill. "I'll try to keep my promise to Mr. Winant," she said. "I'll stay on the job."

SHE DID, for five frantic but wonderful months. Then, one day in November, Ben McLaughlin flew up to Chicago to look at some new presses even Aggie knew the *Times* did not need and would not buy. Late in the morning, Joe Winant telephoned from the city room and asked her to meet him for lunch in Bruno's. In the restaurant, she listened while Joe Winant talked, in his slow, careful, faintly mocking voice. He finished his drink and signaled Bruno for another.

"You sure you won't have one?" he asked.

"Thanks, no," said Aggie. "What I'd really like, if you don't mind, Mr. Winant, is an explanation."

"You sound as though I'm firing you. What I'm doing, in case you didn't understand me the first time around, is giving you a promotion and a raise."

"I'm grateful for both," Aggie said carefully. "But they don't add up to an explanation."

"Let's put it this way," Joe Winant said. "I think you're much too good to waste your time helping Mrs. Crispy transcribe Ben McLaughlin's endless memoranda about rearranging filing systems and buying expensive presses we don't need. I have a hunch you've got the makings of a damned good reporter. I may be wrong, but I need good reporters, and I'd like to ride my hunch. I want you in the city room. How about it?"

"If you really want me," Aggie said. "And if there isn't some other reason you haven't told me."

"I really want you," Joe Winant said, and his lips twisted in the small, sardonic smile. "What other reason could there possibly be?"

AGGIE didn't answer. But that night, when she met Ben McLaughlin at the airport and told him about the lunch, Ben put the answer into words at once.

"Good old Joe," he said. His thin, intense body shook with sudden laughter. "I wondered how long it would be before the McLaughlin family watchdog caught on and began to take steps." Ben stopped and seized Aggie's arm, swinging her around to face him. "Mr. Winant is trying to separate us," he said, drawing her close, speaking with burlesqued terror. "Mr. Winant thinks he can do it by taking you out of my office and putting you into the city room. Mr. Winant thinks we're seeing too much of each other." The laughter disappeared suddenly from his voice and his eyes. For a long moment, one of those awful moments Aggie had come to recognize and dread, only the terror remained in Ben McLaughlin's eyes. "Are we?" he asked harshly. "Do you think Joe is right? Are we seeing too much of each other?"

"No," Aggie said quietly, the way she always spoke to him in these moments. "Not for me," she said. "How about you?"

The terror slid away. The laughter suddenly danced in the flickering blackness of his eyes. "It's never too much for me," Ben McLaughlin said. "And it never will be. Nuts to Joe Winant. We'll show him. We'll show all of them. You go into that city room, and you become the best damned reporter this slop pail of a town ever saw, and we'll see how long it takes before Joe Winant thinks up a new stunt for keeping us apart."

It took longer than Ben and Aggie expected. It took almost eighteen months. And, when it happened, it was scarcely a stunt.

There were times, during those months, when Aggie thought she hated Joe Winant. The intense man made her sit and listen, after she had turned in an assignment to which she had given everything in her, while he tore apart, sentence by sentence, word by word, the paragraphs she had put together with so much labor. Then he sent her back to do the story again.

There were times when, tossing sleeplessly after one of the long drives into the country in which Ben McLaughlin seemed to find some release from his special tensions, Aggie thought the throb-

bing of her own heart would drive her insane.

There were the moments when Joe Winant would look up from the pages she had brought to him, and the sardonic smile would change slightly, and he would say softly, "You'll get there, baby; you'll get there."

There were the moments, on a hilltop where Ben McLaughlin had suddenly braked the car to a slithering halt, when his vibrant voice would suddenly break in a harsh sob. "Stay with me, Aggie; stay with me."

They were all there, the bad moments and the good, thrown together and twisted in a tangled skein of time. Slowly but surely, she learned the special pride of work well done and the special agony of rapture, the joy of knowing she was beginning to measure up to an exacting profession, and the terror of suspecting that she was not equal to the needs of the only person who had ever needed her.

Through it all, there was only one piece of sure knowledge: It would have to end. Joe Winant may have given up the task of trying to break it up, but others would step in before long. And Aggie knew who those others were.

One morning she found in her box at the settlement house a note from Mrs. Seward McLaughlin, asking her to come to dinner the following night. Aggie knew that those others had decided to step in at last.

"You're crazy," Ben said with a laugh when she showed him the note and told him what she suspected. "If Mother wanted to tell you to lay off her little boy, she wouldn't do it by inviting you to dinner."

"What else can she possibly want?"

"Why don't we both wait and see?"

Ben said. "Please don't worry," he added gently. "It's going to be all right."

Somewhat incredibly, it was.

LATER, years later, in the far corners of the world to which Aggie's work took her, those two years in Brixton came back to her at odd moments, taking on some of the qualities of a recurring dream. And the most vivid and disturbing part of the dream was that night when she first met Seward McLaughlin and his wife.

The McLaughlin mansion was huge and ornate, furnished with a massive splendor that seemed to belong to an era long past, staffed by servants who seemed aware that they were caretakers in a museum.

The most magnificent items in the museum were Ben's parents.

Seward McLaughlin was tall, heavy-

set, and regal in bearing. His magnificent head was thrown back as though, from the heights on which he lived and from which he ruled, the world at his feet was not clear in outline and had to be brought constantly into focus. Mrs. McLaughlin, who was slender and almost tiny, nevertheless looked the perfect consort. Her white hair, worn high like a tiara on her beautifully shaped head, her delicate features, and the choker collar of pearls setting off her black gown, seemed to have been fashioned deliberately to stand in queenly magnificence at Seward McLaughlin's side.

"My dear," she said, taking Aggie's hand, "I wish I could tell you how pleased we are to meet you at last."

THE FACT that the words were so commonplace heightened the shock of the unmistakable sincerity with which they were spoken. All during the strange evening, the effects of that initial shock persisted. Aggie never remembered precisely what they talked about. She remembered only the incredible fact that Seward McLaughlin and his wife were not hostile. On the contrary.

Several times Aggie intercepted a look of delight that passed between his parents. Aggie did not understand it. Was it possible that Mr. and Mrs. Seward McLaughlin considered her worthy of their son and heir? Was this why they had made no move to separate them?

"This has been the most enjoyable evening of my life," Mrs. McLaughlin said when Ben had helped Aggie on with her coat. "Will you come again, my dear?"

"You must come very often," Seward McLaughlin said. "We want you to think of this house as your home."

"What did I tell you?" Ben said gleefully, as they drove down the hill in his car. "Didn't I say it would be all right?"

He said so much more that, by the time Ben left her at the door of The Molly Horner McLaughlin House, Aggie's mind was in a turmoil.

The next morning, when she arrived in the city room, she felt so drained and exhausted that she did not blame Joe Winant for looking at her sharply.

"Keep your coat on," he said. "I've been waiting for you." He seized his hat, and took her arm. "Come on."

"Where?" Aggie asked. "I've got the Wyckoff story to finish."

"Finish it later. We're going down to Bruno's for coffee." When they were seated at the corner table, Joe Winant said, "I understand Ben took you up the hill last night to be looked over by his father and mother."

Aggie stared at him in astonishment.



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His choice of words threw a new and revealing light on the strange evening. Joe Winant had made it clear. Ben had not merely taken her to dinner at the home of his parents. Ben had taken her up the hill to be looked over by his father and mother.

"Yes," Aggie said. "He did."

"And they liked what they saw?"

"I hope so," she said. "I really couldn't say."

"I can," Joe Winant said. "That's why I'm going to say some more." For once, there was no mockery in his eyes. For the first time since Aggie had met him, the sardonic smile was gone from his lips. "Get this, baby, and get it straight," Joe Winant said. "I want you to blow."

"You want me to do what?"

"Scram," Joe Winant said. "Beat it. Powder. Choose your own word. When you've chosen it, baby, act on it. I want you to cut and run. Is that clear?"

"No," Aggie said. "Are you firing me?"

"I'm fixing it so that you can get out of this."

"Out of what?"

"Trouble. More than you can handle."

"I take it you're talking about Ben?"

"You take it right," Joe Winant said.

"Now I want you to take it on the lam. As fast as those shapely legs of yours and the next train out of Brixton can carry you. I've talked by phone to a friend of mine on the Chicago *Blade*. You're a damned good reporter now. He's got a job waiting for you. I've ordered the accounting office to draw your final check. You're entitled to four weeks' severance pay. That should get you up to Chicago and carry you until you draw your first check from the *Blade*. If it isn't enough, you can have my personal check for whatever you think is enough. I've talked to Charlie Cornhill. He's having one of his girls down at The Molly Hornor McLaughlin House pack your bag right now. I'll drive you over to the train."

"You're turning out to be quite a friend."

"Better than you'll ever know," Joe Winant said. "Come on, baby." He stood up. "That train leaves in less than an hour."

Aggie did not move from her chair. "I wasn't talking about myself," she said. "I'm talking about what a friend of Ben's you're turning out to be."

In the moment of sudden silence, as the blood drained out of his face, Aggie thought he was going to strike her.

"If you knew what you were talking about, you'd take those words back."

"I'm not taking anything back. You tried to break it up between Ben and me a year and a half ago by taking me out of his office and putting me in the city room. Now you're trying to scare me out of town. You call that friendship?"

"You'll call it more than that," Joe Winant said, "someday when you know what you're talking about. Today you don't, baby, and you can thank God you don't. Today you'll just have to take what I say on faith."

"Why are you trying to separate me from Ben? Because you're jealous of him?"

She had not meant to say it. The thought had never occurred to her before. It had slipped out before she could examine it. Apparently the thought had never occurred to Joe Winant, either. "You little boob," he said savagely. "Listen to me. Ben and his parents have had the first twenty-eight years of my

life already. I'd give the rest of it for any one of them, at any time. It belongs to them, anyway. Do you understand that? Can you get that into your cocky little head and keep it there?" Aggie didn't answer. She felt strangely helpless. "I'm not thinking about Ben, or his parents, or myself," Joe Winant said. "I'm thinking about you. Not because I'm jealous, but because I'm responsible. I hired you. I sent you up to that fourth floor two years ago. If I'd known it might come to this, I would have sent you back to Charlie Cornhill on that first morning. But I didn't know. Now that I do, I want you to get out before it's too late. Are you going?"

"I can't," Aggie said slowly. "It's too late already."

"What the hell are you saying?"

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"Last night after we left his parents' house," Aggie said, "I promised Ben I would marry him."

SHE HAD not promised Ben she would marry him at once. When, however, Aggie discovered that Ben and his parents assumed she did mean at once, Aggie could think of no reason she shouldn't. Even Joe Winant refused to provide one. He would say no more than he had said in Bruno's. And Ben, as well as his parents, were saying so much that Aggie could scarcely take it all in. Years later, when the dream came back in some far corner of the world, Aggie often wondered if the arrangements had not all been completely taken care of, by Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, before she had even set foot in their house.

She never wondered about her own feelings, however. All through the hasty purchase of clothes, the signing of the application for the marriage license, and the hurried packing; through the deeply moving words of congratulation uttered by Charles Cornhill; through all of the frantic twenty-four hours that sped by between her talk with Joe Winant in Bruno's and the wedding ceremony in The First Brixton Episcopal Church on Ridge Road; through the ceremony itself, Aggie never doubted her own feelings.

They were clear and hard and almost

terrifyingly simple. Looking up at Ben McLaughlin, as he put the ring on her finger, Aggie knew that, so long as the dancing flames in his fierce black eyes could do that to her heart, she was equal to anything.

OUTSIDE the church, just before Aggie and Ben climbed into a car, Joe Winant pulled her aside.

"Listen, baby," he said in a low voice. "All that stuff I was telling you yesterday morning in Bruno's, would it be asking too much if I suggested you forget it?"

"If you want me to, I'll try."

"I want you to," Joe Winant said, and he smiled at her. "Maybe you were right," he said. "Maybe I'm just jealous." He leaned down and kissed her cheek. "You look so lovely, I don't see how anybody can blame me," Joe Winant said, and then the smile disappeared, and his voice changed. "God bless you, baby, and take care of him. He needs you more than you'll ever know."

Then they were in the car, and it was leaving the curb in a lurch of speed that caused Ben to laugh with delight. Aggie turned to look back for a last glimpse of Seward McLaughlin and his wife and Joe Winant.

The tall, regal man, and the tiny, queenly woman were standing side by side. Behind them, like a guard of honor, young and solid, attractive, dependable, and impressive, stood Joe Winant. For a puzzled moment, as they began to slide from view, Aggie wondered why Joe Winant's grave smile should be tinged with what she could only interpret as pity, while the smiles on the faces of Seward McLaughlin and his wife seemed to exude a sense of triumphant relief. Then they were gone and Ben, at the wheel by her side, was laughing.

"I saw Joe corner you on the sidewalk," he said. "What did he say?"

"Nothing I hadn't already promised the preacher," Aggie said. "He wanted me to take care of you."

Ben gave her a quick glance.

"You've got to now," he said. "You're tied hand and foot, darling. You—oh, nuts!"

"What's the matter?"

"I forgot to buy shaving cream."

"This is my first honeymoon," Aggie said. "I won't know the difference if you grow a beard."

"You will when I kiss you," Ben said. He slammed on the brakes and drew up to the curb in front of a drugstore. "I won't be long."

Ten minutes later, when he came out, Ben looked upset.

"What's the matter?" Aggie asked; and then, "You forgot your shaving cream."

Ben McLaughlin looked down at his empty hands. "Yeah," he said, and laughed as he stepped on the starter. "They didn't have my brand. We'll stop somewhere farther along."

They stopped several times. Not only at drugstores. After they left the outskirts of Brixton, they stopped at hamburger stands and roadhouses. At any place, Aggie eventually realized, that looked as though it had a telephone. Each time Ben came out empty-handed.

By late afternoon, when they had left Brixton some seventy miles behind them, all the excitement and gaiety that had carried Ben out of the church had been replaced by a mood of nervous despondency. Aggie regretted the fact that his

mood had changed. But she had, during the past two years, grown accustomed to that. She had learned that the best way to handle these fits of depression was to pretend they did not exist. She sat quietly at Ben's side, watching the road rush up at them, wondering, with a sense of mounting excitement that made her blush, what destination Ben had chosen for their honeymoon.

"Well," Ben said finally, as dusk was beginning to fall, "this is it."

The car seemed to leap free of the woods, like a frightened animal that has lost its way and, after stumbling along uncertainly for a long time, suddenly finds itself on the edge of a familiar clearing. Ben brought the car to a halt on a gravel apron in front of a large, rambling house hemmed in by huge pines. Over the door was an exaggeratedly rustic sign fashioned from pine cones: "Pine Lodge." From behind the house, Aggie could hear the low, steady, muted roar of Lake Michigan, rolling up and receding from a shingly beach.

A UNIFORMED porter came out, bowed, and took their bags. Neither the porter nor Ben spoke. Aggie followed them up the steps, feeling suddenly and unhappily alone. It was as though Ben had forgotten she was with him. Inside, a blaze was roaring in a huge stone fireplace at the far side of the lobby. The man behind the desk put down his newspaper, smiled, stood up, and swung the register around.

"Good evening, Mr. McLaughlin," he said, and bowed to Aggie. "We were afraid you might not get here before dark."

Ben didn't answer. He took the pen and signed the register. He didn't speak as they followed the porter up two flights of stairs, down a long hall, and into a wide, spacious room. Ben went to the window and stood there, cracking his knuckles nervously, staring out at the lake. Aggie gave the porter a dollar.

The porter bowed and went out. The faint click of the door caused Ben to whip around, in that spasmodic twist of nervous movement Aggie knew so well.

"I've, uh, I've ordered dinner to be sent up here." He scowled as though he were hunting for a reason to support his statement. "The place is empty this time of year," Ben said. "We're the only guests."

"I'm glad, darling," Aggie said. "It's—" "I've ordered champagne," Ben said impatiently.

"That's wonderful, darling."

"I told them we want it really chilled," Ben said, and then his voice stopped. He

didn't seem to know what to say. "The thing about champagne is that you must never—" he stopped again. "Look," he said abruptly, "Why don't you unpack your things while I run down and make a phone call? I'll be back in a minute."

He was gone before Aggie could point out that there was a phone on the table beside the bed. He was not back in a minute. She had unpacked her things, and was beginning to wonder uneasily about what to do next, when there was a tap on the door. Aggie ran across and opened it. The porter, carrying the champagne, was on the threshold.

"Thank you," Aggie said. He came in, and set down the bucket. Aggie said, "That looks fine."

"Yes, ma'am," the porter said. "Anything else, ma'am?"

"You might tell my husband the wine is ready," Aggie said. "He went down to the lobby to make a phone call."

"Yes, ma'am," the porter said.

A half hour later, Aggie decided the most sensible way to fill in the time was to unpack Ben's bag. The first thing she noticed, as she laid out Ben's toilet articles on the dresser, was a large tube of shaving cream. There was a knock on the door.

"Yes?"

"Dinner, ma'am?"

"Yes, of course," Aggie said. "Come in."

The porter came in, wheeling a table. Aggie could see, from the excessive fuss he made with the silver, that the porter suspected something was wrong. Aggie went into the bathroom. She stood at the window, listening to the waves roll up on the beach, watching the night come down on the lake, telling herself fiercely that the uneven thrust of her heart was due only to the emotions any girl would feel at this moment in her life.

She did not tell it to herself with much conviction. Aggie could not get out of her mind the warning Joe Winant had tried to give her in Bruno's the day before. She could not forget the look of pity on Joe's face as she and Ben drove away from the church. She saw again the strange look of triumph and relief on the faces of Seward McLaughlin and his wife. She remembered the series of stops Ben had made along the road on the pretext of trying to buy shaving cream. To whom were all those calls made? What had Joe Winant tried to warn her against? Why did their son's marriage to a penniless girl fill the wealthy and powerful Seward McLaughlin and his wife with a sense of triumph and relief? Why had Ben, her husband of a mere six hours, left her up here alone? Aggie came out of the bathroom,

She went to the table beside the bed and picked up the phone.

"This is Mrs. McLaughlin," Aggie said. "Would you ask Mr. McLaughlin if—"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," the man at the desk said. "Mr. McLaughlin drove off in his car about forty-five minutes ago."

"Oh, I see," Aggie said. It took all the will power she could muster to prevent herself from asking where Ben had gone. "Would you tell him dinner is getting cold?" she said. "When he gets back, I mean."

"Certainly, Mrs. McLaughlin," he said. "I'll tell him the moment he comes in."

The one part of the dream that was never clear, the part Aggie was always grateful for not being able to remember, was how she spent the next dozen hours. The only thing she remembered was the sudden chiming of a clock, somewhere down the long hall outside the room in which she had spent the mocking travesty of her wedding night.

Aggie counted the strokes. Seven. She looked up with surprise, and saw that the room was flooded with sunlight. Wearily Aggie went to the phone, and then she had a moment of shock. It was as though the man at the desk downstairs had been expecting her call.

"Mrs. McLaughlin?" he said at once.

"Yes," Aggie said. "I'm afraid something has happened to my husband." The word sounded strange in her own ears. "I wonder if you would—"

"Yes, ma'am," the voice at the other end said quietly. "I took the liberty, a few minutes ago, of calling the sheriff."

"Thank you," Aggie said. Then, as her voice started to break, she managed to say, "Would you put in a call to Brixton for me, please?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "Right away."

"THANK YOU," Aggie said, and she paused, telling herself savagely that she had no right to call Joe Winant, or even Charles Cornhill. They were Ben's friends, but she was Ben's wife. He was her responsibility. Somewhere, somehow, before she had even been given a chance to begin, she had failed. "I want to talk with Mr. McLaughlin," Aggie said, and she paused. Not to catch her breath. Nor even to gather her strength. She paused to thrust away the mocking knowledge that the only person in all the world to whom she had a right to turn was almost a total stranger, and even her right to turn to him was no more than a legal fiction. "I want to talk with Mr. Seward McLaughlin," Aggie said, through the sudden, harsh sobs that seemed to be tearing her body apart, "my father-in-law."

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with Your Skin



her background, by the aura she created. As long as she kept him interested, he didn't think about other women. Horace was easily influenced—and she was influencing him to be attentive to her. She needed attention. If Horace met the right girl, he'd make a perfect husband. Madame didn't like to think of that, and when he introduced her to the girls he knew, she was always able to let him see just how shallow and conniving they were.

She knew a lot of men. Old actors, who liked to spend endless hours talking about the theatre, preferably while drinking her liquor. Occasionally she had to appear with one of them, and then it was part of her art to be interested and gracious and appealing. There were still a few rich old men around, who had been stage-door Johnnys but who now wanted to be seen with very young girls, to simulate youth. There were writers who liked to draw her out in order to use her in stories. That meant occasional good meals and resultant publicity. But the old ones had to be inexact about her to disguise their own age, and the young ones made her a museum piece. Social climbers—whom she would have refused years ago—felt she added distinction to their parties, and occasionally she allowed them to fawn on her as she talked of when she'd played with Richard Mansfield and William Faversham and Philip Henley. Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Fiske, and the others were all gone. . . . Horace Chamberlain treated her like a real person. She needed him.

ZALA CASSELL lived in an apartment hotel in the West Fifties. Not as chic as East of Fifth—but smarter than if it had been near Broadway. To a connoisseur, *au courant* with the newest in décor, the apartment might have seemed hideous, cluttered, and dingy. Madame considered it a distinguished background.

"I have my own things," she said with dignity. Pictures framed in deep oak or narrow black molding hung on the walls, and silver-framed ones stood around the room. One of Madame as she had appeared in "Lady Windermere's Fan" was in a frame of green velvet with insets of jade. It was from an admirer she'd long forgotten.

The telephone rang again, and Madame went through her routine. It was the president of a woman's club, and after the necessary hesitation Madame promised to speak at a luncheon, without charge, if a member called for her in a private car.

"I loathe taxicabs," said Madame.

The next call was from Lew Marstan. Lew was one of the oldest theatrical producers in New York; Madame had known him since he was an office boy in the Harris office.

"How's my girl?" His voice was too hearty. "How's the greatest star on Broadway?"

"I'm sure she's fine, and so am I," said Madame.

"You're a great one!" He laughed. "I've got something very interesting for you."

"Going to star me in 'Macbeth'?" He'd promised that, twenty years before.

"I wish to heaven I could!" he said.

"I know!" Her voice was soft. A beautiful, entirely impossible dream.

"You'll like this maybe just as well. Philip Henley—"

"Philip Henley has been dead for ten years!" There was a thickening in her throat and her eyes filled.

"As if I didn't know! This is his son, Madame. As fine-looking a young fellow as you ever saw."

IN THAT moment, Philip Henley seemed the only man she had ever loved. He had been younger than she—which she now felt was the reason they had never married.

They'd played together in half a dozen plays, and all but one had disappeared. But "Hamlet" had not disappeared. Philip Henley had been second only to John Barrymore, she felt. She had played the Queen Mother. Philip Henley had had beauty and fire and charm.

They had been madly in love. The way, it seemed to her, only theatre people can love. With a mixture of reality and illusion. Philip had been unpredictable, emotional, a bit mad. And a great actor! That was the most important thing! They had loved and had been happy. And they had quarreled, and now it seemed almost for the best. All through their love had been their love of the theatre—their emotions had been mixed with their acting. She could see herself as she had been then—slim and graceful, her face smooth, her lips warm, her eyes enigmatic. Sure of herself—of the world—of Philip Henley. Then the quarrels had grown frequent and serious. They'd both been jealous, and pigs for publicity. She remembered those last emotional scenes. Too bad there'd been no audiences, no recordings. The other men she had loved hadn't been so wonderful. Philip Henley—dead these ten years. . . .

"Are you there?" Marstan asked.

"Of course!" said Madame. "Philip Henley's son—"

"I've put him under contract. I've got a play called 'Tension,' by young Simmons, who wrote 'Over the Fence.'"

"'Over the Fence' ran two weeks," said Madame. "The second week they had to give out orchids to keep the house from echoing."

"He's learned a lot. There's a fat part for Henley."

"Can he act?" asked Madame.

"You're always telling me that actors are puppets, and directors pull the strings."

"But the actor must be pliant, have sensitivity, training, be able to take direction, to mimic emotion, to feel—"

"The boy's got all that."

"Without training, I suppose."

"I want you to coach him. That's the idea, Madame."

"A raw, untrained boy!"

"Look at the job you did with Alice Jensen."

"The girl has talent. Though it's true I worked—"

"I give you credit! Wait till you see this boy! The resemblance is uncanny. He's bound to inherit the old man's talent. And you don't object to the money?"

"Money, unfortunately, is never objectionable."

"Well, what about luncheon?"

"Today? Impossible, Lew!"

"Then tea—at the Plaza at four. I'll pick you up. There's one thing more. He's got a girl. Pretty as a picture."

"Oh, Lord!"

"What's the matter with his having a girl? I'm giving her the part opposite

him—practically a bit part. I'll call for you." Lew Marstan hung up before Madame could object.

Philip Henley's son! She half listened to the others who called, answering automatically in her silken, husky voice, which would have sounded affected in anyone else. She tried to finish the newspapers. She mulled over the theatrical columns—deciding whether the new plays would succeed, if the choice of cast were wise. Time passed slowly. Why should she be so perturbed over a chance of coaching? She'd had dozens of pupils these last years, when chances to teach had become more frequent than acting offers. As long as it was the theatre! It was important to pass the torch. Her pupils had done well, when they'd had any feeling for acting. She taught them how to express emotions, but the love of the theatre had to be there. There was Alice Jensen. A little tramp. Mean. Cruel. Selfish. An opportunist. But she had a deep understanding of acting. She knew how to bring emotions out of herself and throw them over the footlights. The girl would go to the top. And never be grateful to Madame! Why should she be? She'd earned the money to pay for the lessons. She'd known Madame could give her what she needed. A smooth, suave alley cat who had the ability to get what she wanted. Madame hadn't been grateful for those who had helped her. Youth doesn't figure that way. Alice Jensen, fighting her way up, would have excitement, love, quarrels. Madame could visualize her odd, blue-green, slanting eyes, her mouse-colored hair—auburn this season—her lithe, expressive body, her oddly provocative mouth. Alice would make people feel deeply. Maybe helping a girl like Alice Jensen was doing enough for the theatre she loved. And now there was Philip Henley's son!

She dressed carefully. She smoothed on her most flattering make-up, but couldn't hide the wrinkled skin under her eyes. Perhaps it was just as well it wasn't the first Philip Henley she was going to see! She put on her plainest black gown and her smartest hat.

She was confident, almost patronizing, when Marstan called for her.

"You look wonderful, Madame!" said Marstan. "I planned this whole thing just to get a look at you."

She laughed politely. In the theatre, she respected Marstan. Out of the theatre, she couldn't stand him.

"You'll like young Henley," he said. "The girls will go wild. The boy's inherited what it takes."

"From his father or mother?"

"You know his mother couldn't act."

"She brought up the boy."

"What of it? You'll see! As for his girl, she's a nice little thing. Had experience in summer stock."

MADAME saw young Henley the minute she came into the lobby. He was taller than his father but curiously like Philip Henley before the years and emotions had marked him. But the older actor's face had been leaner, his cheekbones more pronounced, his nose sharper. The girl was soft and sweet-looking, the type that would have to start dieting in a year or two.

They sat at a round table and ordered tea. The boy had nice manners.

"I know you're honored because Mad-

ame Cassell has agreed to coach you," Marstan said.

"I can't coach anyone unless he has a real feeling for the theatre," said Madame. "Real emotion!"

Young Henley laughed.

"Most of the emotion I've seen around the theatre is pretty phony," he said. "I'm a quick study, but I don't know anything about acting. Most of the actors I know are pretty dumb, but still, I want to learn the ropes. If Madame will give me some pointers—"

Madame closed her eyes and hoped the shudders didn't show. Philip's son!

"Madame knows there is something more than saying the words. I want her to teach you the inside," Marstan said.

"If there is an inside I'd like to learn it. But not a lot of elocution and stuff. I like actors to seem natural."

"An actor should appear to be natural, to be the person he is portraying, but emotional scenes require expression, even when they're underplayed," said Madame.

The girl—her name was Lucile Carter—giggled.

"I think it's silly to take the stage too seriously," she said. "I think it's fun to be an actress but, personally, I think being a wife is more important. I believe there's a good woman behind every man who succeeds!"

"You have everything all set, I see," said Madame.

"Now, let's plan about the coaching," said Marstan hastily. "If Madame will arrange with Philip—"

BACK IN her apartment, Madame decided that the experience had been a million times worse than she'd dreamed it could be. Philip Henley's son being drowned in convention! Buried alive with kindness! Without an emotion in his undoubtedly perfectly proportioned heart! Just another young man—without feeling, without temperament, without love for the theatre! Her Philip Henley, when he was young, had been impudent, impolite, erratic, ruthless, unthinking. But he'd had feeling, emotion, depth. The theatre had been his love as it was hers.

Lucile Carter would make some man a fine wife. But not young Henley! A good actor must have emotion, not a pleasant acceptance of life. Her mind ran around and around.

She had a good time at the Stork Club with Horace Chamberlain. (When she could get young Henley out of her mind! Wasn't he just a young actor—to coach?) In the Cub Room, everyone broke rules against table hopping and came over to her table.

"You are always the most glamorous woman in any place," said Horace. He was the perfect escort. She didn't know what she'd do without him! He'd make a fine husband for some lucky girl, but without him she'd have to depend on sporadic escorts. Dear Horace!

Young Henley appeared the next day, promptly at two. Polite. Not too interested. He paused in front of a framed portrait of his father.

"Mother has that picture," he said. "He must have been a great fellow!" Madame detected smug condescension.

Madame felt a tightening of her throat, an overwhelming despair. "Philip Henley was a credit to the American theatre," she said.

Philip read his lines. He might have been a clothing-store dummy with photographic attachment. Marstan had sent Madame the play, and she'd read it that morning. Not a bad play, if acted by eager and a bit eccentric young people. A play of modern and rebellious youth. Not for this pleasant mannequin!

Not that he didn't try. He repeated, parrotlike, the things she suggested.

"I'm rather modern—I believe in underplaying," he said.

"The emotion has got to be underneath, suppressed, if you want to underplay."

"Sure! But this isn't a very emotional speech!"

"How right you are!" Madame hid her own emotion.

He walked around, looked out the window. "Imagine living in a hotel room all these years!" he said.

"It isn't exactly a room. It's an apartment. And I haven't always lived here. I had a house in the East Sixties. And I've lived abroad." She was angry at herself because she felt it necessary to explain to this stupid child.

"Oh, it's very—interesting, here. Lucile likes the country. Not really the country, that is—"

"The suburbs?" Madame's voice was smooth.

"Well, yes. Near the water, with a big living room, and a place to eat on the lawn."

"How delightful!" said Madame.

The rehearsals went on. Philip became letter perfect—with wooden exactness. Getting the words and none of the feeling. He might be adequate in summer stock, but he wasn't good. Madame could teach him to throw his voice, but she couldn't put sympathy and meaning into him. He didn't underplay; he just didn't play at all. The theatre, as theatre, escaped him. Philip Henley's son!

Well, she could teach young Philip Henley to act, parrotlike. Maybe he—

a boy with real physical beauty, whose father had been a great and beloved actor—could get away with it. But it was a horrible thing to do—to the theatre, to the memory of Philip Henley.

Madame was completely miserable. More miserable than she'd been when she found she was growing old. Or when she knew she and Philip Henley no longer loved each other. Philip Henley's son, given into her keeping to turn into an actor, and there was nothing she could do! There had to be something.

She stood in front of the picture of Philip Henley. Philip, handsome and unpredictable and passionate—It was almost as if she were praying to him.

"Help me, Philip!" she said. "Help your son, and the theatre! The theatre we both love! Philip, my dear one!"

Marstan telephoned to find out how things were going. She tried to tell him.

"Nonsense!" he said. "You're always pessimistic at this stage. The kid says he's getting along fine."

No help there!

If she were thirty years younger, she would know what to do. Wasn't it Philip Henley who had taught her to use physical attraction? If she were young, she could awaken young Philip, give him an interest in living, make the world come alive for him. But even in this emergency, Madame Cassell didn't have the power to regain her lost youth. And Philip's silly girl could do nothing for him. A nice enough girl—for a man who needed a girl like that. But young Philip needed sparks, clashes. He was Philip Henley's son! And his face showed a sleeping talent.

ALICE JENSEN came to see her. She'd had a successful season, and she'd bought some good clothes. You had to look twice to remember she was a tramp. Her face was without make-up except for her mouth, which was very red. Madame had to look into her slanting blue-green eyes to know the kind of girl she really was. Alice wanted something. She wasn't the girl to come calling otherwise.

"I've had two offers—neither one worth a dime. Both trying to cash in on last season. Do you know of a perfect part? You know everything that goes on!"

Madame recognized the tiny sop of flattery. "I wish I did know of one!" she said. And meant it. The girl had sultry sex and a passion for the theatre.

"I want to show what I can do!" Alice stretched out luxuriously on the hideous velours sofa, which became a voluptuous background. "None of those sweet-girl-graduate parts; I want the kind of part you'd want if you were nineteen."

Madame knew Alice was twenty-four.

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"I'll keep you in mind," she promised.

After the girl had left, she stayed in Madame's mind. The sensuous mouth, the high cheekbones, the determined chin. Yes, Philip Henley would have liked her! Maybe—maybe this was the answer!

She couldn't do it! Simply couldn't! Not even for the theatre. Not even for the memory of Philip Henley. Why should she? What did she have to gain?

She had nothing to gain! And she didn't like to lose. And here she was planning to give up the things she liked best—admiration, flattery, going places. But she had an idea that she'd had a sort of sign—and she had to do something, didn't she? This was the only thing she could think of.

Horace Chamberlain telephoned to ask her to have dinner with him. She held her breath. She had never bothered about other people's affairs before. But this was for the theatre, which she loved most of all.

She threw out the bait, threw it away in her best fashion. "I'd love to come," she said. "May I bring someone with me? A dear little girl who is in New York for the first time. She wants to be an actress, but I'm afraid she isn't the type at all. She's practically alone here—"

"I'll be delighted to have her," he said. "It's your evening, you know."

She telephoned Lucile Carter. It seemed a shame to do such a good deed for such a silly child. But it was the only way!

"I'm having dinner with a man I think you'd enjoy," she said. "It would help me out a lot if you'd come along. He's a wonderful man, so charming you don't have to remember he has a lot of money. Just the three of us!"

"You're not asking Philip?"

If the girl really loved Philip she might not come! Madame had felt she was a grasping little girl who wanted to do the best she could for herself.

"No, you see he asked just me, but I'm so much too old for him. I hoped you—"

"I'll be glad to come," said Lucile Carter, "if it will help you out, Madame."

"It certainly will help me!" Madame said.

The evening was a great success. Such a success that Madame wanted to stop it. Instead, she was the charming older woman interested in these dear young people. She drew out Lucile Carter—let her say the things that were so unbelievably right—to Horace Chamberlain. She was the girl who wanted a home in the suburbs, a car and babies, and the country club. These were the things Madame knew that Horace Chamberlain wanted, though he'd never said so in the rare atmosphere created by Madame.

Before long, the two were deep in discovery. And Madame sat there, smiling, and feeling, dramatically, like Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine.

She tried to feel sad as she went to sleep. Instead, she was pleasantly excited. Things were happening! She'd feel sad later, when she was alone. . . .

SHE TELEPHONED Lew Marstan the next morning.

"If you'll help, young Henley may be all right."

"He can act. I told you!" Marstan chuckled.

"I'm not sure. There's something wrong. That part opposite him, Lucile Carter can't bring him out."

"It's not a large part."

"Large enough to spoil the play."

"But he's crazy about the girl."

"If you want the show to close in two weeks . . ."

"What can I do?"

"You can find a good ingenue who will help the play."

"If you really think so. There's Esther Shelby."

"Heavens, no! Plump like a pigeon."

"Dorothy James."

"Sad-looking! The world on her shoulders."

"Who do you want, anyhow?"

"It's up to you, Lew. You're casting. But I do want the play to succeed. All the work—Henley's first play—"

"You're right! But you want the impossible. An ingenue with brains! Like Alice Jensen!"

"Lew, she'd be perfect!"

"We'd never get her. She'd want a lot of money— But if you'll talk to her—"

"If you'd like me to, Lew. Then with Berkley for the older man, and Janice Holling, you'd have a star cast."

Madame planned another date for Lucile and Horace, and smiled to herself. They'd go on from there! Now, if . . . She waited nearly a week. She couldn't tell by Philip's bland face if anything had happened to him. But if she were to push matters— She telephoned Alice Jensen and asked her to tea. She said to Philip, after his coaching lesson, "Will you drop in at five? A young actress is coming in. I never know what to talk about to those young girls."

AND THERE they were! Another three—some! But this wasn't like the Stork Club dinner. Philip was politely indifferent. Alice Jensen's slanting blue-green eyes held hidden questions. Madame served tea, spoke airy nothings. Then:

"I wanted you two to know each other. Philip is going into rehearsal next week in the new Marstan play, 'Tension.' It occurred to Lew and me that the two of you together—"

"My friend, Miss Carter, has the part," said Philip.

"She hasn't much experience and doesn't seem—interested," said Madame.

"Is it an important part?" asked Alice.

"Not many sides," said Madame. "But Philip will come in for a lot of publicity, and the part is interesting, could be developed—"

"Can you act?" asked Alice of young Philip.

Philip bridled. "Of course!" he said. "Madame has been coaching—"

"He can learn to act," said Madame. "If he's inherited—"

"You don't have to inherit acting," said Philip. "You just—act."

Alice's sensuous mouth curled. Madame hadn't realized how firm was her determined chin.

"I'm sure!" she purred. "It's just—saying the lines, isn't it? The way Madame teaches you. I'd like to read the script, Madame. If I think it suitable for me . . ."

Madame nodded. She could see the girl taking over, just as Madame had expected. Alice would cleverly upstage the unsuspecting Philip, and take over his publicity and the honors that belonged to him.

"I'm sure you'll like the role," said Madame.

Philip was angry—and it was the first time Madame had ever seen him show any emotion. Wonderful! He became unsure of himself, almost pouted, in a sort of juvenile way. He wanted Lucile's flat-

tery, Madame knew. And she smiled to herself.

Alice's voice grew colorless, the way it always got when she was excited. Underplaying. A great girl, Alice Jensen!

As she left, she brushed her lips lightly against Madame's withered but perfectly rouged cheek. "Thanks, loads! I'll be seeing you," she said. There was a mixture of malice and pleasure in the slanting eyes.

Alley cat! thought Madame, and smiled one of her most gracious smiles.

NOW SHE could make an actor out of young Henley. She and Alice Jensen! He'd feel Lucile had jilted him, and that would help. Alice was fire and emotion. She didn't want a house in the suburbs. She wanted the theatre. Fighting and passion. She'd rouse that nice young man out of his lethargy. She'd fan his pale liking for the theatre into flame.

Rehearsals started. Lucile Carter was given a bit part and didn't mind at all. And then, after a week's rehearsal, she quit, and the part was cut out. Madame continued to praise Lucile to Horace. Horace didn't need the praise; he was already ripe for matrimony.

Young Henley was no longer being coached. He was too busy at rehearsals. He was worried and unsure of himself. He was beginning to think.

Madame went to some of the rehearsals, but, despite an outward show of respect, she wasn't important there. The director and the actors were an integrated whole, with the author called in when a new line was needed. Madame loved it—the bare stage, the cast in street clothes. Jimmie Fielding was a fine director. He hammered at the boy harder than she had dared to. Alice Jensen was fluid, smooth—she made you think of a pretty young green snake.

Philip grew more uncertain. His calm acceptance of himself as an actor's son, able to get what he wanted—a part in a Broadway show, a pretty girl, the promise of acclaim—this had disappeared. His amiable girl had been succeeded by a mysterious creature who ignored him or stepped on his toes and a director who bit into his self-satisfaction. Madame smiled at his bewilderment, as Alice slid into star billing. Why, the boy would be a feeder of lines unless he got hold of himself!

It happened while Madame was present. Philip lost his temper. Alice had been flirting with Stephen Berkley. Fielding had been hammering at Philip.

"Why do you keep after me?" Philip screamed. "You never say a word to Miss Jensen! And she goes through her lines as—as if she doesn't care what she is saying! And yet she's always saying her speeches just a little too soon or fumbling with something when the lines belong to me! When I was going over my part with Miss Carter it seemed smooth—"

"You and Miss Carter were a couple of wooden figures," said Fielding, "acting out a party charade. This is a play, Henley. It should seem to the audience—if we ever have an audience—like a segment of life."

"But Miss Jensen—"

Fielding smiled at Alice Jensen. And Alice came over to Philip, put her hand carelessly on his shoulder, gave him a soft and melting look out of those blue-green eyes.

"I—I'm sorry!" she said. "Perhaps if we work together—"

"Miss Jensen knows what she's doing," said Fielding.

She certainly does, thought Madame.

Madame wasn't surprised when Philip came to see her while she was brewing her cup of tea that afternoon.

"You're just in time," she said. "Tea is only colored water without company."

"I need more than tea," he said. "You saw what's happening! The play's a mess! Fielding keeps hammering—and Miss Jensen—I say my lines—"

"You say your lines! Jensen doesn't say hers; she lives them! She is the girl in the play, and she won't really respect you unless you're the young man."

"In love with her, you mean? Risking my life—"

"Yes, that's what the play means! If you can't get it the way Jensen gets it—"

"I can do what she can do! Just to show her! To prove—"

"That's more like it! Put Jensen in her place by proving to her that you know what you're doing! Then she won't be able to upstage you and steal your thunder. Show her, show yourself, and Fielding, and the audience, what you are trying to do!"

There she was! Giving the talk she had planned weeks before. She felt the lump in her throat. She had to be careful. If she let her emotions show, young Henley would retreat, thinking her a tiresome, sentimental old girl.

Madame knew this was her great chance—her big role.

"An actor," said Madame, "must interpret. He's not a creator. People come to see believable stories, not strutting people. He must immerse himself in the person he creates. Your own emotion must dominate, but you must lose your emotional identity. You don't 'feel' the part as much as understand the part. Then you blow it up bigger than life. Not overacting—projecting. Good actors are real people, not a bundle of tricks and vocal inflections."

PHILIP asked questions, and she tried to concentrate her own experiences into the things she told him. When he left, she threw herself on the worn sofa and cried for the first time in years. She knew her eyes would be swollen and her throat rough. If she could be sure she'd done the right thing! She felt that nothing she had ever done in the theatre was as important. And knew she was being mawkish and silly about it.

"Just an old woman talking to a young boy!" she told herself, daubing at her swollen eyes. "An interfering old woman, who took his girlfriend away and introduced him to a scheming tramp who will

tear his heart out. And I lost the best escort in the world!"

She went to a delicatessen store, and treated herself to a few slices of turkey and a mixed salad. Dined alone. There were two good mysteries on the radio.

MADAME went to the opening with Jesse Cruthers, a pompous little man who had money in the show. She'd had her hair retouched, and she wore her best dinner gown, recut from a ten-year-old model. People nodded deferentially or stared in awe. That was worth something!

The houselights darkened and the curtain rose, and Madame felt the familiar tightening of her throat. When I stop feeling that, she told herself, I'll be dead—or deserve to be. In a way, she felt that this was as much her opening as if she were playing in it.

Minor characters first, Adequate. Then Alice Jensen and Philip Henley came on. Madame sat very straight and practically stopped breathing.

They were good, good! Young people, caught in a web not of their making, and fighting to find themselves, to find one another. They were the young people—not just a sly, scheming, ambitious girl and a bewildered young man. Madame didn't need the applause to know she was right. She didn't know if it was the direction, or Alice Jensen, or her own help, or the older Philip Henley projecting himself from the beyond, or the young Philip finding himself.

In the intervals she talked with a dozen people—actors without jobs, producers who might need her for coaching, climbers who still wanted her recognition.

Lew Marstan gave a party after the play for the cast and those critics he was able to round up, plus the backers and some of his friends, at his penthouse on East Seventy-third Street. There was the usual excitement and flattery. Madame came in for her share of attention. Old stars were constantly being rediscovered these days.

"Your presence makes a party," said Marstan. And then, "All right, don't you think? A solid hit?"

"It went very well," said Madame.

"I told you! I know a good play! And Henley and Jensen got their teeth into it. They've fallen for each other, and that won't hurt the play or the publicity."

"You're so right!" said Madame, and looked at Philip and Alice. Alice was wearing a deceptively simple gown and looking at young Henley with adoration in those odd eyes. Smart girl! She looked at Madame, and Madame thought she winked, but she wasn't sure—her eyes weren't too good.

"I'm leaving," she told Jesse Cruthers. "Don't take me home—the party is still young! The others will be here until the morning reviews come out. I need my beauty sleep."

"Madame never needs that," said Cruthers gallantly.

Philip Henley came up to her as she reached the door. "You're going? Madame, thank you for everything!" His voice was impersonal. Either he'd forgotten the things she'd tried to show him, or he hadn't realized their significance. Or maybe he was really underplaying—a good actor!

"You must drop in to see me," she said, as she had said to everyone.

"I shall be glad to!" His voice was pleasantly insincere—a young man being polite to an old actress who had been coaching him. And he wasn't winking. She was close enough to be sure.

AT HOME, she undressed slowly. She telephoned Mac Glenn, her favorite after-midnight disc jockey. He got the theatrical reviews before they reached the streets.

"I was at the opening of 'Tension.' I'm a bit curious as to how it went over. I wonder, my dear Mr. Glenn—"

"The play went over very well," he told her. "Here is what John Chapman said—" He read extracts. "And Atkinson was just as laudatory in the *Times*. 'A new star came to Broadway last night—' 'Two young actors of ability and charm in an exciting new play—' 'A rare moment in the theatre—'"

Madame got into bed. She was very tired, as if she'd come back from a long journey.

She'd done it! Not just for the memory of Philip Henley. Oh, she'd loved him. But she had loved other men. Some were in the pictures around the room. The memories were a bit faded, elided. They'd been colorful and exciting. She wouldn't have changed even the heartbreak at the end of each affair—so much greater than the pain of losing Horace Chamberlain, though he'd been all she had to lose. Maybe she'd done that for the theatre—a sort of final sacrifice.

She knew there were no parts for her in the theatre or in Hollywood. (Unless there was a miracle, and the theatre was full of miracles.) Just an occasional coaching job. Lonely evenings. Still, in the theatre you never could tell.

They were all gone—the men she had loved—but the theatre was still here. And she was still here. A star! A star-maker! She had a curious idea that, there in the darkened room, Philip Henley's tinted face smiled down on her.

THE END

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bought me a gin and tonic to replace the empty glass that was making a ring on the upright's varnish, and asked me to play "The Happy Farmer."

I snickered. "That's a beginner's practice piece, for kids."

"Exactly," he said. "My daughter used to play it as a child. At the time, she used to drive me insane practicing it, but now that she is grown, I find I take pleasure in hearing it."

I played "The Happy Farmer." Allen sat beside me on the bench, nodding his head and smiling as if I were Schnabel ripping through the "Appassionata." When it was over, he thanked me, walked out of the saloon onto the main deck, and jumped overboard.

THEY stopped the ship, got a boat away, went back, and fished him out. He was immediately taken down to his cabin, and after the doctor left and the crowd cleared away, I went down, figuring I'd give him a little pep talk. I knocked on the door, and he asked me in. He was toweling himself, whistling "The Happy Farmer."

"Look, mister," I said, "how would your daughter feel if she heard you were trying to knock yourself off?"

Allen smiled. "I wouldn't knowingly bring a frown to her serene and beautiful brow," he said. "And I have no intention of killing myself."

"Then you sure must be crazy about swimming," I said.

Allen looked at me shrewdly. "You have a nice, open, dishonest face," he said. "I will take you into my confidence. What is the cruising speed of this greyhound of the sea?"

"Twenty knots, I think."

"So they claim. Actually, she can't do better than eighteen. Eighteen knots an hour, times twenty-four hours, gives her a day's run of four hundred and thirty-two knots. An hour spent picking me out of the water brings that figure down to four hundred fourteen knots. And by an odd coincidence, four hundred fourteen knots is exactly the number I hold in the ship's pool on the day's run of the vessel. The ship's pool is thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, which figures roughly to forty dollars for every foot of my jump. Wouldn't you jump a foot for forty dollars?"

"Ship's officers may be dumb," I said, "but even they could figure out you're disqualified from collecting the money."

"An excellent point," said Allen. "It is for this reason that I have arranged for the winning ticket to be held by a complete stranger, who happens to be in the neighboring stateroom." He put his head out the door and called, "Phillip!"

My first impression of the man who came in was that he looked like the fellow who plays the good guy in those phony wrestling bouts. He gave me one of those rock-crushing handshakes, and right there I decided I didn't like him. I'm not José Iturbi, but I still don't like big fellows mangling my hands. Later on I found out some other things about him that didn't please me. For instance, he admitted to having served a term at Harvard, and always made a pensive and sentimental face when I played "Fair Harvard" on the piano, but I noticed he didn't look pensive or sentimental when I rolled off a few bars of some of the

lesser-known Harvard tunes, like "On to the Goal," or "Johnny Harvard."

I will say that Dorset and Bradford Allen made an elegant pair of operators. They'd never do anything as familiar and cheap as cheating at cards. But they had a way of latching onto the sporting men who might be on board, and getting them into the sort of friendly argument that winds up in a bet. For instance, the following autumn, during a sixteen-day cruise to Trinidad on the old *Hesperides*, I saw Allen sitting on the main deck after dinner, cracking walnuts with a brewer from Syracuse. Somehow, they got to talking about monkeys' hurting people by throwing nuts in the jungle, and from there the conversation got around to how hard or how far you could throw a nut, and the discussion wound up with the brewer betting Allen he couldn't throw a walnut over the ship's foremast, sixty feet above the deck. Allen made a thousand dollars by doing it on the first try.

Afterward he told me he had used a walnut loaded with buckshot that he had had in his pocket all the time.

The Man Overboard trick was my favorite in their repertoire, though naturally they had to be careful to use it infrequently, and always on different shipping lines.

I GOT a fine liberal education meeting those two on the cruise boats, but then the war came and the sailings stopped. I found myself playing in a USO unit in Kiska, Adak, and Attu—a vaudeville circuit I give you with my blessings. What with one thing and another and playing rehearsal pianist for a few shows that were trying out, I didn't get to play another cruise until I took this berth on the *Flying Fish*. When I signed on, I was half hoping I'd run into Allen, and consequently I was tickled to see him coming into the main saloon that afternoon while the ship was loading passengers. Naturally I swung into "The Happy Farmer."

When Allen heard the music he looked as if he had been tagged with a straight right two inches under the heart. "Not today," he said, "if you please."

"What's the matter, Allen?" I asked.

"My daughter," said Allen softly, "is no longer living."

There's nothing you can say to a man who has just told you that, so I shut up and played the piano.

After a while Allen asked, "Have you seen Phillip Dorset on board?"

"Don't tell me you two are still working together?" I said.

"Not exactly," said Allen grimly. "You see, one time between voyages I introduced my young friend Dorset to my daughter. Of all the men in the world, she picked Dorset to lose her heart to. I tried to talk her out of it, kid her out of it, but what girl of nineteen would ever listen to her father in a situation like that? Then I made the mistake of approaching Dorset. That was all he needed. They went off together the next day. They stayed together for five months, and then Dorset left her."

"Just like that?"

"Not exactly just like that," said Allen. "He left her in a motor court twenty miles south of San Francisco, flat broke, with a bad case of pneumonia and a

temperature of a hundred and five degrees. The owner of the court finally made some sense out of her talk and got a call through to me, but I wasn't in time."

Allen stopped talking. I noodled around the keyboard for a while without saying anything. Finally Allen spoke again. "It's taken me two years to catch up with Dorset," he said. "If you should happen to see him on board, please don't tell him I've been expecting him."

Allen left. I quit playing and went out and watched the passengers coming on board. Phillip Dorset was one of the last to board before they pulled the gangway in.

For the first four days of the voyage, Allen kept to his cabin. By that time we had dropped south of Cape Hatteras and were in the Gulf Stream, and people on board had loosened up and started to get friendly. I kept my eyes open, and finally spotted Dorset's new partner, a fair-haired young chap with a British accent thick enough to spread on bread.

The fourth day out I was playing for late afternoon tea in the main saloon. Dorset came in, looked around the saloon for the blond fellow, spotted him at the bar, and deliberately walked past him. They exchanged only a word, and then Dorset walked out on the main deck and did exactly what I expected him to do. He jumped overboard.

Having seen this trick done a few times, I had become a bit of an authority, and I must say that Dorset's dive was not nearly as pretty as Allen's best work. For one thing, he seemed to have neglected the fact that the *Flying Fish* was a pretty old ship, and it took her a good bit of time to reverse her engines and stop. For another thing, a pretty fair wind was blowing across the ship's course, tending to make the vessel drift at an angle, and making it harder for the boat crew to find their way back across the ocean to where Dorset should be. And for a third thing, it was half-past four in the afternoon when Dorset went over the side, and in those latitudes at that time of the year, sunset comes at about five after five.

Even with all these factors operating, however, Phillip Dorset had a good chance of being picked up. But he had one bad break. When the crew of the ship finally got their lifeboat in the water, and started to putt-putt back to where they figured Dorset must be, a distinguished-looking man with gray hair stepped to the rail of the main deck and dived cleanly into the sea.

BY THE TIME the boat crew had spent half an hour or more getting Bradford Allen out of the water and back on board ship, the red ball of the sun was just disappearing beneath the horizon, and those of us who had been on these cruises before remembered how suddenly the darkness drops down after sunset in the tropics.

They went back to look for Dorset anyway, and hunted vainly around in the soft night for more than two hours. That cut the day's run for the ship to a mere three hundred and fifteen miles, which, by an odd coincidence, was exactly the number on the ticket in the ship's pool being held for Allen by a nice old lady in second class.

THE END

Where There's a Will (Continued from page 59)

shame dear," Molly murmured and gave him a soothing pat or two.

"They want me to write a singing commercial for Sticko Powder," he went on. "Jolly, gay, and catchy, they said."

"You'll do it, dear. Don't you worry."

"Woman," he cried, fixing her with a piercing glare, "can you think of anything jolly, gay, and catchy to say about a powder that prevents false teeth from slipping?"

Molly had to admit that she could not, and the heart grew heavy within her. Her distress was not due to any concern over Clyde's assignment. She felt sure that after a few days he would, as always, solve his problem and write a singing commercial so jolly, gay, and catchy that even people with their own teeth would rush out to buy Sticko Powder.

No, she never doubted that Clyde would get his jingle written in a few days. But it was those few days that bothered her. Her mind trembled when she thought what Clyde would be like while he wrestled with the Sticko jingle. Even under the most benign circumstances he was far from calm, but now he would slash and claw like a puma with the itch. During this ordeal it would be impossible to get a civil word out of him, much less a new dress.

And a new dress was what Molly wanted. An expensive dress. An outrageous dress. A two-hundred-dollar dress.

SHE HAD seen the dress the first time that morning. She had been shopping downtown and had come upon a crowd of local matrons pressed against a shop window like orphans at a bakery. Inside the window hung the dress, and a breath-taking item it was—boldly styled, cunningly cut, and made of silk that shimmered like fire and ice. The sight of it set Molly gasping. She gasped again when she saw the price. "This is ridiculous," she told herself. "I can't possibly afford it."

Good sense urged her to move on, but she did not. She stayed for another look, and as she looked, good sense tottered and fell, and she was filled with a great, overpowering, passionate, unreasoning, unquenchable yearning. She had to have the dress. She had to!

And all around Molly the matrons of Westport were sighing and longing and thinking the same thoughts. That night, Molly knew, they would all open campaigns against their husbands. They would chip away with soft words and wily gambits, and finally some husband

would weaken. Molly resolved on the spot that she, too, would lay siege to Clyde, for the thought of anybody else's getting that dress chilled her to the marrow.

And now here was Clyde, writhing in anguish and absolutely in no condition to be approached for a two-hundred-dollar dress. Molly's task, at best, would have been an heroic one, but until Clyde got the Sticko jingle written, it was flatly hopeless. And before he got the jingle written, thought Molly, shuddering, some other wife would soften up some other husband, and the dress would be gone. Tears sprang to Molly's blue eyes, and she started to slink out of the room, but Clyde's next speech stopped her.

"I've got to take up golf," he said.

She looked at him askance. Clyde was the least athletic man on the Eastern Seaboard. Since junior high school he hadn't even perspired. "Why, may one ask, do you have to take up golf?"

"For my nerves, that's why. I'm going to pieces. If I don't get some relaxation soon, I can't answer for the consequences."

Molly shrugged. "So take up golf."

He gave a short, bitter laugh and pressed his face against the windowpane. "I can't afford the golf clubs. Do you know what a good set of registered woods costs?"

Molly didn't even know what a good set of registered woods was. Neither did Clyde, she was sure. Obviously somebody at the office had been talking to him about golf, and that had planted the whole silly idea in his mind.

"Two hundred dollars," said Clyde, answering his own question. "Where am I going to get my hands on two hundred dollars?"

"I was wondering the same thing," muttered Molly.

"Oh, where will it all end?" he cried, raising his arms heavenward. "How much longer can I go on like this? Look at me—a shattered hulk, an empty vessel, a depleted wretch, a—"

This touching recital was interrupted by the entrance of two small boys through the front door. They were twins, aged eight years, and they were marvelously dirty. They walked over to Molly, hurled their grimy bodies upon the floor, and grasped her about the knees.

"We'll never do it again, Mother," said one.

"Never," echoed the other.

"Do what?" asked Molly.

The two filthy figures exchanged dis-

mayed looks. "Hasn't he called?" asked the first.

"Shut up, dope," hissed the second.

"Hasn't *who* called?" asked Molly.

"Oh, nobody," said the first boy and scrambled to his feet.

The second also rose. "We'll go get cleaned up for supper," he said, and they started away.

"**D**ANIEL! Peter!" Molly said sharply. They returned reluctantly to her side. "Now what's this all about?"

"Why, there's Dad!" exclaimed Peter. "Hiya, Dad!"

"Tell me, Dad," said Daniel, "how did things go at the office today?"

"Terrible, terrible," moaned Clyde. "They whipped me, boys. They really lowered the boom. They—"

"Clyde!" snapped Molly. She pointed an accusing finger at her sons. "Have you boys been over at Mr. Faricy's again?"

The telephone rang, and the twins colored with guilt. "That's Mr. Faricy calling, isn't it?" demanded Molly.

"Maybe not," said Daniel hopefully.

Molly crossed the room and picked up the phone. "Hello. . . . Yes, Mr. Faricy." She shot a savage look at the quaking boys. "They *what*? . . . Good heavens, where did they find eleven dogs? . . . Yes, Mr. Faricy. . . . But I *did* speak to them. . . . I'm afraid they're a little young for the prison farm. . . . Yes, Mr. Faricy, I'll see that they're properly punished. It won't happen again, Mr. Faricy. Good-by, Mr. Faricy."

Molly hung up the phone and, taut-faced and ominous, approached her sons. "Why," she asked, "did you put eleven dogs in Mr. Faricy's swimming pool?"

"It was hot," explained Peter.

"Things were pretty tough at the office today, huh, Dad?" asked Daniel.

"Never mind that," said Molly quickly before Clyde could reply. "Just pay attention to me. Didn't you boys promise me last month that you'd never go to Mr. Faricy's again?"

"Why doesn't he let us kids swim in his swimming pool?" asked Peter.

"Yeah," said Daniel. "Nobody ever uses that big old pool. It wouldn't hurt him to let us swim in it."

"He hates kids," said Peter. "That's what he does: hates kids."

"You will not endeavor yourself to him," said Molly coldly, "by placing large numbers of dogs in his swimming pool. Nor by knocking over his bird baths. Nor by pulling down his ivy. Nor by pulling up his tulips."

The twins took a look at their mother's

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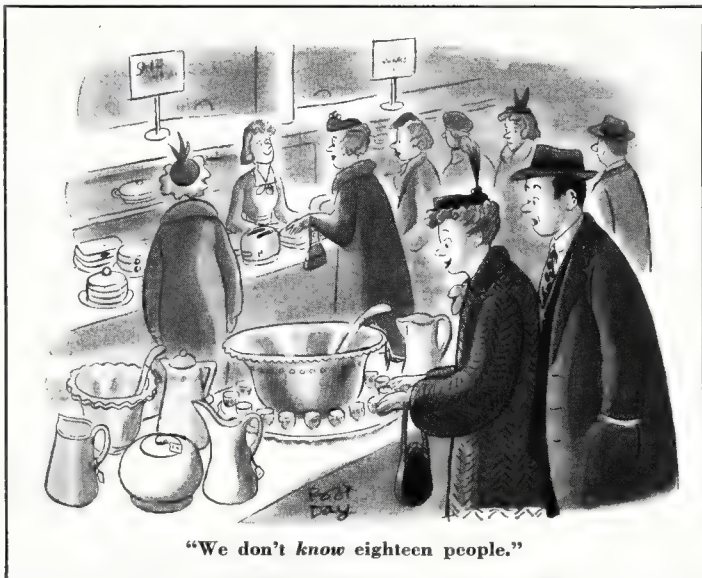
- All the glamorous girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year were asked, "What beauty soap do you use?" And 9 out of 10 gave the same answer, "SweetHeart Soap."

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wrathful face and decided it was time to resume supplications. Again they flung themselves to the floor (they had inherited certain melodramatic talents from their father) and made ringing promises not to repeat the offense.

But Molly was not to be moved. "You will go to your room now and get right to bed. Without supper. March!"

Sighing, the boys rose and skulked away.

Clyde had been watching the proceedings in astonishment. Now he turned to his wife. "What's this all about?"

She sank wearily into a chair. "It's that old bachelor who lives at the end of the lane—the one with the swimming pool. He really is a terrible man—always snarling and shouting at the kids. And it's true that nobody ever uses his pool. It wouldn't hurt him to let the kids take a dip once in a while. Still, that doesn't give them any license to fill his pool full of dogs or rip up his property. This is the fifth time, Clyde. I just can't seem to make the boys stay away. You'll have to talk to them, Clyde."

"Me!" He yelled as though he had been stabbed. "You want me to take over *your* duties, too? Haven't I got enough to do at the office? You see me drag myself home night after night, more dead than alive, and yet you dare to burden me with petty domestic problems. Fie, woman! Can't you see how haggard I am, how drawn, how bloodless, how utterly crushed?"

Molly groaned. This, clearly, was not her day. She raised herself out of the chair and started from the room.

"Where are you going?"

"To bed," she said wanly. "Without supper."

FIRST THING in the morning Molly rushed downtown to see if the dress was still there. It was, and for a moment she felt a surge of relief. But the relief was fleeting. So what if the dress was still there? She would never get it. She felt sure the dress would be gone before Clyde could finish the Sticko jingle.

It would probably happen tomorrow, she thought with a sudden stab of panic. Today was Friday. Tomorrow, Saturday,

all the husbands would be at home. They would be taking their wives downtown on the regular Saturday shopping expedition. Some resourceful woman would surely manage to get her husband over to the dress shop and capture the prize; it was bound to happen.

Molly cast a last, lingering, mournful look at the dress, and then dragged herself home. A great bitterness was upon her. It was no longer a simple matter of *wanting* the dress; now she felt that she had it coming. When a woman was afflicted with a maniacal husband and two felonious children, it was certainly no more than fair that she should have such a dress. Manifestly she deserved it; unarguably it was her due. Her failure to get it would be a miscarriage of justice to rank with the Dreyfus case and the Samuel Tilden election. . . . All this she told herself as she sat in the kitchen drinking cooking sherry, dropping fitful tears, and nursing a thin hope that Clyde might come home that evening with the Sticko jingle completed.

IT WAS instantly clear when Clyde stormed into the house like a ravening beast that the jingle was still unwritten. Molly took one look at him and went back into the kitchen, closing the door behind her. She was in no mood for his performance this night.

Clyde threw his forearm over his eyes and stumbled tragically around the living room for a while, but without an audience he soon tired of it and walked over to the hall table to see whether any mail had come during the day. There was a letter from the Veterans Administration in Washington. Inside was a check.

"Molly!" he shouted. "Molly!"

She came joylessly out of the kitchen. "Well, what is it now?"

"Good news! At last in this bleak and dreary life of mine, something good has happened."

"You wrote the jingle?" she asked eagerly.

"The jingle?" His face was suddenly transformed from the Mask of Comedy to the Mask of Tragedy. "The jingle will never be written. Not by me, at any rate.

My mind, that abused instrument, has finally failed. Now there will be a rapid disintegration, a crumbling, a falling away, a—"

"Yes, yes, yes," she said impatiently. "Now what about the good news?"

"Oh, I just got a windfall, Molly, a chunk of money I never expected. It's a dividend on my GI insurance—two hundred and fifteen dollars!"

MOLLY almost cried out with joy. Now, in her darkest hour, fate had made it possible for her to have the dress. The money was available; all that remained was to pry it out of Clyde. Toward this end she proceeded with alacrity and skill.

"That's wonderful, dear," she said, embracing her husband. "It's just like finding money, isn't it?"

"Yeah," said Clyde.

"The best thing about getting a windfall like this is that you're perfectly justified to spend it frivolously. I mean it isn't as though you worked for it. And besides, we deserve a little splurge. We've been budgeting for such a long time that we've got a treat coming. Don't you agree, sweetheart?"

"I certainly do," said Clyde.

She concealed a triumphant smile. "Yesterday morning when I was downtown, I happened to—"

"I certainly do," repeated Clyde. "I'm going to buy a set of golf clubs."

Molly beat back a sudden impulse to scream. "Now, dear," she said, forcing a chuckle, "you know you hate sports. You won't enjoy golf."

"That's not the point," said Clyde. "This is therapy. A lifesaving measure, you might say. I need relaxation. I'm in a desperate condition, Molly."

"Dear," she said gently, "don't you think I should benefit by this windfall, too?"

"What did you have in mind?"

"A dress."

"Sure, kid," he said with a lordly gesture. "I'll get you a dress. The golf clubs cost two hundred; the check is for two fifteen. You can have the rest."

"The dress I want," declared Molly, looking him straight in the eye, "is in the window of the Bon-Ton Shop. It is a Paris model, it is made out of pure silk, and it costs two hundred dollars."

He reeled back as though he had been clobbered with an ax handle. "Am I hearing right?" he whispered, aghast. "Are you asking me to give up my golf clubs so you can have a dress? A dress! A bauble! For this you want to take away the only thing that stands between me and total collapse! Madam, is it nothing to you that all day long I toil and slave and drudge until spirit and flesh are on the brink of separation?"

"Shut up, you bush-league Barrymore," said Molly with a rush of feeling. "I'm sick of hearing how you work and slave. Do you think I've got it easy? Do you think it's a lark cleaning and cooking and taking care of the kids and washing and sewing and marketing and gardening? And, on top of all this, having to live with you? The woman who lives with you ought to have a hundred dresses—a thousand dresses!"

Clyde was temporarily taken aback by Molly's unaccustomed outburst, but he quickly recovered. He felt now that he had been challenged; it became incumbent upon him to prove that his everyday suffering was greater than his wife's. He went into a vivid description of his

working day that made the Siberian salt mines seem like a weekend at Waikiki. On and on he ranted, piling sorrow on wretchedness, grief on woe, misery on calamity, painting such black and dismal pictures that he, himself, was finally overcome and had to take to his bed. Without supper.

Several minutes after Clyde's woe-begone withdrawal, there came a knock on the front door. Molly, sunk in gloom on the divan, stirred and went listlessly to the door. She pulled it open.

Outside stood Mr. Faricy, proprietor of the swimming pool and victim of Molly's sons. He was a skinny, Scrooge-faced man of fifty-odd years, dry as bone and hard as leather. Under his arm he carried a bundle wrapped in brown paper.

"Hello, Mr. Faricy," stammered Molly with a nervous glance at the bundle. She suspected an infernal machine.

"Good evening, Mrs. Saxon." His pinched face was curved in a smile. "Are your boys at home?"

"No, they're out playing somewhere. Is anything the matter?"

"No, no," he assured her. "I just brought them a little present, that's all." "You what?" exclaimed Molly.

He untied the bundle and took out a baseball and a bat. "I thought they might like these," he said shyly.

Molly gaped.

"And I wanted to tell them," continued Mr. Faricy, "that they can use my pool whenever they like."

Molly gawked.

He shuffled his feet in confusion. "I suppose you're wondering what came over me all of a sudden."

"Yes, I am," replied Molly, forgetting politeness.

He gave an embarrassed chuckle. "Well, you have every right to wonder. I haven't been nice to your boys, not nice at all. But something happened this morning. Did you or your husband ever make out a will?"

Molly shook her head dumbly.

"Neither did I until today. I'm a bachelor, you know, and I never bothered with a will before. But this morning I went down to my lawyer and made one out. It makes a man stop and think, I tell you."

"Think about what, Mr. Faricy?"

"About the uncertainty of life," said Mr. Faricy, his lower lip quivering a trifle. "A man never knows when he's going to be called."

"Come now, Mr. Faricy. You've got many long years ahead of you," Molly protested and, indeed, any physician would have laid odds that there were at least two decades left in that tough old frame.

He shrugged dolefully. "Who knows? I may be gone tomorrow. And who'll miss me, Mrs. Saxon? Who'll say a kind word about me?"

"Oh, I'm sure you have many friends," she said, though offhand she couldn't think of any.

"Not a one," he confessed, blinking back a tear. "That's why I've got to get busy. In the time that's left, I must be as kind as I can to as many people as possible."

Molly was torn between compassion and amusement. Although she was touched, she knew Mr. Faricy was being outrageously melodramatic. Death, at the moment, loomed large in his consciousness, but Molly had a shrewd suspicion that once the shock of making out a will had worn off and he realized that he wasn't ready to shuffle off quite yet, he would have some long second thoughts about loving his neighbor. But for the moment there was no doubting the genuineness of his reformation.

Making out a will must be strong medicine, mused Molly. If ever there was a flinty old buzzard it was Mr. Faricy, but look at him now: soft as a lamb and timid as a doe. And all because he had just made out a will.

SUDDENLY an idea burst into Molly's head. If making a will could soften up a rock like Mr. Faricy, what would it do to the hyperemotional, hyperpassionate, hypersensitive Clyde? Why, it would positively reduce him to putty! Getting a new dress out of him would be like taking the proverbial candy from the well-known baby.

But even as she hatched the idea, she shrank from it in horror. Somehow it seemed a bit ghoulish—confronting a man with the specter of his death merely to get a new dress. No, she couldn't do it.

And yet, thought Molly, there was really nothing wrong with it. In the first place, a family man like Clyde ought to have a will. It was only sensible. In the second place, she would be doing Clyde a favor if she prevented him from buying those golf clubs. Golf would only make her nonathletic, quick-boiling husband more miserable than ever. And in the third place, she had to have that dress.

Molly came to a decision. She would persuade Clyde to make out a will. She would do it tomorrow, Saturday, first thing in the morning. There was no time to waste if she was going to get the dress before somebody else did.

"Mr. Faricy," she said, "is your lawyer a local man?"

"Yes. Amos Wigham. He's on the corner of Main and Elm."

"What time is his office open in the morning?"

"Nine o'clock, I believe."

"Thank you, Mr. Faricy. And thank you for the ball and bat and for letting the boys use your pool."

"It's nothing, nothing at all. Well, good-bye, Mrs. Saxon. Think of me kindly."

AT NINE-FIFTEEN the following morning, Clyde and Molly sat in the office of Amos Wigham, attorney-at-law. There had been no trouble about persuading Clyde to make out his will. In fact, he was fascinated by the idea in a morbid sort of way. Having, as he imagined, one foot in the grave, he thought it only proper to get his affairs in order.

Mr. Wigham, a solid, portly man with rimless octagonal glasses, took a sheaf of legal foolscap out of his desk. "This is the standard form," he said to Clyde and Molly. "I'll read it to you, and we can make any changes you like. It starts with the usual preamble: 'I, Clyde Saxon, residing in the Town of Westport, County of Fairfield and State of Connecticut, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and mindful of the uncertainties of life, do hereby make, publish and declare this as my last will and testament.'"

"Mindful of the uncertainties of life," repeated Clyde in a sepulchral whisper. He sighed several times. "True, true, too true," he said, nodding gloomily.

Molly turned away quickly so Clyde would not see the grin spreading across her face. Things had started fine. The lawyer had scarcely begun to read the will, and Clyde was already falling apart. The dress was hers, she thought, and grinned some more.

"Paragraph One," said Mr. Wigham. He read: "I hereby direct my executor to pay all my just debts and funeral expenses as soon after my decease as may be practicable."

"Funeral expenses," Clyde repeated hollowly. He licked his lips several times. His face was ashen.

Molly fairly quivered with glee. This was going to be like shooting fish in a barrel, she thought happily. A vision of herself in the new dress came into her mind, and it was all she could do to keep from spinning around Mr. Wigham's office.

"Paragraph Two," said the lawyer, "concerns the disposition of real property—house, car, furniture, personal effects. I assume you want this property to go to your wife?"

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"Yes," said Clyde quietly. He turned to Molly, took her hand in his, gazed into her eyes, gave her a soft, brave smile.

The big ham, thought Molly. Look at that warm handclasp, that tender glance, that gallant smile. Stella Dallas in pants, that's what he is. And yet Molly was not unaffected. The handclasp was warm, the glance was tender, the smile was gallant. She felt a sudden twinge of guilt. Maybe this will business was cutting him more deeply than she had intended. She only wanted to make him pliable, not lay him open.

"**P**ARAGRAPH Three," said the lawyer, "has to do with the disposition of monies—cash, stocks, bonds, insurance, and the like. Now, just what do you have of this nature?"

"Only insurance," replied Clyde. "I still carry my ten-thousand-dollar GI policy, and I have another twenty thousand dollars' worth in straight life."

The lawyer's eyebrows rose a bit at the size of the estate. "Do you have any children?"

"Twin boys, eight years old."

"Here is what I would recommend," said Mr. Wigham. "Leave your wife a flat sum of money—say five or ten thousand—and put the rest in trust. Half of the trust fund will be held for the children and the other half for your wife, unless, of course, she remarries, in which case, of course, her share will go to the children."

"Wait a minute," said Clyde. "Let me understand this. If my wife marries again, she loses her half of the trust fund. Is that right?"

The lawyer nodded. "That is the customary procedure. Presumably," he added with a dry smile, "her new husband would be able to support her."

"And what if he can't?" cried Clyde. "Huh? What about that? What if she meets somebody—maybe a writer or an artist who doesn't earn very much—and they want to get married but he hasn't got the money? Should I reach out from my grave and prevent the marriage? Haven't I done enough to this woman in my lifetime? Do I have to torment her after my death, too?"

"No!" roared Clyde, banging his fist down on the desk of the startled lawyer. "I have hurt this woman enough—this good, loyal, patient woman. I loved her and I treated her badly. The least I can do now is to try to make amends. Half of the trust fund is hers, in perpetuity and forever, whether she remarries or not. Do you hear me?"

God help me, thought Molly, fighting back the tears that rushed to her eyes, I can't go through with this. I can't do it to him. I can't, I can't, I just can't! I don't want the dress. I don't want anything except to let the big, melodramatic, raving, ranting, flappawed ham know that I love him as much as he loves me.

"Clyde," she blurted out, "dear, sweet Clyde, I want you to buy a set of golf clubs. I want you to. Do you understand?"

He gave her a gentle smile. "No, dear," he said, patting her hand. "You buy your dress. I insist."

"No, no. I don't want the dress. Please, darling, buy your clubs. Please!"

"No, dear. You're going to have the dress. It's only right."

The lawyer's head was swiveling in amazement from one to the other.

"Clyde, if you want to make me happy, buy the clubs."

"Molly, if you want to make me happy, buy the dress."

"No, Clyde—"

"Yes, Molly—"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Wigham politely. "Would you care to proceed with the will?"

Molly sank into abashed silence while Clyde finished executing the will, but as soon as they left the lawyer's office, she resumed her entreaties. Clyde, however, was firm. He insisted that she go to the Bon-Ton Shop and buy the dress. She was just as firm. She insisted that he go to a sporting-goods store and buy the golf clubs.

They stood on the sidewalk arguing until a knot of spectators had collected.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I HAVE A POINT THERE

Loud Rosenfield

I'm living in an age of speed

But only from the neck up,

I'm fast to order à la carte

But slow to pick the check up;

I'm quick to borrow a new book

But tardy to return it,

I'm speedy to demand a raise

But take my time to earn it;

I'm slow to take my car on drives

But fast to ride in someone's,

I'm fast to laugh at my own jokes

But slow to laugh at bum ones;

I'm fast to take a little nap

But slow to dry the dishes,

Not slow to go on fishing trips,

Not fast to clean the fishes;

I'm not a very streamlined boy

From shoulder blade to pocket,

But you should see my little head—

It's shaped just like a rocket.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Embarrassed, they went home. Here they launched a two-day Alphonse-Gaston routine. They argued without ceasing, but they argued tenderly. Ringing protestations of affection were made; lingering kisses were exchanged; sweet tears were shed. But the result was a stalemate. Neither would yield.

At five o'clock Saturday evening Molly said, "Look, Clyde, there's no sense keeping this up. The dress I wanted has been sold by now."

"I'll call the Bon-Ton and find out," said Clyde, reaching for the phone. "If it's been sold, you'll get another one."

"I don't want another one," said Molly. "I don't even want the one I want."

Clyde, unheeding, was dialing the dress shop. "Hello, Bon-Ton? . . . That two-hundred-dollar dress you had in the window—has it been sold yet? . . . Ah, good. I'd like to order it. My name is—"

Molly snatched the phone out of his hand and broke the connection. "No, Clyde, I won't have the dress and that's final."

Her husband, however, was not persuaded, and the argument crackled briskly until bedtime. Refreshed by a night's sleep, they renewed the debate with vigor on Sunday morning. It was another day of ardor and rhetoric, and it was another stalemate.

On Monday morning Clyde left the house at the usual hour, but he caught a later train to New York than was his custom. He made a stop on the way to the station. Seeing that further words with Molly were useless, he had decided on action. He went to the Bon-Ton, bought the dress, and instructed them to deliver it to his house.

When Clyde came home from work that evening, Molly fell on him with a shower of kisses. "Darling, sweetheart, baby!" she cried. "You're so kind, so good, so fine!"

"Pshaw," he murmured. "It was nothing. I'm glad you liked the dress."

"I took it back," said Molly.

"But why?"

"I needed the money for something else."

Clyde shot her a severe look. "Molly, if you went and bought me a set of golf clubs—"

"No, it wasn't that," she assured him.

"Then what did you need the money for?"

"The lawyer's bill came today," Molly said. "For making out the will—two hundred dollars."

FOR a full minute Clyde stood stock-still, his mouth hanging open. Then a weak grin appeared. The grin broadened. He started to laugh. The laughter mounted and swelled until he was doubled over and tears were pouring out of his eyes. And Molly, too, was shaking with laughter. They fell into each other's arms, howled, hooted, roared.

Into this manic scene came Daniel, Peter, and Mr. Faricy, all dressed in swimming trunks, all dripping with water from Mr. Faricy's pool. They looked in wonderment at the convulsed Clyde and Molly.

"Hiya, boys," cried Clyde jovially. "Hiya, Mr. Faricy. Can you all sing 'Yankee-Doodle'?"

They nodded, eyeing him curiously.

"Gather round," called Clyde, pulling a sheet of paper out of his pocket. "I've written some new words, and I want you all to sing them with me. You, too, Molly."

Molly looked at the paper in Clyde's hand. "Clyde," she exclaimed happily, "you've written the Sticko jingle."

"I have," said Clyde proudly. "And it's jolly, gay, and catchy, just the way they wanted it. All right, folks. Everybody sing."

Clyde gave them the downbeat and they all sang:

"Yankee-Doodle went to town

To have some great adventures,

Stuck a feather in his crown,

And Sticko in his dentures."

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Clyde eagerly. "Do you think it'll sell Sticko?"

"I'm positive it will," said Molly.

"You bet," said Daniel.

"Sure thing," said Peter.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Faricy.

"Where are you going?" asked Clyde.

"To the drugstore," said Mr. Faricy, clacking his false teeth, "to buy some Sticko."

THE END



I fought the wooden tyrant who fights back!

1 "Hit my shield if you dare!" That's the challenge the wooden robot of Arezzo, Italy, hurls at his attackers. It was a dare I couldn't pass up," writes a friend of Canadian Club. "They call the robot Buratto, after a Saracen king who pillaged Arezzo. At the famous Jousts of the Saracen, Buratto still battles all who defy his tyranny.



2 "I had to pull strings to get on the tourney lists, but when the herald read my name I was ready. In medieval battle regalia, I poised my heavy lance and spurred my horse full tilt across the Piazza Grande...



3 "Bull's-eye...and crash! My lance struck Buratto's shield dead center. That sent the robot spinning on his swivel. Before I could duck, his whip sent me clattering to the pavement. Stunned by the fall, I felt friendly hands drag me to the sidelines...



4 "No bones broken, I hope," said my host. I shook my head, aching all over. Then suddenly I was back in this world. On the table was Canadian Club!

5 "Twice a year men of Arezzo have a go at Buratto. But all year long, here as everywhere I visit, the best in the house is Canadian Club."

Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon

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